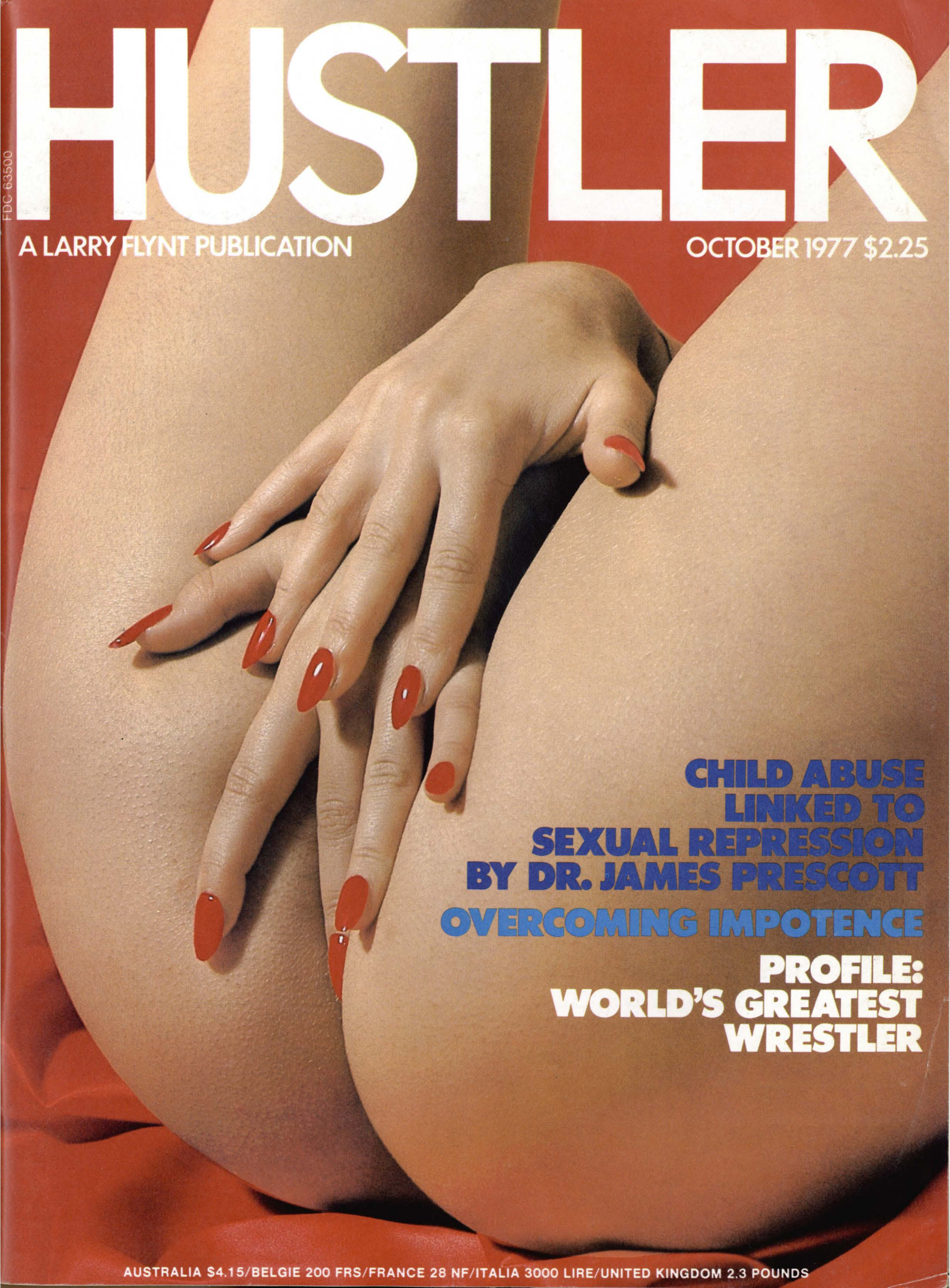
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SHOW & TELL

Cover by Bob Veze



A ROUGH LIFE

HUSTLER feels so strongly about violence against children that we wanted to report on this problem in the best possible way. So in our lead article, we share the findings of **JAMES W. PRESCOTT, Ph.D.,** board member of the American Humanist Association and a developmental neuropsychologist for the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. His article, **CHILD ABUSE IN AMERICA: SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS,** not only follows up our child prostitution and kiddy porn articles in September, but gives clues as to what can be done to halt the problem. Dr. Prescott, who has written on related topics for *The Futurist* and *The Humanist,* is conducting a study of violence and human relationships. As part of that research, a questionnaire prepared by Dr. Prescott follows his article.



Prescott

If violence against children disturbs you, then you should be equally upset by a case of violence behind the mask of religion. Former *New York Post* writer **PAUL HOFFMAN** gives us a report on a cleric who used his church for profit and pleasure in **BLUEBEARD OF BROOKLYN.** Hoffman has written three books on law and is co-author of a new book, *To Drop a Dime: The Mafia Hitman's Uncensored Story.* Book dust jackets are among the creations of Texas artist **TOM EVANS,** who illustrates the article. Evans has also done work for *Texas Monthly* and *High Times.*



Hoffman

While most of us are upset by violence, the no-holds-barred world of professional wrestling attracts auditorium-filling crowds. **JONATHAN BLACK** profiles **BRUNO SAMMARTINO** against the backdrop of a controversial sport. Black began his career with *The Village Voice,* hosted *Free Time,* a public-television talk show in New York, and has contributed to *The New Yorker* and *New Times.* **OVERTON LOYD** illustrates *Bruno* in a style that began when he sold caricatures on Detroit streets. He now works for magazines such as *Screw, National Lampoon* and *New Times.*



Evans

Humor & Cartoon Editor **DWAINE B. TINSLEY** makes a point of excluding violence from his trademark *Chester the Molester* cartoons. Instead, Dwaine mocks this type of misdirected activity by painting a picture of a ridiculous character whose "come-ons" are as outlandish as his pursuits. Dwaine's feature **WATCHIN' FOR CHILLUN** expands this satire into a three-page feature saluting the new school year.



Black

While each of us might not encounter violence every day, the fictional characters in **CHARLES BUKOWSKI**'s short stories are walking examples of the rough life. In **3 CHICKENS,** Bukowski looks at three people for whom lust and violence are overlapping activities. Bukowski tells us he is writing a novel, *Women,* but he gave us another status report that's easier to believe: "I spend my days at the track and my nights drinking."



Loyd

Too many people think that violence is a necessary part of being a man, and those who can't live up to this false notion sometimes suffer in the sack. **UNDERSTANDING IMPOTENCE,** this month's *Sex Play,* is **STEVEN J. ROTH**'s first HUSTLER article. Roth has also contributed to *Playgirl* and *Rolling Stone* and is co-author of the new book *Winning,* which describes ways to improve your life-style.



DeBerardinis

Few things can mellow you out as well as the artwork of **OLIVIA DeBERARDINIS,** who debuts in HUSTLER with the illustration for this month's *Kinky Korner,* **SEDUCTIVE DIVORCEE.** Her distinctive style has also appeared in a number of other men's magazines.

Now you can do your part to stamp out violence by letting this issue get you in the mood for love. It beats fighting any day.

—Althea Flynt
Associate Publisher/Editorial Director

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OCTOBER 1977 VOLUME 4 NUMBER 4

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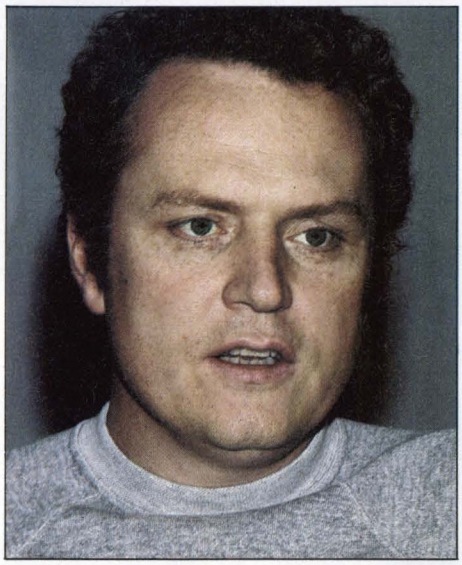
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STATEMENT



Supreme Injustice

As the Supreme Court prepares to reconvene for its next term, I have to wonder if it will use this session to correct the glaring mistakes it made last term, or if it will continue to erode basic human rights.

During its last term, the Court usually split 5 to 4 on major decisions, with the five conservative members of the Nixon-Ford court using their narrow margin to chip away further at every American's basic Constitutional rights. This close, consistent division of opinions by the Court makes its rulings suspect, and gives a clear mathematical indication that politics and personal opinion carry as much weight as a fair interpretation of the Constitution.

The Supreme Court has refused to admit that adults have the right to read and see whatever they choose, even though the Court has been traditionally unable to provide a clear definition of obscenity and pornography. Last term, the Court's obscenity ruling made the possibility of providing such a definition—if one *can* be found—even more remote. In upholding the conviction of an Illinois man for selling "obscene" material, the Court removed the only valid aspect of the landmark 1973 Miller decision. Although liberals have scorned the Miller ruling because it established that local communities can decide what standards a national publication must meet, they have found merit in its requirement that state statutes define specifically what material is obscene. But the Court has now ruled, in effect, that since its own definition is broad, state statutes may also be broad.

In a ruling which empowered Congress to cut off federal funding of abortions, the Court demonstrated its insensitivity to the needs of women and the poor. (I am personally opposed to abortion and I have stated many times that better sex education and more easily available birth control methods are preferable to abortion.) By cutting off federal funds, the Court is forcing women who cannot afford the operation to undergo abortions in back alleys at the hands of coat-hanger quacks, or, even worse, to bear unwanted children.

Likewise, the Court's policy of ruling on the application of the death penalty on a case-by-case basis has left the life-or-death decision open to the whims and prejudices of the justices. Apparently, the justices are brave enough to kill, but for some strange reason they refuse to establish a standard set of guidelines for choosing victims.

This slipshod method of interpreting laws is also boldly apparent in the Court's contention that, in housing and school desegregation cases, "intent" to discriminate must be proven before the charge is considered valid. Yet the High Court has conveniently avoided establishing guidelines for determining intent. How many racists hide behind the cloak of this vague legal term?

According to the Constitution, the job of the Supreme Court is to define and interpret the laws of our land, and to safeguard the rights and liberties of individual citizens. Obviously, the present-day Court has failed miserably in both capacities. And unless the nine old men on the Supreme Court bench begin to consider the consequences of their past and present decisions, there will be no end to the confusion in our legal system.

Considering that these same men may very well pass judgment on my Cincinnati conviction if it is not overturned in a lower appeals court . . . maybe I should not be so critical of their performance. But, because of my legal problems, I feel even more compelled to speak out, for my conviction is a glaring example of judicial incompetence. I feel that every American should join me in protesting the infringements of our individual liberties. Our Constitutional guarantees are about all we have left. If we the people do not protect them, who is going to? Richard Nixon's appointees to the Supreme Court!?

Larry Flynt

Editor & Publisher

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FEEDBACK

SMELL OF SUCCESS

I've never written to your magazine to complain before, because I've always felt you were tops. But the *Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold* ("Stacy: Live Bait") in your August 1977 issue is a real cop-out. You're cheating several million readers.

Being extremely turned on myself by the *natural* aroma of a hot, sopping pussy, I was hardly out of the store where I pick up my monthly copy of HUSTLER before tearing off the plastic cover and burying my nose in Stacy's delectable snatch. The lilacs were a real letdown.

It seems as though HUSTLER has taken the Madison Avenue approach to natural body odors. It is a tactic I never expected, and I'm sure all the people who requested such a feature are as disappointed as I am. I'm certain that if you're half the people I think you are, you'll print this letter. You're all big enough to take a little constructive criticism: Do the job right, or don't fucking do it at all.

Neal Munchak
Scranton, Pennsylvania

I got your August 1977 issue and was really looking forward to finding the actual smell of pussy in your centerfold! Well, I was greatly disappointed. To quote Michael Toohey from the August issue's *Sex Play* ("Nasal Sex: Odors of Love"): "But there is a general agreement that the odor of a female in heat . . . is an aphrodisiac." I agree. I can go into a garden and smell lilacs, but a woman in heat should smell like a woman in heat. A flavored douche is nice, but it will never beat the natural odor of hot pussy. Your centerfold was a big rip-off to sell more issues. I'm ashamed of you, Larry Flynt, for fooling your readers.

By the way, I think Stacy is beautiful. She just doesn't smell right.

Charles Campbell
High Rolls-Mountain Park, New Mexico

The refreshing, natural smell of a cunt is possibly second only to a steak sizzling on an open fire. Your *Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold* in the August 1977 issue has the distinct aroma of a sickly sweet vaginal disinfectant. Seldom have I been disappointed in your magazine, but really, pussy should smell like pussy.

I mean, who would want to lick a perfume atomizer?

H. W. Hoskins
Hillside, Illinois

Praise be to American technology, HUSTLER Magazine and the creative powers that be! The world has long awaited the "Snatch-Scratch Snuff & Sniff" centerfold. If *Playboy, Penthouse* and all the rest aren't already hurting from your no-nonsense approach to entertainment (which they are, no doubt), this new development will give the aforementioned publications a *well-needed* and long-awaited kick in the gonads. Leave it to HUSTLER to come up with something new to shock, arouse and otherwise annoy the so-called "decent populace." In the aftermath of the Cincinnati Circus, the *Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold* is a victory for the free-minded in this nation—and for HUSTLER in particular.

However, with any new breakthrough, there will always be bugs to work out. Do I have a bum copy, or does Stacy's douche turn out to be industrial-strength Janitor in a Drum as it seems to me?

C. O. Elam
Rocky Ford, Colorado



You have topped yourself again. Stacy's Scratch 'n' Sniff cunt was indeed "Live Bait."

There is only one way to top Scratch 'n' Sniff, but in a magazine it's almost impossible. However, if anyone can do it, you can. You should produce a life-size, three-dimensional, sniffable centerfold. You might also try to produce a sniffable centerfold with a shaved pussy.

I hope that sniffable cunts become a regular feature and a HUSTLER trademark.

Richard D. Fritz
Wheelersburg, Ohio

The natural aroma of a juicy cunt is too difficult to capture. But if any of our readers has an idea as to how it can be done, let us know. We're open to suggestions.



CRUEL-HEARTED SCAM

Rumor has it that you have contracted with Linda Ronstadt to model for your magazine. Can you confirm this tantalizing possibility? If so, in which issue does she appear? Will you please send a copy and bill me? My eyes hunger to feast upon the sight of Linda in the nude.

Name Withheld by Request
San Jose, California

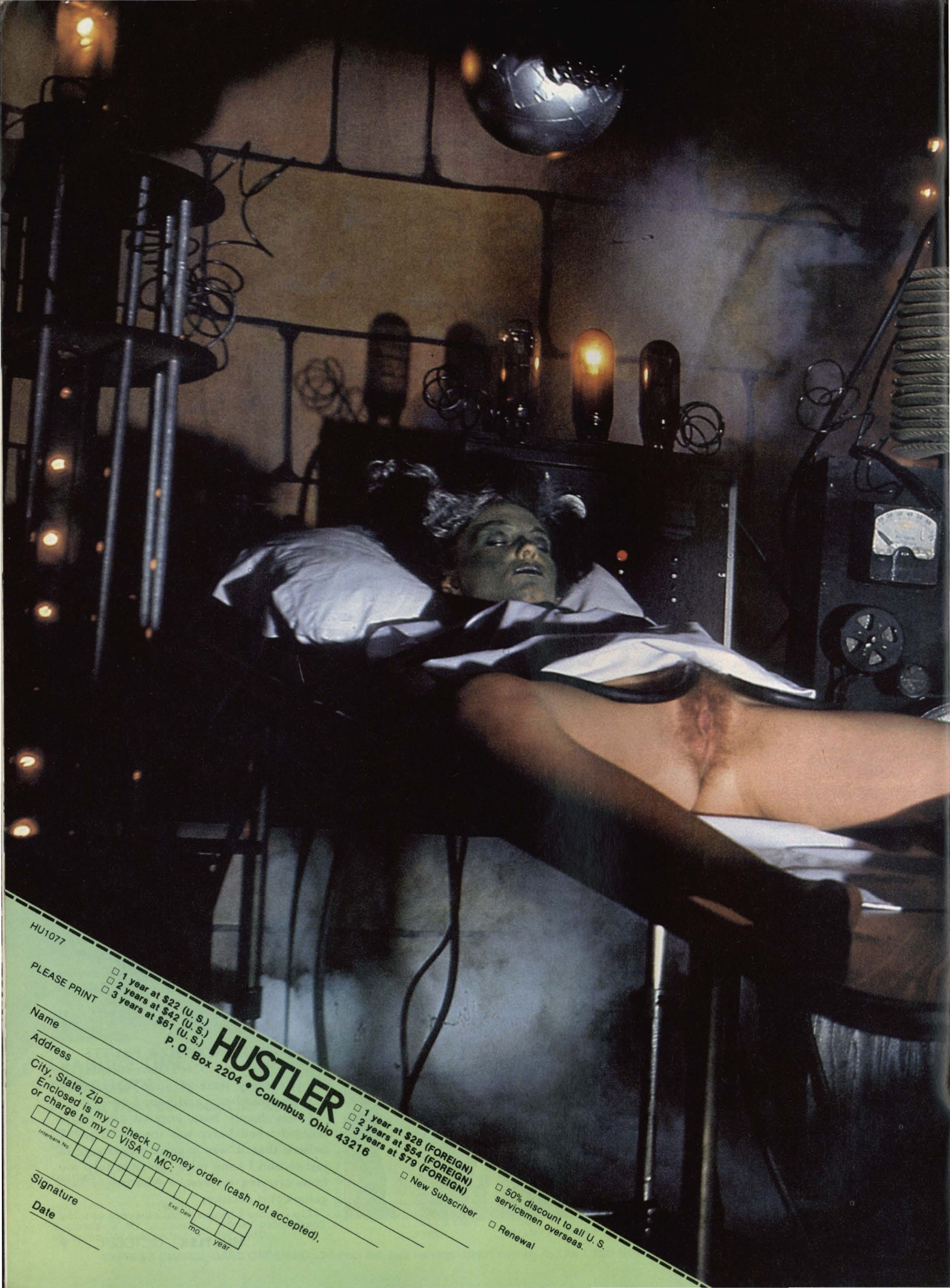
You and the other voters for our 1977 Ten Most Wanted List (July 1977 issue) share that hunger, but rumors that Linda was taking up our offer to pose in return for $1 million was an apparent publicity scam that came from her camp, not ours.

ORANGES & OTHER FRUITS

Since July of 1974 I have thoroughly enjoyed every issue of your magazine. I haven't missed one, and hope I never do.

I was deeply hurt, angered and disappointed when Larry was thrown in jail. I believe that it was a gross miscarriage of justice, and I know it isn't going to keep you from carrying on despite Morrissey's kangaroo-court decision.

Up to now I have agreed on every opinion



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Shocking Pink

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that you have put in your magazine. But when you named Anita Bryant your Asshole of the Month (July 1977 issue), you buttheads were very much in the wrong. What she's doing is very right. I wouldn't want some damned homo "expressing himself" by wearing a see-through negligee on the streets. It isn't natural. Already I see fags walking arm in arm at Six Flags Over Texas, where I work. If it was up to me, I'd beat the ever-loving shit out of them and then throw their asses out. It thoroughly disgusts and sickens me whenever I see this.

I'll continue to buy and read HUSTLER, but when it comes to giving fantastic rights to America's flaming faggots, you fuckwads have your shit all wrong. I think that whoever wrote the piece should be named your next Asshole of the Month.

M. H.
Fort Worth, Texas

Your latest masterpiece, the Anita Bryant cut-down, has dispelled any doubts as to whether or not you are the biggest piece of trash in the world. She happens to have more guts than you ever will. But what else can one expect from a faggot but to take up with other faggots.

C.
Miami, Florida

The International Union of Gay Athletes (IUGA) appreciates your statement of support (July 1977 issue), but must take issue with HUSTLER's own furtherance of a cruel and ridiculous stereotype.

The facts regarding gay men do not jive with your reference to "fish-eyed flamingos," "hairdressers," or "limp wrists." Such a small minority of effeminate gay men exists that such persons are usually held in disdain and are (ashamedly) discriminated against within the gay community itself.

Since Mr. Flynt quoted statistics—homosexual incidence on university campuses—we would like to cite an even more recent study. Research by California State University-Northridge psychologists confirms a higher percentage of homosexuality among competing varsity athletes than in the general campus population.

Get it straight about who we are.

Richard Raymond
IUGA
Long Beach, California

Perhaps you should get your facts straight. An examination of the study you mention shows that only one in every 20 college athletes is homosexual. The general campus figure is one in seven.

CUTUPS

I think your *Sex Play* on vasectomy (July 1977 issue) has given out some of its own myths. I had a vasectomy in 1963, and unless the methods have changed, I take issue with the following.

In my counseling session the doctor never mentioned or discussed the fear of impotence from the operation. Also, only one incision was made and semen samples were not taken every six or eight weeks. One was taken after ten days and another after six months.

After the novocaine shot, the incision was made with little discomfort to me, and I felt only a slight pulling when the doctor cut the vas deferens. I was also sitting up partially and not lying down, while looking into a mirror so I could see what was going on. A needle was not used to close off the end of the vas.

I did not use ice packs on my nuts and instead rested for a while. In fact, on the way home I stopped to have some beers with the person who had driven me to the doctor's. Nor did I have trouble urinating afterwards.

If Mr. Conaway's balls turned black and blue and swelled to twice their normal size, then I would say his operation was performed in an unsterile environment. My operation was performed on Saturday—I was back to work the following Monday.

I say Mr. Conaway has written an article full of myths and scare tactics, or he had one of the worst doctors around.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

There are a lot of men who don't suffer following a vasectomy, but it's unfair to those who might suffer from it to lead them to believe it's a snap. There are also a lot of men who have agreed with my opinion. Still, my point was the same: It might hurt, but it's worth it.

—Tim Conaway



Here at *Balls* magazine we have just finished reading Tim Conaway's rare personal account of what it is like to undergo a vasectomy. Our collective judgment is that it is the best piece of exposition on surgery since Betty Ford's article on mastectomy in the February 1975 issue of *McCall's.*

Balls magazine specializes in photo features and incisive writing on the single topic of the part of the anatomy described in its title. We find a small but faithful readership here in England and a growing interest around the world.

Because we believe Conaway can write the kind of piece we are looking for, we are willing to pay him $50,000 for a first-person description of the physical, social, economic and psychological aspects of castration. We will also pay air fare to London, and any other costs involved for excision by the finest of surgeons. The price, of course, includes rights to color photographs made during such an operation.

Todd C. James
Editor-in-Chief
Balls
London, England

Thanks for the offer, but we thought of that idea a long time ago. It was scrapped, since the kind of man who reads HUSTLER isn't interested in the topic, and neither are the kind of men who write for HUSTLER.



"Judge Morrissey will give him at least 25 years."

BEAVER SHOTS

I have been a loyal fan of HUSTLER since it hit the newsstands in 1974. The only major complaint as of yet concerns the *Beaver Hunt* section. Only a fraction of the girls belong in your fine publication. The rest, unfortunately, make me want to barf.

I have discussed this with other HUSTLER subscribers, and we have found what we believe may be a simple solution. What attracts the real foxes in our society? Money! Offer a little more money to your amateur models, and you just may find yourself with more pretty "faces" than you know what to do with!

Nowadays, $50 is considered to be a somewhat less than substantial amount of money. Thanks for a great magazine, and keep up the good work.

G. A. C.
Houston, Texas

We want to reflect society as it is and show women as they really are. We're not trying to give the impression that every woman in the world looks like a Playboy *centerfold. Reality, after all, is what we're known for.*

Here's a piece of news about some "real" beaver action for my favorite beaver magazine.

An 83-year-old woman who lives on a country road near Pisgah, Maryland, was recently attacked and severely bitten by a beaver. It seems that some dogs chased the beaver into a ditch in front of her house. She tried to chase the dogs away, and in the process the beaver attacked her and knocked her into the ditch. It took 100 stitches to patch her up.

The moral is, don't mess around with a Maryland beaver you don't know.

Billy Olson
Rome, New York

LOST AND FOUND

Our car was stolen, found and returned to us along with some empty wine bottles and your magazine. I thought it was a very appropriate method of distribution for your magazine. Your brainchild makes you appear to be a winner, but in reality, you are a classic loser. I can't think of a greater tragedy that has ever existed than that of an intelligent mind twisted inside out, like yours. I cannot even insult you, sir, because you are your own insult.

Name Withheld by Request
New York, New York

I just wanted to let you know how I feel about your publication. It is terrible. I hope you get shut down. We don't need your garbage. I see your stuff once in a while and get sick at your bad taste.

I'll not look again, probably, except to see if you are maintaining your low standards.

Name Withheld by Request
Sacramento, California

I am a minister and I don't see anything wrong with your magazine. I enjoy reading the stories and looking at the women's pictures. I don't see why the courts have a hang-up about your magazine, so let's say the courts are wrong.

Ministers are praying that you'll be cleared of the conviction through appeal.

Rev. William M. Sowards
Catlettsburg, Kentucky

I have reviewed your magazine briefly and wish to inform you that you have many talents that are not being used to the fullest. Namely, your excellent writing talents could be spreading the good news and love which our Heavenly Father gave through His Son, Jesus. Yes, Larry, you are loved greatly by many people who are praying that someday you may see the light and turn from the darkness you are in. When that day comes, remember the love and joy that is yours. All you have to do is believe in Jesus, and you will be saved from all the wickedness.

As yet, the time is not right for your change. So, my dear brother, until that time, I will continue to pray for your soul.

A Sister in Christ
Cincinnati, Ohio

HUSTLER is an exceptional publication with a staff of fine writers, photographers, artists and cartoonists. Perhaps the greatest aspect of HUSTLER's style is honesty.

The law that convicted you, Mr. Flynt, is criminal. A law against a men's magazine that produces issues continuously showing the truth to "the rest of the world" is definitely screwed to the max! Millions of decent people enjoy HUSTLER daily (and monthly). As for the narrow-minded nonfuckers who *think* that they are upholding justice, in reality they are attempting to destroy freedom as America knows it. Furthermore, these same human turds are probably jacking off to HUSTLER's Honeys nightly. Finally, one suggestion: a photo spread of a Japanese woman, authentic in every detail.

Larry H. and Rusty T.
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

INNER MEANING

I have no doubt that HUSTLER is the greatest magazine that I have ever read. I am proud to say that I own a full set of issues.

What I would really like to see is a picture of the inside of a pussy or, better yet, one taken from the inside of a pussy looking out.

With all the medical cameras available today, I'm sure that it's possible—and one or two photos in *Bits & Pieces* would fit right in.

Ryan J. Bricco
APO New York

We're working on it.

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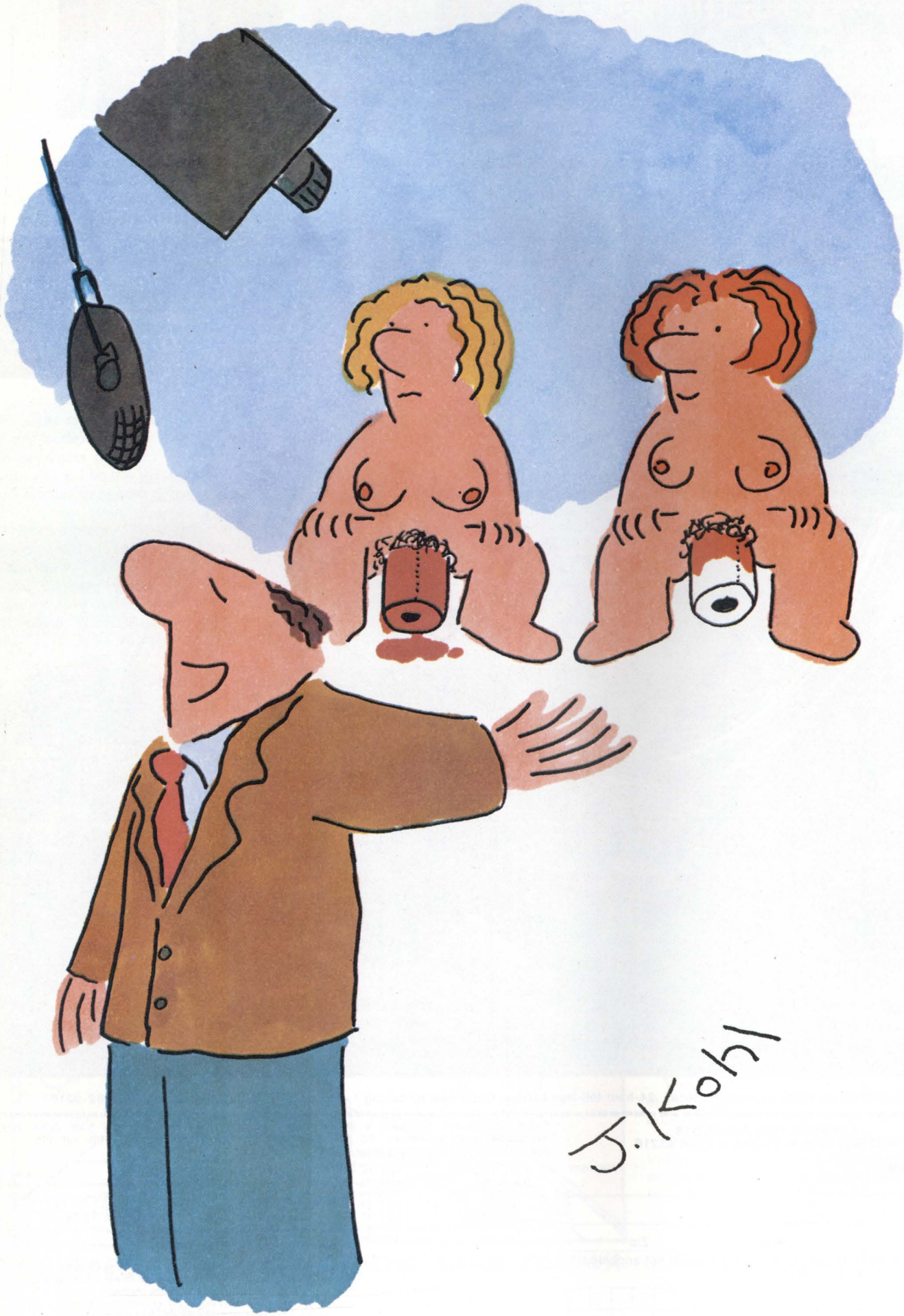
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Sex Bits

WORLD SEX NEWS ROUNDUP

Telerotica

40 W. Gay Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215

Playboy executives have announced that the magazine's advertisers no longer will be guaranteed Playboy sales of 5.4 million copies a month, and accordingly have reduced the advertising rate base to 4.5 million. Playboy's monthly newsstand sales also are down, to 2.9 million copies. What this means is that Playboy is publicly acknowledging that it has lost much of its readership to newer magazines, that its advertising pages no longer reach as many people as they once did, and that too many unsold copies of Playboy have been returned from distributors lately.

Speculation persists that Hefner's lavish personal life-style and dubious investments may force still more downward adjustments in the magazine's size and influence.

Gay activists living in Dade County, Florida, are suing singer Anita Bryant for damages to the tune of $5 million. Bryant, who recently gained national prominence by her opposition to Dade County's so-called human rights amendment, has made no public comment about the action. In a special referendum last summer, the amendment, which forbade discrimination against gays in housing and employment, was repealed by Dade County voters.

The gays contend that Bryant's opposition to the amendment, expressed in a series of television and radio promotional spots, misrepresented and defamed gays. A spokesman for the gay activists told HUSTLER that assaults upon gays had increased noticeably since the referendum. In one incident, he said, a male homosexual was killed. The $5 million suit, he concluded, is being filed against Bryant because gays in the area believe she is partly to blame for the street violence committed against them.

The U.S. Supreme Court has struck down the death penalty as a punishment for the rape of an adult. At the time of the Court's ruling, three states—Georgia, Florida and Mississippi—had laws which called for the death penalty in rape cases. In Georgia, five men were actually awaiting execution on death row.

Six justices voted to bar the states from carrying out the death penalty for the rape of an adult. A seventh, Justice Powell, said that the death penalty should be available in "outrageous" cases, or cases in which severe or lasting harm had been done to the victim. Justices Burger and Rehnquist dissented.

Both of the dissenting justices complained that the Court's ruling was too broad, and warned that it may set a precedent for abolishing the death penalty for any offence in which no human life is taken. Presently, the death penalty may be imposed for kidnapping, treason and airplane hijacking. Constitutional experts are still unprepared to measure the effect the ruling will have upon the death penalty in general. In 1976 the Court ruled that capital punishment was not necessarily cruel and unusual punishment in some cases.

In the past, the death penalty has been meted out to blacks and other minorities for rape—of the 455 persons executed for rape since 1930, 90 percent have been black.

David Rhoads, a Chicago man who formerly worked as a custodian at a home for emotionally disturbed children, was convicted recently of the murder of his 18-year-old wife. Rhoads claimed that he had accidentally caused his wife's death during a sex bondage game. He said that he had tied her up and was giving her a body rub with gasoline, when he absentmindedly lit a cigarette.

Gerald L. Bowers, 33, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was apprehended while leaving a women's outhouse at a park near Iowa City and was subsequently arrested for trespassing. A woman told park authorities that she'd seen a man enter the outhouse, but a search of the privy failed to turn up anyone.

A little later, a female ranger told the local sheriff that she had seen a man leaving the outhouse. According to her, the man had shit smeared all over his shoes and legs and smelled terrible. Bowers was caught shortly afterward. He had not been in the outhouse, but under it. Bowers's intentions remain a mystery.

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Scientists claim that, if taken on a daily basis, **Siberian Ginseng** (#2517) has the power to increase sexual energy. It has also proved effective in easing stress and exhaustion, as well as increasing stamina and endurance.

Trojan Tonic (#2518) contains testosterone, an ingredient that scientists say can restore sexual power, mental alertness and physical strength.

Ginseng Cream (#2520) is an exclusive formula that consists of high-grade ginseng extract and vitamins A, D and E. The cream is designed to nourish your skin and aid in reducing stretch marks, blemishes and wrinkles.

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ADVISE & CONSENT

***Advise & Consent* is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or other problems of a personal nature. This column is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice and care of a doctor. If you would like to question HUSTLER about whatever may be on your mind, direct your letter to HUSTLER Magazine, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.**

Edited by Susi Green

You seem to know a lot more about VD than any of the doctors I've gone to. I'm a male who's dying and I hope you can help me. I've had gonorrhea for three years, but none of the many doctors I've seen even KNOWS the symptoms of gonorrhea. My vision has been failing, and although this symptom is listed both in a medical dictionary and in your article about VD, none of the doctors knows about it or believes I have gonorrhea.

Three years ago I got a sharp pain and a welt on my left testicle. I went to a clinic and found I had gonorrhea. They gave me pills that took the pain away, but the welt remained. When I went back, the doctor told me the gonorrhea was cured and not to worry about the welt; so I didn't. It remained dormant for two years, then it became swollen and the inflammation spread to my right testicle.

I've been in and out of doctors' offices, and clinics, and I even briefly joined the Air Force since then, in hopes of being cured. They all gave me pills and told me I did NOT have gonorrhea but rather epididymitis and prostatitis. When I couldn't get any more pills from doctors, I started forging prescriptions for Ampicillin. Then I heard about Tijuana, where penicillin for injection can be bought over the counter. I'm now shooting 10 million units in the cheeks of my ass twice a week. This hasn't cured the gonorrhea, but does keep it from getting worse; and my eyesight doesn't seem to be getting worse either, although it's weak.

Please help me find a doctor who knows about gonorrhea and can help me, or a drug that will cure me. If I can find a doctor who will give me penicillin intravenously, *maybe* I'll live. How can I prove I have gonorrhea if it doesn't show in any of the blood tests I've had?

T. S.
San Diego, California

You're not dying of gonorrhea, but you may be killing yourself with penicillin. Gonorrhea has not been detected in any of your recent blood tests, and you passed an Air Force physical. While it's understandable to question one *doctor's diagnosis and consult another one, after three years and many doctors and clinics, it's time to accept their diagnosis of epididymitis and prostatitis. One in five men who contracts gonorrhea develops epididymitis, which often takes longer to cure than gonorrhea. Chronic cases can persist for years, and the inflammation can spread to the prostate gland, causing prostatitis.*

Gonorrhea can only cause blindness in adults through introduction of the gonococcus organism to the eye. A man would have to play with his infected dick, then put his finger in his eye to do it. Even then, the infection would be obvious, and treatment would probably be obtained before blindness could occur.

Failing vision, however, can result from prolonged use of dangerously high concentrations of penicillin. (The normal amount of penicillin given for gonorrhea is 4.8 million units injected once.*) Inflammation of the brain lining and spinal cord, deterioration of the brain cells, paralysis of the eye muscles and even insanity and death can result from gross misuse of the drug. Accidentally injecting it into a blood vessel can also cause visual difficulty, among other things. That's why it is only available by prescription in this country.*

Drugs should never be used without professional supervision or obtained without a valid prescription. Also, bringing prescription drugs into this country is illegal and dangerous, since they may be impure or of poor quality, which is something you can't judge until it's too late. Quit playing doctor with yourself and see a professional to determine if you have already caused any permanent damage to your body. A psychologist could help you understand and overcome your fear of venereal disease and help you adjust to epididymitis. Allowing your fear to become an obsession could be more harmful to you than VD.

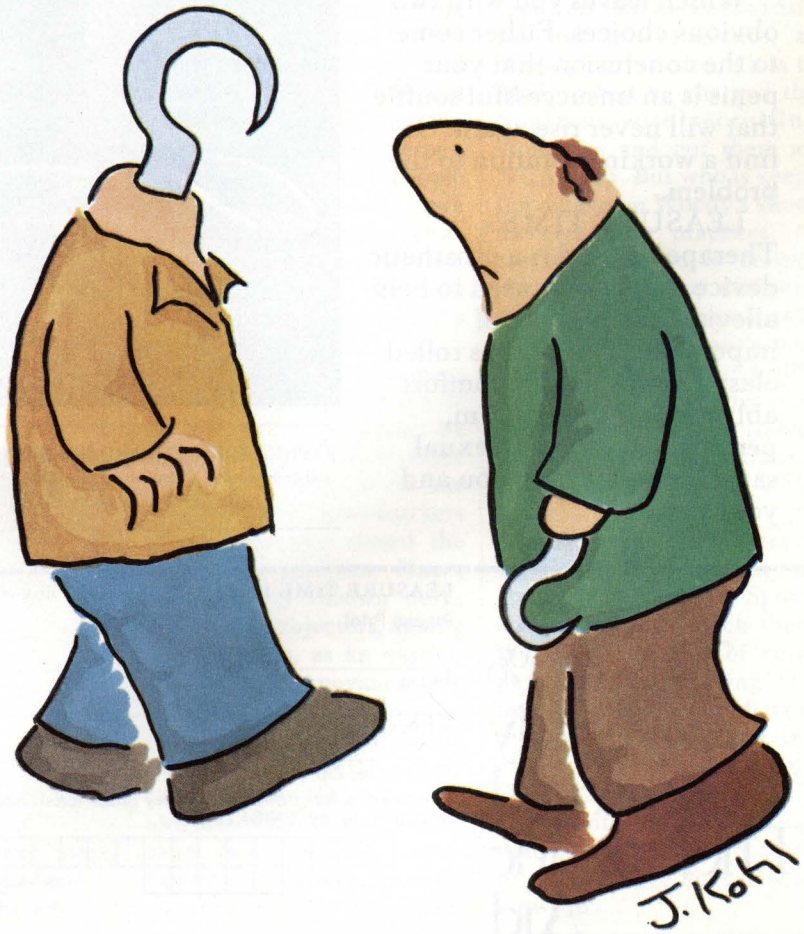
My wife has the most beautiful 38D breasts, and I love to see her braless and bouncing. However, she says that going braless for more than a couple of hours makes her back hurt. What would cause this, and is there any solution?

N. O.
Greenfield, Ohio

The cause of your wife's backaches is her pair of beautiful 38D breasts. Large, unsupported breasts can pull the shoulders forward and down, creating bad posture—and backaches. There is no solution for this except to wear a bra.

My husband and I are both 18 and we've been married only four months. I've never had sex with anyone else and I enjoy it with

(continued on page 111)



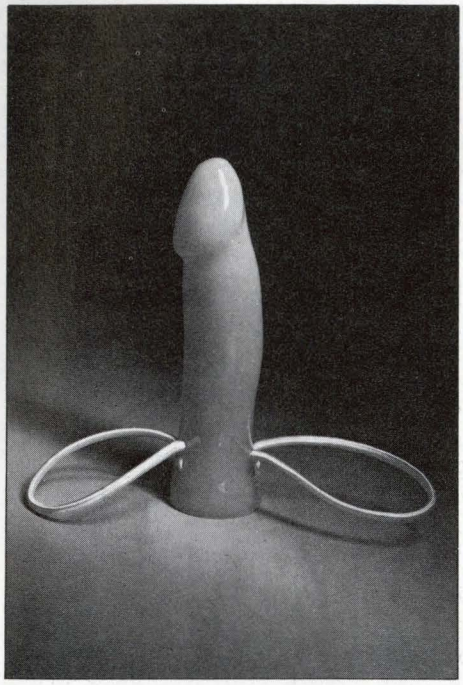
The Next Time Your Penis Lets You Down, Try One of Ours.

Impotence. It can happen to all of us. Usually it's just a matter of being overworked, tired or not in the mood.

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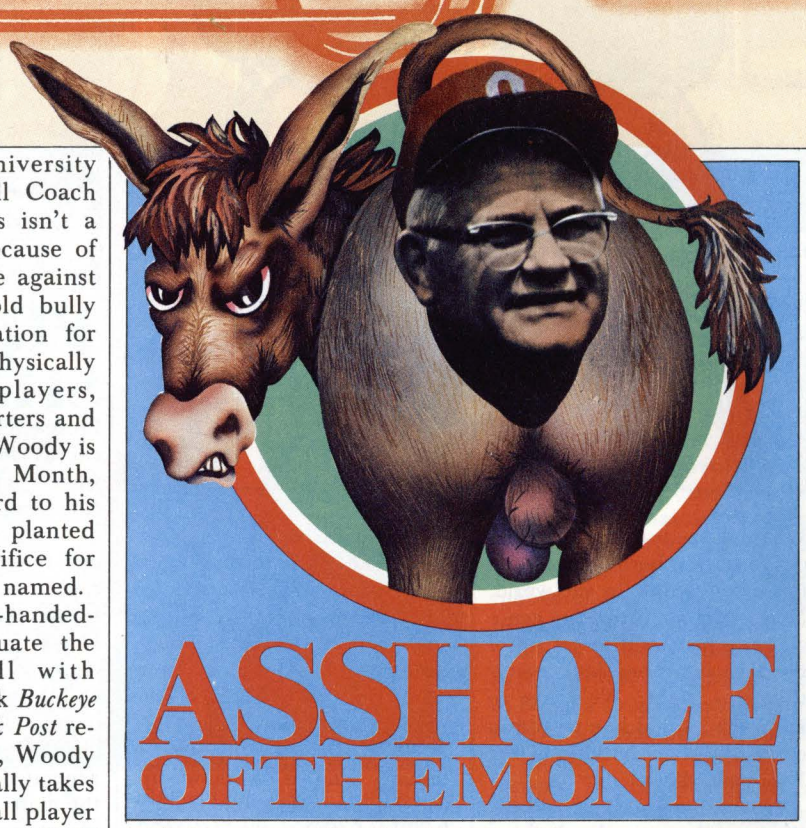
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Bits & Pieces



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Ohio State University Head Football Coach Woody Hayes isn't a schmuck simply because of his staunch attitude against sex. This 64-year-old bully has quite a reputation for intimidating and physically shoving around players, game officials, reporters and photographers. So, Woody is our Asshole of the Month, and we look forward to his getting a football planted squarely in the orifice for which this honor is named.

Hayes has single-handedly managed to equate the game of football with celibacy. In the book *Buckeye* by former *New York Post* reporter Robert Vare, Woody said: "Y'know, it really takes the edge off a football player when there's a warm little ass next to him in the bed! I know it's true because I've done some research on it." So he admonishes his players and assistant coaches to drop-kick their sex lives. Actually, Hayes loathes women.

"That's your Women's Liberation, boy," he is quoted as saying, "bunch of goddamn lesbians. . . . You can bet your ass that if you have women around—and I've talked to psychiatrists about this—you aren't gonna be worth a damn. . . . There's an old saying about the best way to treat a woman, and that is to knock her up and hide her shoes." We hope Hayes's wife has gotten used to walking around barefoot. Hayes's marriage may well be a cover-up for his real bedroom preferences. According to Vare's book, Hayes is known to speak sometimes with a lisp. For all we can presume, Woody may have some things in common with athletic greats like David Kopay. Or Lance Rentzel.

Woody's totalitarian control of the OSU football program and its employees and players takes on a new slant when you consider Columbus rumors that one of his players allegedly raped another player's wife. Nothing ever became of the incident, and we wonder how instrumental Woody was in keeping the matter out of the courts and the local press.

Woody's opinion of free press is as impressive as his feelings toward women. In a Miami, Florida, newspaper interview, he referred to men's magazines as "the scummiest goddamn magazines that I ever heard of. I never heard of some of the scummy damn things in there. . . . It's sodomy and it's everything horrible you can think of. And people don't need to live that way."

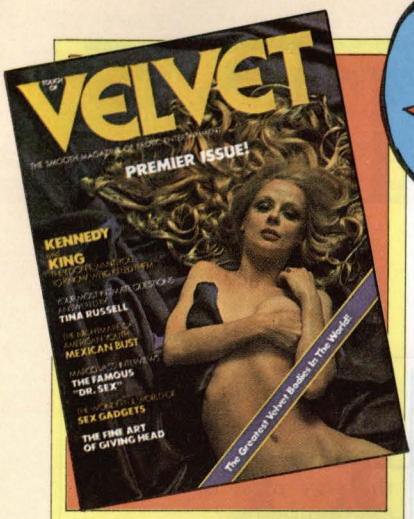
You can often get some idea of where a man's head is at by the people he adores. In addition to worshipping Richard M. Nixon, Woody includes Napoleon and Generals George Patton and William Tecumseh Sherman among his favorite heroes. It's interesting that people who fear sex usually love war. We imagine that Woody's idea of a good time would involve a Sherman tank, a round of ammo and a jar of Vaseline.

Hayes's temper tantrums are notorious. In protest of an official's decision, he stormed onto the field in the middle of a game to rip one of the sideline downmarkers off its post and tossed the shreds like confetti. Hayes has violently thrown desks and movie projectors, among other objects, as an expression of his annoyance. He smashes his fists into reporters and hits photographers in the face with their cameras when they approach him after OSU loses. And in that same Miami newspaper interview, Woody threatened Larry Flynt with a punch in the nose because he publishes HUSTLER—or was it merely because Hayes views sexual relations the way most of us regard food poisoning?

Many on the Ohio State faculty have wanted to have Hayes fired for being an embarrassment. And it's nice to see the good spirit Woody is able to instill in his players: Doug France, star offensive lineman for OSU a few years ago, said, "You leave practice, and you want to get as far away as possible from Woody and football. Really, we hate him."

If Michigan State University's football program keeps a hate list, Woody would be at the top. Childish antics with game officials and reporters don't always satisfy his lust for vengeance, as Woody proved after a loss to MSU, when he charged the Spartans with recruiting violations and got them an NCAA rap. But who is keeping an eye on Woody's shoddy recruiting practices, or are we expected to believe that Woody is any different than he was 20 years ago, when OSU got a year's probation for handing out gifts to players? We wonder how many gifts and how many dollars are being slipped under the table at OSU today.

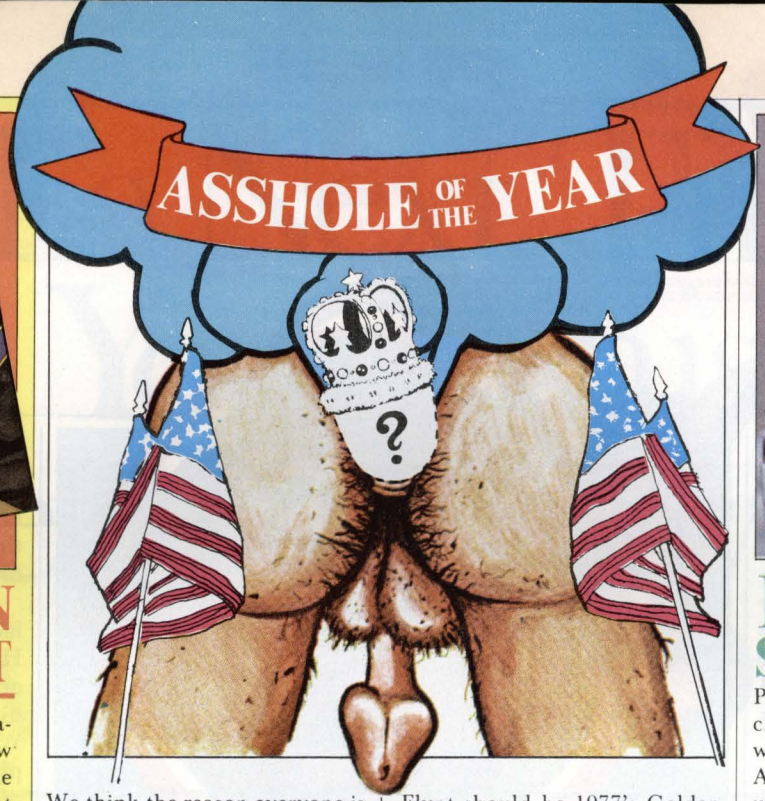
Athletic programs *do* serve an important purpose in young people's lives. Sports are supposed to teach them the greater values of competition, like making the best of a loss through correcting mistakes before the next contest. It's about time Ohio State corrected its biggest continuing mistake—that of not having an adult to teach college boys how to grow up.



NOT EVEN DOUBLE KNIT

There are some smooth operators in this business who know that imitation may *not* be the sincerest form of flattery, but it's a hell of a way to sell a product. *Touch of Velvet* magazine ($2.25 at newsstands, $24 for one year from 8063 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90048) is a minor imitation of the early issues of HUSTLER. But we've come a long way in a couple of years, and it's obvious from *Velvet*'s rip-off of our *Bits & Pieces* and *Beaver Hunt* sections that *Velvet* editor and publisher David Zentner hasn't paid enough attention to our progress. We'll concede that *Velvet*'s production quality is passable, but it's just too bad the content isn't half as good as the package.

Not only has *Velvet* stolen HUSTLER's concept of mixing erotica with humor, it also attempts to make its formula of imitation complete by including hard-hitting stories. However, after looking through the premier issue, it is difficult to find where the humor part of the formula ends. Perhaps the say-nothing article "Sex on the Astral Plane" was intended to be serious, or maybe the rehash of press clippings that comprises the article on the House Select Committee on Assassinations was supposed to be upfront, forceful news. But we think Zentner and his staff simply don't realize that the only way to be successful through imitation is to imitate all the way. In the meantime, you can always pick out the real thing by looking only for the word HUSTLER on the cover.



We think the reason everyone is out of work is because there are too many people in the world. Now, we're not proposing genocide; we just want to get rid of the assholes. They fuck everything up, right? We'd like to know who you'd like to add to our first list of Asshole of the Year candidates.

Not just any asshole will do. We want those people who have made some incredible fuck-ups, caused social, political and economic disasters, stepped on their dicks in public, and just generally pissed you off.

Some people think Larry Flynt should be 1977's Golden Puckered Sphincter Award winner, but who are we to influence your voting? Would we do that? Never! You vote, nominate your own smelly contender for the Asshole of the Year awards before September 25, 1977. We'll let you know in January who, if he shows up, will be presented the Golden Puckered Sphincter of 1977. Runners-up who appear will be awarded Hemmorhoid Clusters. Up theirs!

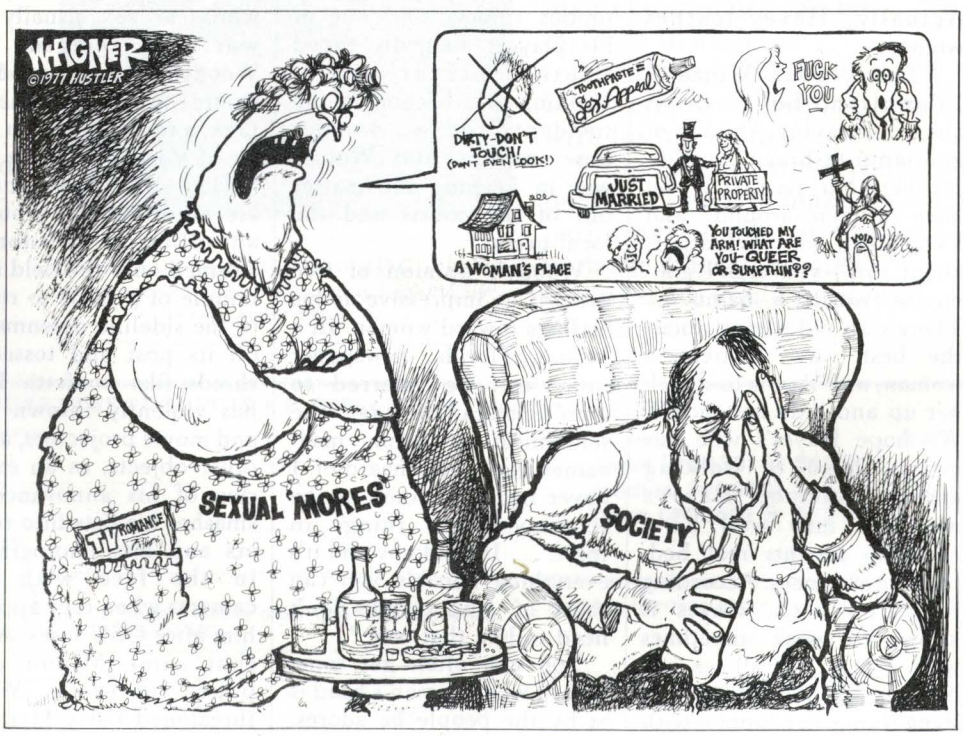
Send your vote to "Bum," 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.



PRICKLY SITUATION

Prospectors knew how to tap a cactus for life-giving liquid when they roamed the arid American Southwest. Some of us had feared that technology—and the development of larger canteens—had caused this art to become lost along with the knack for frying rattlesnake. Apparently the passage of time and the effects of modern living on the land have drastically changed the milky substance generated by cacti. Although the material is thicker and less thirst-quenching, now rather than having to cut into the plant at the proper angle, one only has to have a woman rub against it. Modern-day prospectors claim that a female donkey works almost as well.

DRAWING FIRE BY PETE WAGNER





COATTEX

The latest in sanitary fashions is a stylish wrap meant to be worn only periodically. Of a special gauze and cotton construction, the Coattex is especially right for the modern woman who likes a cool-weather cover-up without the hassles of belts and pins. The most interesting feature of the Coattex is that it changes color from white to red once each month. Wear it when that special man comes to call, and let him know you might not be available, but at least you aren't holding any grudges against the poor guy. This Gushi original is available at drugstores everywhere.

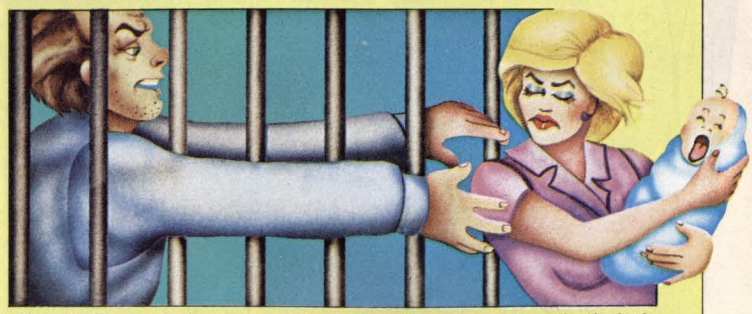
CHAIN GANG

No one denies that many men are turned on by garters and stockings, but in most cases men prefer to see these items on a chick. So you might think that a guy like this one who wears lingerie is a faggot. Not so. In fact, he likes sex so much that he not only has had his penis pierced, but he's had the head of it split so that when he pumps it in and out of a cunt, the split will open, allowing for an even larger area of skin to be tingled.



We wonder if we'd get submissions like this one if people were able to grow up in a normal, open, healthy sexual environment. We should be able to enjoy all the sexual pleasure nature intended for us without getting locked into weird trappings and unnecessary, painful experiences. Otherwise, lock makers such as Master or Yale would advertise themselves as sex-aids manufacturers.

READERS FORUM



The U. S. A. is becoming the laughingstock of the world—it backs human rights in other lands and denies them at home.

Greater travesties occur today against children and fathers in the United States than in South Africa, Russia or other countries where blacks, Jews or political dissidents are persecuted. What torture can be compared with the anguish and suffering of a father being robbed of a child, or of a child being deprived of his father?

Men's Equality Now International (M.E.N.) is a coalition of 86 men's rights and divorce-reform organizations dedicated to ending these blatant injustices: The conspiracy among judges and lawyers encouraging women to carry on long litigations, which bring about the criminalization and crucifixion of American males by the divorce courts.

A divorced man or father can be traced Gestapo-style by the Federal Parent Locator Service and incarcerated for contempt of court—"until he purges himself." For all practical purposes, these men are victims of a legalized form of kidnapping—the ransom being overdue support payments or attorney's fees. Deprived of his children and the motivation to work, his finances gone in unnecessarily expensive litigation, such a harassed man may well end up financially as well as emotionally destroyed.

Statistics show that only five percent of all divorced fathers are given custody of their children, and also show that sex discrimination is carried out by judges who are afraid of going against the American standards of motherhood.

Other family members—grandparents, uncles, aunts and second wives are affected by suddenly having these children deprived of them. And men in ethnic groups for which fatherhood has stronger meanings are even more seriously affected.

Children don't divorce their parents. Without a father's love, guidance and authority, these children are pushed toward drug abuse, personality and mental disorders, delinquent behavior and serious crimes. Sirhan Sirhan, James Earl Ray, Lee Harvey Oswald and Charles Manson are just a few of the more famous men from broken homes.

M. E. N. is calling upon every parent and concerned citizen to denounce the destruction of healthy family relationships and the court's abuses. M. E. N. wants to strengthen the image of the American male and to challenge every judge who has dehumanized, demeaned, belittled and emasculated the role of fathers.

M. E. N. is asking President Carter to caution every U. S. judge to abide by state, national and international laws protecting civil and human rights. Carter has been advised that the credibility of the entire democratic system is at stake when the executive and legislative branches of government tolerate violations of as many as seven Constitutional amendments and 17 articles of the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights against men, fathers and children. At stake is the future of our nation, since civilizations greater and longer lasting than ours collapsed once the basic unit of society—the family—was destroyed.

Carlo Abbruzzese, M.D.,
Chairman
Human Rights Commission
M. E. N. International
P. O. Box 6185
Santa Ana, California 92706

Look for a full report on men's rights in our November issue.



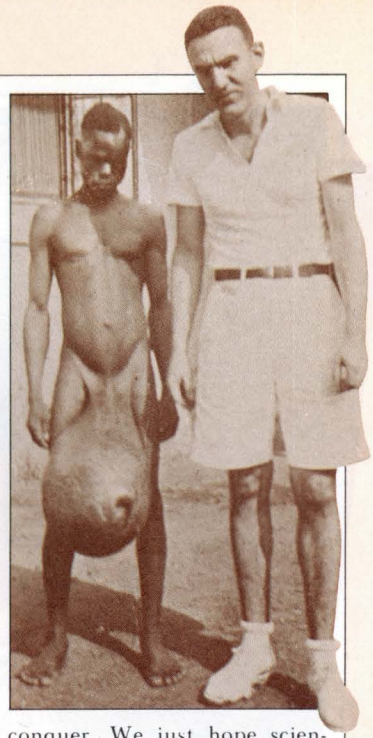
Padding the report

We're not sure what this interesting scene has to do with sanitary napkins, unless Jeff is about to exercise his fetish for blood-soaked cotton and gauze, an idea supported by the last line in the ad copy. But we do know why this pose is part of an ad. Like the reader who called it to our attention, many people will catch the sexual overtones in it, and sex is used to sell everything from paper clips to motorcycles. This girl's having her ass in Jeff's face is no accident, since Madison Avenue ad agencies and their photographers leave nothing to chance. When you get a sexual image from this ad, it was intended that way.

On the other hand, all of you know what happens when you sell material that deals *candidly* with sex. The same thing might happen to a sanitary-napkin ad that dealt directly with menstruation rather than skirting the issue with the "embarrassing belts and pins" routine. An honest presentation of the subject would be a valuable service in a society where many young girls first learn about periods when they experience the shocking discovery of bloodstains in their panties.

Is either member of this couple ready to deal with the bitchiness that a period's physical discomfort brings on? Or does Jeff even know his mate is experiencing this "disgusting," though inevitable and natural, occurrence? Probably not, or he would have brought lunch.

His Sac Runneth Over



The legend of Timba the Elephant Boy has grown over the years, and now most people take little stock in the stories, feeling that the boy's feats have been greatly inflated.

However, those missionaries and doctors who first arrived in darkest Africa years ago gained firsthand knowledge of Timba and others. To these men, the appearance of boys like the one pictured here signaled the presence of either the devil or a strange new disease. *Elephantiasis scroti* is only one of the body-ruining infections common to tropical areas. Startling discoveries such as seeing this boy for the first time remind scientists they have much to conquer. We just hope scientists have the balls to keep digging for answers.

SNAPPY SHOTS



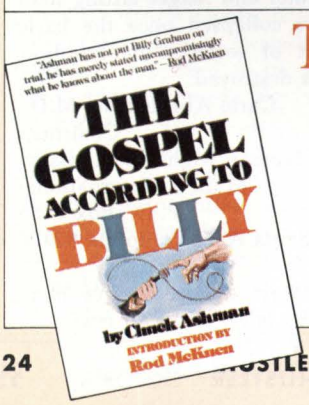
Nobody can tell Les Krims that he can't get good pictures from a Polaroid. That can't be denied after a view of his book *Fictcryptokrimsographs.* (The title lets you know that it's art.)

Taking weird pictures with an SX-70 is nothing new. East Coast Editor Mark Baker spends hours in front of a TV to take pictures of Negroes, dead people, and axe murders and rape scenes on cop shows, which proves that being a virgin at age 26 can warp your mind.

However, we don't want to know about Les Krims's sex life. We'd just like to know how *Fictcryptokrimsographs* is more art than humor, considering such pieces as "The Magnetic Attraction of Breasts on Juicy Fruit and Doublemint," "Pencil Test #7" and "Yellow Snow"—a must for dog lovers.

One of Krims's models for this book didn't think it was funny and the couple are battling in and out of court over it. They won't talk about it, but then again who would admit they had taken pictures of women with bubble gum, hooks, carrots or whatever stuck to their breasts. And what woman could admit she'd posed for it?

For information, write Humpy Press, Inc., 187 Linwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14209.



The Soul of the Matter

Have you ever wondered about the inner workings of evangelist Billy Graham and his $20-million-a-year empire, whether he was linked to the underworld, or even if he planned to run for President? Chuck Ashman has, and the unpredictable journalist spent three years compiling *The Gospel According to Billy* ($10 from Lyle Stuart, Inc., 120 Enterprise Avenue, Secaucus, New Jersey 07094).

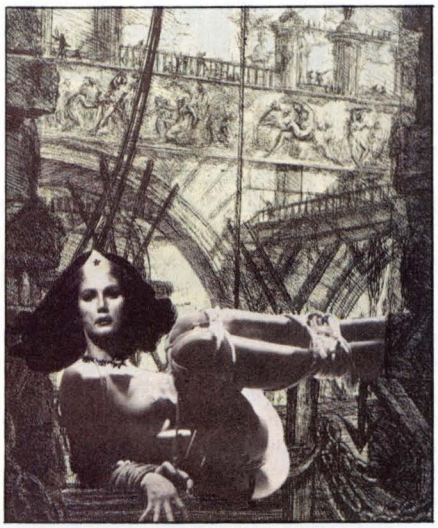
Known on the West Coast for his TV news program—*Metro News Metro News*—and radio show, *The Ashman File,* Chuck Ashman has struck like a lightning bolt into the soul of the Bible Belt's leading figure, opening a few skeleton-filled closets. But that is typical of Ashman, the unauthorized biographer of Henry Kissinger, Martha Mitchell and John Connally among others. Like the other biographies, this one should keep Billy dancing on the head of a pin.

HOLLYWOOD BOUND

If you think like some of the guys at HUSTLER, you'd like to tie up every TV superwoman and have your way with her. New York City artist Francois Colos might have found the way, by splicing photographs of these stars' heads onto bondage photos. There's more than one way to tie down a date with these girls.

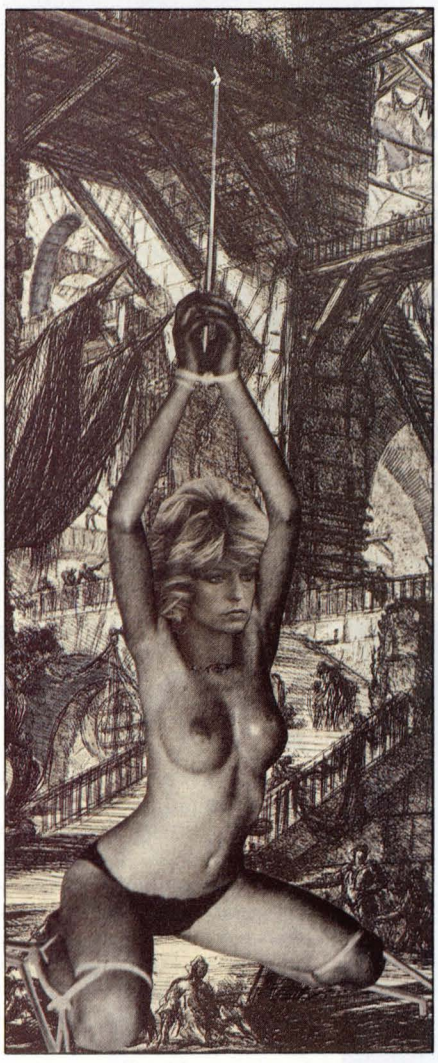
Five of these six hot heroines are part of our Ten Most Wanted list (July 1977 issue). They're also in a position to bargain their way out of anything, even their own shows.

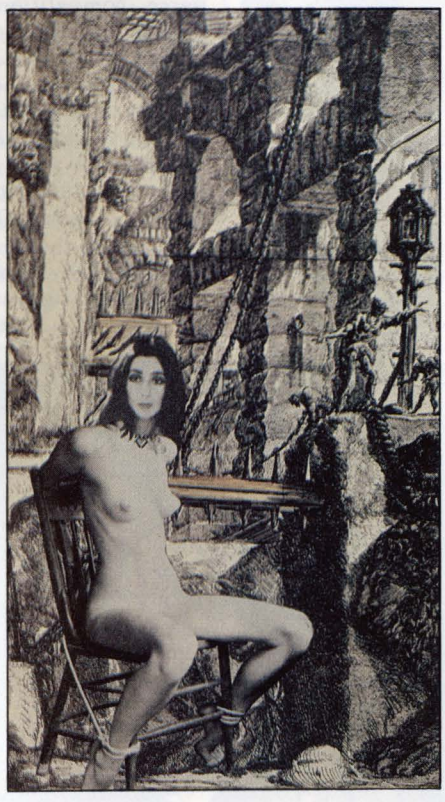
But somehow they just won't be able to worm their way out of *this* binding contract.















Porn Squeezin's

No, this isn't Anita Bryant's idea of punishment for gays. She won, so that's that. Like hell. Anita is now spreading her "To Hell with Human Rights" campaign to other cities where faggots want to live like normal people. If Anita were to take a close look at this without creaming her panties over the frothy orange liquid, she could see that all she is doing is putting human rights in a vice. She has as much chance of being successful at that as there is of gay guys bearing children.



MOVING ON UP

A smart salesman knows the best way to be successful is to offer a product that people genuinely want, and will buy again. Bill Gipe, who heads up the Louisville News Company, Inc., is one of the better distributors we do business with, and it's easy to see why. As his trucks travel from northeastern Kentucky down into the Bluegrass region, people know that their favorite magazine is being delivered to the local newsstand. Gipe also distributes CHIC, our sister publication, to the Kentucky market.

This painted van is just another sign of HUSTLER's continued success, and it won't be long before a big #1 can be added to what you see here. All of this is especially pleasing to Larry Flynt, whose roots are in the Kentucky highlands, not far east of Gipe's distribution area. It lets the folks back home know that Larry is doing OK.

NOT WHAT IT WAS

There is nothing new about girlie photos. In fact, photos of women in sexual poses are about as old as the camera itself. Although today's erotic photography is technically better and often more explicit, some of the vintage work still inspires lust in the hearts of real men everywhere.

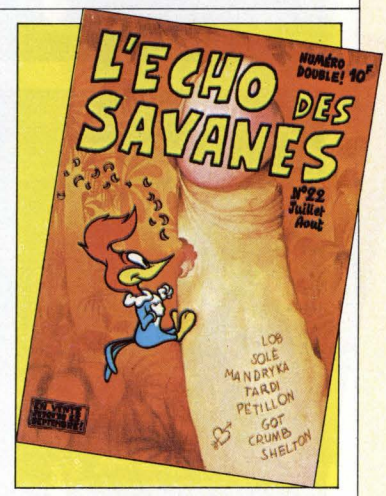
Golden Porn is a booklet of photos supposedly selected from the collection of a girl with the suspicious name Kiki Del Casino, which explores early attempts at turn-on photography showing women fully clothed or in slips, coyly exposing a garter or pantaloon. Another thing this book explores, although it might not have been intended, is the point that women have always liked sex, even when society said they shouldn't. Times and tastes have changed, but we can still get off looking at fully clothed women. Just remember that the real story is clear in the lusty looks in their eyes.



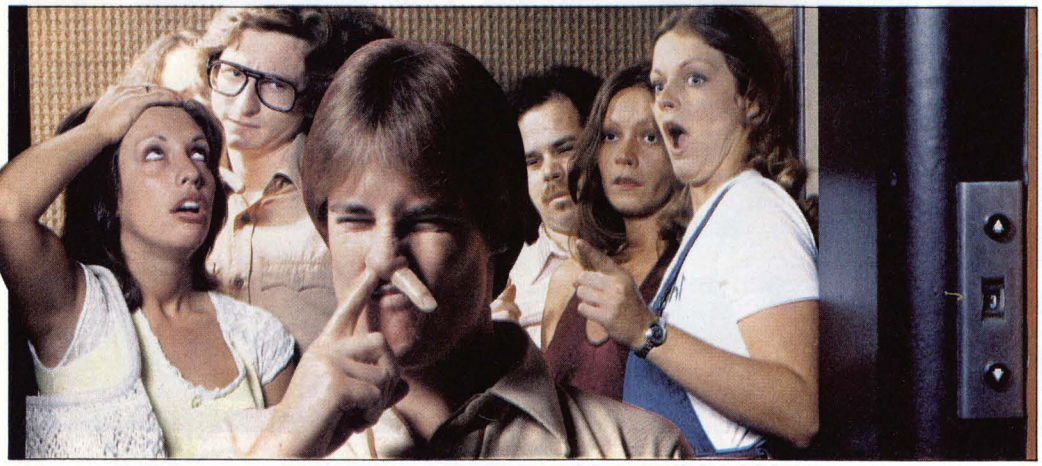
Information about *Golden Porn* can be obtained from Fibonacci Corporation, Golden Bridge, New York 10526.

GIVE 'EM THE BIRD

Pun-loving Americans have been making variations for years on the joke in this cartoon of Woody Woodpecker nipping at a dork. Yet it took a French underground cartoonist, Loup, to put it down on paper. But that doesn't mean there's a fierce competition between French and American underground cartoonists. Although the intent is the same—to mock society and politics—styles differ radically. *L'Echo des Savanes* ($2 from Monkey's Retreat, 2400 North High Street, Columbus, Ohio 43202) gives you a chance to look at the surreal styles of the Frog underground against the styles of leading U. S. cartoonists.

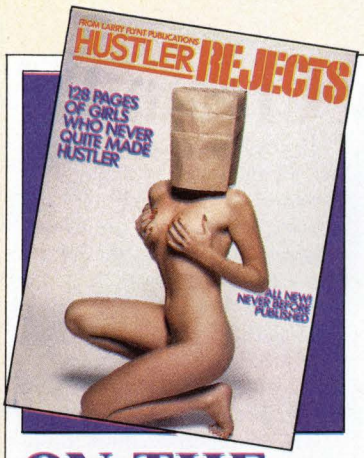


The only drawback to *L'Echo des Savanes* is that all the captions, including those for the American works, are in French. But then again everybody's into French culture, and it's as easy to understand as reading lips.



SNOT FUNNY

Lousy weather and polluted air and water will screw up your respiratory system faster than Sharon Mitchell can fake orgasm. Each and every one of us has experienced such bad nasal blockage that we just can't dig out the clog. We asked a typical Columbus, Ohio, man how he solves the problem, and this was his reply: "You have to keep on pushing."



ON THE REBOUND

Models whose photo-sets have been rejected for publication in HUSTLER haven't been cooked and eaten by the staff. Instead of devouring the girls, we compiled selected photo features that had accumulated in our files, and the result is HUSTLER REJECTS. These 13 Honeys didn't make it through the rigorous standards for HUSTLER photo features; but since our standards are so high, these girls are better than the competition, and you deserve a chance to see them. HUSTLER REJECTS is $2.95 at newsstands or from P.O. Box 2206, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

PURITAN: The Birth of a Porn Mag

Every now and then we see some kind of sign that forecasts the future. *Puritan* magazine is one of them. The quarterly publication—which comes



shrink-wrapped in plastic—bills itself as the "Adult American Dreambook" because of its philosophy of providing a wide spectrum of erotic entertainment, including hard-core photos like the one on its cover. Big deal? Not until you consider that *Puritan* is attempting to distribute the magazine on a national scale from the same outlets as straight national magazines. Besides the adult bookstore route, *Puritan* plans to sell on selected newsstands in "liberated markets," in regular bookstores and by subscription sales.

By far the best-produced hard-core sex mag we've seen, *Puritan* is a concept which we feel has arrived about five years too soon. HUSTLER readers know that if a magazine with top-quality, hard-core content could be widely distributed in this country without bluenose hassles, it would be the magazine you're holding in your hands right now.

Although *Puritan* tries to meet "community standards" with artistic hard-core work by Raffaelli, fiction by Malcolm Braly, and a sex news section, its soft-core action alone is enough to get it burned in Cincinnati. But the *Puritan* people, who feel the First Amendment has been fucked over too many times, also provide a news and law section designed to educate readers to their rights. Some bluenose prosecutors may tolerate a magazine with sex in it, but when it also shows that most courthouses are thinly disguised railroad stations, those prosecutors start the book-burning cry. *Puritan* ($7.95 at newsstands) is $31.80 per year from Puritan Publishing, Inc., 2014 Siegfried Avenue, Northampton, Pennsylvania 18067.



Illustration by Tom Hachtman

RATS!

David Reiser wrote to the *Gainesville* (Florida) *Sun*, telling them he had mixed 500 "X-rated" films, 500 back issues of HUSTLER Magazine and 500 assorted "marital aids" in a blender. "The resulting mixture was then fed to a white rat, and guess what?"

David reported that the rat contracted cancer! He concluded that since pornography causes cancer in white rats, it should be removed from store shelves.

We know David was putting us on, but what we're worried about is whether any of the people down in the Sunshine State caught Reiser's joke.



CRUSTY PROBLEM

If you get a rise out of this, then you must have some half-baked notions about yeast infections. We recently conducted a test in the HUSTLER kitchen to see what happens when a girl with vaginitis is Frenched, and it appears that we've bred a new kind of sexual reward with a wide range of uses. However, no matter how tempting she appears, remember that if you go after this chick's buns, you could get burned.



Let Creamy Cream Ya'

Did Farrah Fawcett-Majors pose nude for us? Of course not! Lee would never let her take her clothes off. And this isn't even our poster. Our sister publication, CHIC, will be running this Farrah look-alike in its November issue, and even we have to admit that it beats the real Farrah poster by at least two longshots.

Who else is popping out of CHIC in its November, first-anniversary issue? Raquel Welch covers some of her finer points in an interview, convicted Watergate burglar G. Gordon Liddy writes about national security, and CHIC takes an in-depth look at sex at West Point. And you didn't think anything could top the story of President Carter's assassination, in the October issue on sale now.

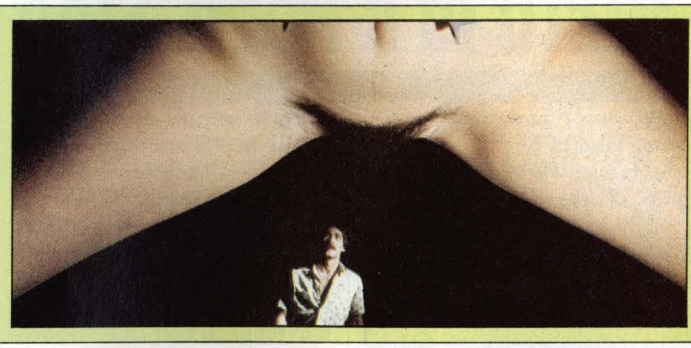
If you're asking how CHIC got all this good stuff together after only a year, we've got the answer. Larry Flynt decided to take a firm hand in the operation of the magazine, and nobody has the talent to please readers like Larry does. You love HUSTLER, don't you?

Another factor was bringing Peter Brennan on board as CHIC's executive editor. Brennan is a rough, tough Irishman who once threw *Penthouse*'s managing editor, Heidi Handman, through a plate glass window.

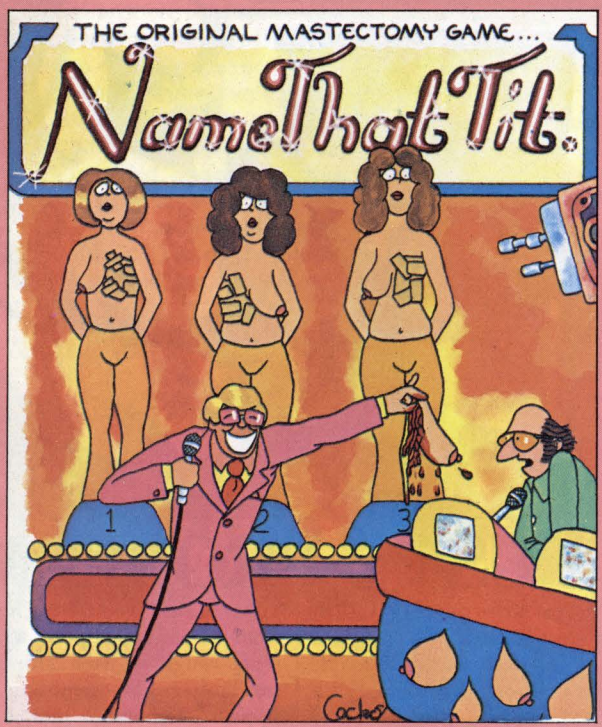
You can obtain your very own life-size Farrah Fawcett look-alike poster by picking up CHIC ($2.25) at your newsstand, or by sending $22 for a one-year subscription to CHIC, P.O. Box 2208, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Full Moon

Porn actor Wade Nichols hasn't taken up studies in a new area of astrology, although his future looks bright judging by this scene from the experimental erotic film *Visions*. Nichols finds other heavenly bodies more in proportion to his own in this purposely (and effectively) "silent" film. HUSTLER explores Nichols's cosmic explorations and surrealistic sexual encounters even further in this month's *X-Rated Reviews* by Larry Wichman on page 31. It's our guide to the stars.



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Well, this is a tough one— but I'll have to say that *one belongs to number two."*

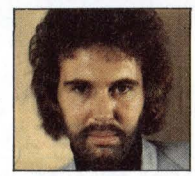
UPDATE



Larry Lisciotti, profiled in our September 1977 issue, is the undisputed U.S. straight-pool champion after beating Tom Jennings in the $10,000 Challenge of Champions.



Doyle Brunson, profiled in our November 1976 issue, has won the World Series of Poker for the second consecutive year, walking away with the $340,000 pot.



Tony Power, who appeared in our September 1977 *Bits & Pieces* as the cuckolder of Dead Fred Enke, has left *Club* magazine, reportedly to pursue a film career.

If you have any interesting or unusual *Bits & Pieces* contributions, please pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay $100 for pictures, news items, quips and stories that we publish in *Bits & Pieces*. HUSTLER buys all rights on material accepted for publication and will keep all material purchased. Submissions we don't use will be returned if they're accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. For October, $100 each goes to Francois Colos, Sequoyah Duncan, John W. Fletcher, Chet Kier and Richard Schlunsen.

#1829

#1830

Treat yourself to a catered affair.

LEASURE TIME's room service is the kind of luxury that really rings a bell in a person's heart. It's a pleasure to lie back while a qualified expert delivers the goods.

Our three new Love Kits are individually designed to enhance the flavor of a late-night snack. Each kit contains a 7" cordless vibrator, french tickler vibrator sleeve, happy top and two "C" batteries.

The Midnight Special (#1828) also includes: bone vibrator extension, vaginal tingler and a smooth penis extension.

Likewise, we offer the Anal Intruder (#1829) which contains: marble vibrator extension, queen butt plug and an 8" digit vibrator extension.

Finally, there's the Sensual Encounter (#1830) that comes with: tongue extender, penis vibrator extender and an 8" squirmy vibrator extension.



To order your Love Kits, see coupon on page 117.

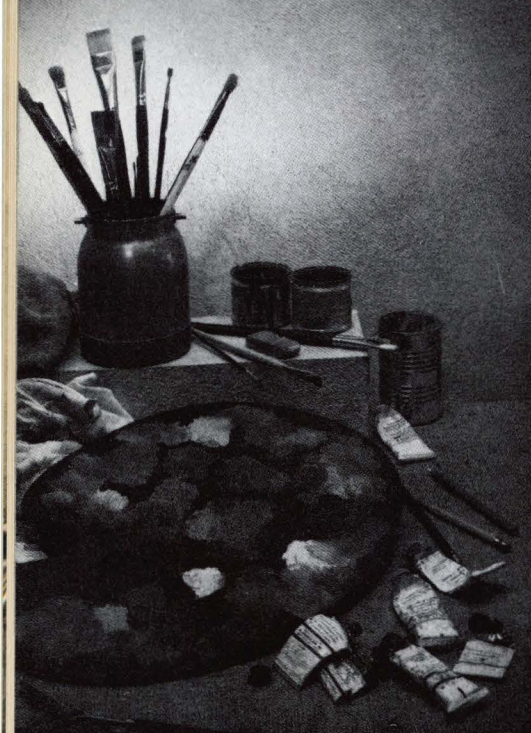
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Since Renoir...

Woman has been the Classic Subject of Beauty.

Now . . . by special arrangement with Roger Lex, a 20th Century Renoir, Turner-Bradshaw and Associates proudly presents this limited opportunity to own fine high-fidelity lithographs of the Classic Woman.





"NICOLE" (18" x 27")

Eight months in the painting and meticulously accurate in fine detail, Roger Lex has succeeded in capturing a breathless moment in time. These lithographs will delight all who wish to own fine art.

To insure that the beauty of this collectors' edition will endure and accrue in value, Turner-Bradshaw has spared no expense. Your quality lithograph will be color separated and printed by Mueller Color Plate : . . world renowned for fine art reproduction. The paper selected is a 70 lb. Antique Vellum with rag content.

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HU1077

Add sales tax if applicable.

☐ Unframed Print	$15.
☐ Unframed Print, signed, dated	$25.
☐ Framed in gold metal	$35.
☐ Framed in silver metal	$35.
☐ Framed, signed, dated	$45.

Add $2.00 for shipping & handling. Your print will be sent First Class in a special art shipping tube to insure safe and fast delivery.

The TURNER-BRADSHAW GUARANTEE; 100% satisfaction or complete refund.

X-RATED REVIEWS



Just going through the motions: Self-parody lacks life in My SeX-Rated Wife.

MOVIES

by Larry Wichman

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, as many films are censored to conform with "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly what you see. We suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the genuine article.

MY SEX-RATED WIFE

My SeX-Rated Wife, a new film from the makers of *The Divine Obsession,* attempts to poke fun at the sloppy workmanship and self-serving manner with which most film smut is brought to the screen. However, the joke is on *Wife,* since it, also, is produced poorly.

Sharon Mitchell stars as the unsatisfied wife of Wade Nichols. In an attempt to find sexual fulfillment, she takes an acting part in *Kinky Kong,* a sexy takeoff on *King Kong.* The possibilities for humor in this movie-within-a-movie motif are endless, but unfortunately the intended shoddy craftsmanship in *Kinky Kong* is paralleled, unintentionally, in *My SeX-Rated Wife,* making the latter a parody of itself.

For example, there are constant squabbles between *Kong*'s oafish director and the cast over extra pay ($10) for "that German shepherd scene" and "anals," while the bit-part actors can't remember their lines. In *Wife,* the kink (anal sex and golden showers) is as hollow as if the actors were indeed paid $10, and the acting performances by bit players like Terri Hall, who keeps looking at the camera, are as shallow as those being parodied in *Kong.*

Nor is there much plot movement in *Wife.* Though Nichols learns about his

RATING GUIDE

ERECTION!
If this one doesn't get it up, you are probably dead because it is almost a constant turn-on.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. However, it can still be beat.

HALF ERECT
Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Might get it up if you used a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP
Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.



My SeX-Rated Wife: *Sharon Mitchell gets a Kong-sized thrill.*

wife's rebellious ways early in the movie, it takes him nearly the entire film to do something about it, preferring to ball a blow-up doll most of the time. Furthermore, shaky, out-of-focus footage permeates a good portion of the film, adding even more to the viewer's aggravation.

For those of you who like movies chock-full of sex, *My SeX-Rated Wife* is right up your alley. You'll even get a laugh at the many one-liners ("You've got to get me a man for this gorilla suit by tomorrow!" shouts the producer/director of *Kong.* "I've already sunk $162 into this film"). However, what *Wife* lacks is sophistication and professionalism, making it a below-average film.

SEX CRAZY

The word among New York porn producers is that we'll be seeing fewer three-day wonders in the year ahead, largely because technically sophisticated films, like the comedy *Sex Crazy,* are generally knocking the cheaper movies off the market.

Crazy is the tale of a zany female sex fiend, Joy (Sharon Mitchell), who turns the Big Apple topsy-turvy when she forces her sexual desire upon "helpless" men. However, the plot structure is more complicated than it seems, because we see the action from two perspectives, that of Joy and of Police Lieutenant Handcock (Jake Teague). So, Joy is elated when her actions prompt women all over the city to go on rape sprees (which, ironically, brings a halt to all violent crime), while Handcock can't seem to grasp his department's failure to get any leads ("Why doesn't one of her victims bother to ask for her phone number?").

This interplay of dual perspectives allows for good character development, adds greatly to the humor and integrates erotica into the film while de-emphasizing the raunchiness. The film is hot to be sure, but the sexual encounters are brief and serve more as catalysts for plot development than for erections.

Teague and Mitchell, along with co-stars Richard Bolla, Tony Turco and Robert Hill, give admirable performances. Even the technical crew had to perform under unique circumstances. Much of the shooting occurred in locations where crew and actors could have been busted, such as subway cars, airport men's rooms, back alleys and the Wall Street area. Yet the finished product's cinematography is often comparable to that of a Hollywood production. For example, there is one scene in which Joy follows a man into a dark alley. The shadowy lighting and gradual buildup of suspense could have come right from an old Thin Man movie.

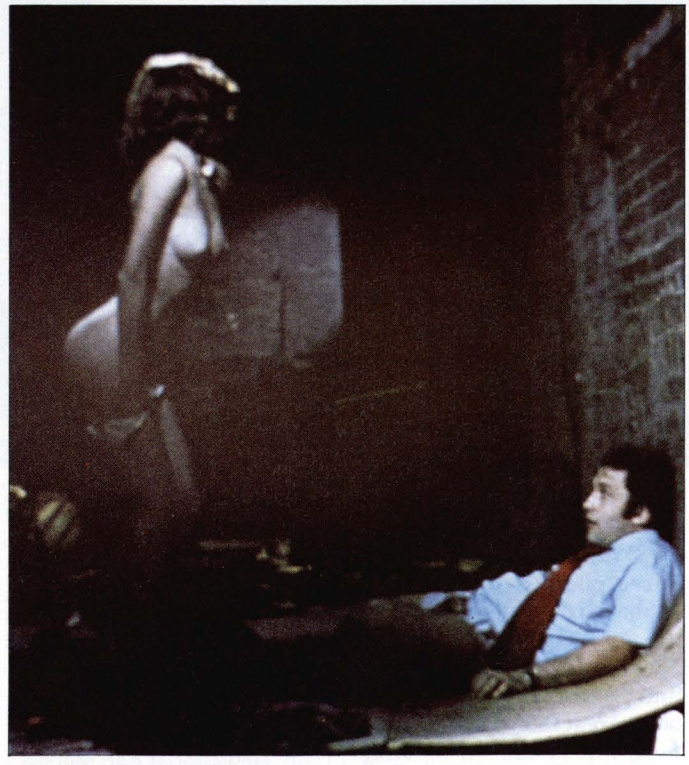
Producer Derek Davidson and director Harley Mansfield should be applauded for bringing *Sex Crazy* to the screen. It's a comical farce that upgrades the porn genre. If you're looking for some bright, titillating entertainment for couples, don't hesitate to see it.

SHARON

Even though porn filmmakers are planning to produce better quality products, three-day wonders such as *Sharon* are still prevalent and are pulling in big dollars. Although it is a cinematic fiasco because it has the qualities of a Super 8 loop, *Sharon* nevertheless outgrossed Damiano's expensive *Odyssey* during its opening weeks on the West Coast.

Sharon's box-office draw seems to stem from its exploitation of the New South, its cast and its raunchy sex. The film follows the story of Sharon (Sharon Saunders), a high-school Georgia peach who must confront her virginity when she is invited to an orgy. Sharon attempts to remain true to her maidenhead, in spite of her jealousy over an affair between her father (Zebedy Colt) and her older sister (Jean Jennings). She keeps refusing to join in the carnal festivities until she is overcome with lust while watching partygoers Jamie Gillis, Bobby Astyr and Susan McBain get it on.

Originally, *Sharon*'s footage was so devoid of erotica that producers had to heat it up by inserting loops that had been shot earlier in New York. It's difficult to knock a film with so many prestigious porn personalities in it, especially when they put out such uninhibited performances as double and triple insertions. However, as with



It's Sharon Mitchell, again, as the alley cat rapist in Sex Crazy.



Stilted orgy scenes, slow pace and a murky plot cloud Visions.

most loops, the sound is fuzzy while the color is faded from overexposure, making *Sharon* just another schlock effort. Often, even the director's commands can be heard on the soundtrack. We have a right to expect more for our money.

VISIONS

Experimental erotica is a rare item in today's porn films, and that's what makes Chuck Vincent's new film, *Visions,* special. This unique motion picture employs no dialog and instead paints its story through a series of surrealistic sexual sequences.

The film follows the Ulysses-like journey of a frustrated composer (Wade Nichols), who flies into a supersensual world of passion after being clubbed on the head by two thugs. Throughout, Nichols searches for the woman of his daydreams (Victoria Corsaut) and drifts from one surreal set (such as draping cellophane streamers) to the next, meeting strangers who entice him to join in their prurient activities.

The sex in *Visions* is far from kinky, with some of the sex scenes lasting up to 20 minutes—long by porn standards—making them somewhat boring. However, due to the film's unusual approach, critical allowances have to be made. Thanks to some very capable camera work, for example, the opening reel achieves a sensuous texture seldom seen in porn films. In this sequence, Nichols makes love to Susan McBain in soft shadows, which preclude gynecological close-ups. Nevertheless, the soft lighting allows the actors to build their lovemaking into what comes off as a tender, intimate exchange of feelings, rather than a regular old fuck 'n' suck sequence.

Even the powerful, classical music sound track—which adds immeasurably to the entire film—works exceptionally well during the Nichols/McBain encounter. If the film had maintained such a high level of sensuousness and eroticism as it did in the opening, *Visions* would have been a great movie.

As it is, *Visions* may well provoke a yawn from most audiences. Much of the film is too obscure and cryptic to make logical sense, and after the novelty wears off, the rather tedious pace at which the movie moves may get the better of you.

ALL NIGHT LONG

All Night Long is a poorly acted, tediously paced X-rater that indeed seems to go on "all night long." The plot revolves around two superstuds, John Holmes and newcomer Ric Lutze, who vie for the coveted title of Mr. Golden Rod, an annual award presented by a society of horny women. The film ploddingly depicts the nightlong contest, which requires both men to satisfy four sexy club members apiece. The first man to finish is the winner.

Night relies heavily on its sexual content, using the plot as a mere vehicle for the erotica. But the sex is too uninspiring and, coupled with the poor production quality, *Night* just doesn't work. An S&M scene between Holmes and Sharon Thorpe is a typical example of poorly handled erotica. Instead of taking place in a dungeon, the action transpires in an unfurnished apartment. Also, neither Holmes nor his awkward dominatrix seem to really be into the fetish and consequently give unconvincing, flat performances.

In all, the movie contains eight sexual encounters, and with that amount of sex, odds for one good scene were in the producer's favor. An anal scene between Lutze and Esther Walker lacks a "staged" quality, coming off erotically and naturally. After experiencing a wave of orgasms, Walker looks into her lover's eyes and moans her appreciation, adding, "Please take me again." The words seem to come from the heart rather than the script, and when Lutze responds by inserting his organ into her ass, the action seems natural and healthy. Furthermore, the camera catches the proceedings from many revealing angles, which it fails to do elsewhere in the movie, while some flashy editing gives the scene much of its energy.

You'll find a few laughs woven into the loose fabric of *All Night Long,* but they're not enough to save the film. Ultimately, the acting *and* sex are mediocre, and the women are nameless stock players we've seen a million times before.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

Erection

Autobiography of a Flea
Desires within Young Girls
Femmes de Sade
Hard Soap, Hard Soap
In the Realm of the Senses
Jail Bait
Kinky Ladies
Odyssey
The Opening of Misty Beethoven
Sweet Cakes
Through a Looking Glass

Three-Quarters Erect

Bel Ami
Captain Lust
Count the Ways
Eruption
The Keyhole
Portrait of Seduction
Sex Wish
Sweet Taste of Honey

Half Erect

Babyface
The Beast
The Devil inside Her
Les Nympho Teens
Mary! Mary!
The Porn Brokers
Reflections
The Sinful Pleasures of Reverend Star
Tonight We Love

One-Quarter Erect

Candylips
Funk
Inside Marilyn Chambers
Kinkorama
Sweet Punkin
A Touch of Sex
The Trouble with Young Stuff

Totally Limp

Cherry Hustlers
Let My Puppets Come
Reunion
Snuff

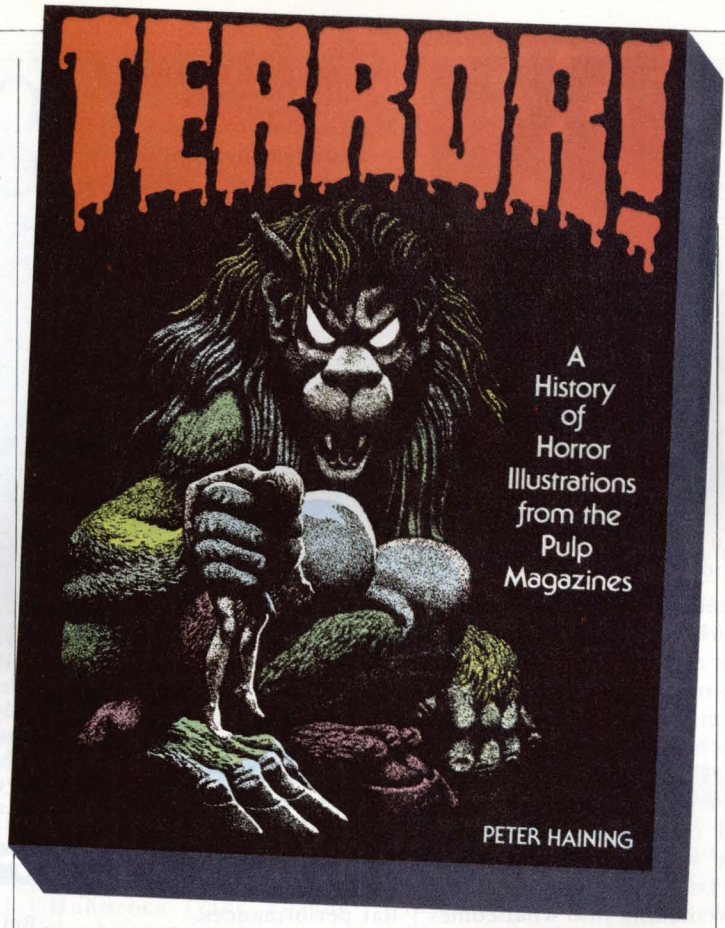
X BOOKS

RATED REVIEWS

Edited by Mike Sheeter

TERROR!

A History of Horror Illustrations from the Pulp Magazines
By Peter Haining
A&W Visual Library
95 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10016
$6.95



TERROR!: The bad old days of sex and violence in pulp magazines.

At the turn of the century, some obscure publishing geniuses concluded that a vast, untapped magazine market existed. What people wanted was cheap, unpretentious entertainment. This was exactly why the so-called pulp magazines were created.

During the golden age of the pulps—between 1920 and 1950—there were dozens of titles available at the newsstands for less than a quarter. Among the most popular were the horror mags. A generation came to maturity drooling over cover illustrations that featured seminude, luscious women being pestered by monsters. A pulp fan knew he could depend on several racy drawings accompanying each story, and there were probably more than a few readers who never got around to reading the stories at all.

Like the pulp magazine artists he anthologizes in *Terror,* editor Peter Haining knows what modern-day readers want. The collection features more than 200 classic horror magazine illustrations, some of them beautifully done woodblock prints from turn-of-the-century "penny dreadfuls." There are 14 full-color covers to represent the tits-and-ass school of monster artwork, making it easy to see why the thinly disguised S&M and supernatural raunch was widely attacked as obscene, mentally unhealthy and harmful to children. The attacks continued just as the pulps continued to enjoy huge sales.

Before television and the bluenoses finally put the pulps out of business in the middle 1950s, a whole new generation of writers and illustrators had made their debut between the covers of these magazines. Today's reader will no doubt be familiar with notables such as Ray Bradbury, H. P. Lovecraft and Raymond Chandler. But chances are you will not be able to recall the names of the artists whose work was often equally inspired. Yet it was the pulp illustrators who went beyond the prudish boundaries that held back the writers of the day. Only the artist could titillate, shock and terrify the readers into coming back for more, month after month. Peter Haining's *Terror* shows just how it was done.

Terror is campy, outrageous and in the worst possible taste. These are qualities that will make it attractive to the HUSTLER reader or to anyone interested in where the average guy's head has been during the past few years. In seeing where the horror artists drew the line, we see how far society has come in accepting magazines like HUSTLER. *Terror* is a solid evening's entertainment.

THE FANTASY FILES

By Karen Shanor
The Dial Press
One Dag Hammarskjold Plaza
New York, New York 10017
$8.95

The rebellious '60s made many of us believe that the near future would become the era of sexual sophistication. Instead, the '60s spawned the '70s—the "Era of the Bitch Books." Since the beginning of the decade, hundreds of books about female sexuality—all wearing the disguise of academic robes—have been written, and virtually all of them have been soft-porn bullshit for the frustrated housewife. Instead of creating an open and healthy environment for sexuality to grow in, these cheap attempts to titillate serve only to make readers view serious books on the subject with suspicion.

Hopefully, Dr. Karen Shanor's *The Fantasy Files* will change all of that and become a beacon for the proper presentation of human sexuality. *Files* can be considered a pioneer work, since it is a study of female sexuality through female fantasy—an approach to the subject that has been largely overlooked, except for unauthoritative rip-offs such as *To Turn You On: 39 Sexual Fantasies for Women* by J. Aphrodite.

Shanor's book does not suffer from too much feminist perspective and, luckily, is highly readable, informative and entertaining. Above all, however, it reveals some interesting things about women. For example, most women do not have a rape fantasy—as men have been led to believe by anal-retentive psychologists—and those women who do entertain this particular fantasy, Shanor reports, are usually aggressive, self-confident and well educated.

The most common of all fantasies, surprisingly, is what it would be like to make love to someone a woman hasn't been to bed with. As one put it, setting the general tone for all such desires: "During work I often think of the guy that works in the next office. . . . I wonder what it would be like to make love with him. . . . I watch him walk—look at his body—I think what it would feel like to move against his body—wonder how he might kiss me, how he smells, how he feels. I think about him

seducing me—penetrating and driving me wild. . . .This is one of my constant daydreams."

The Fantasy Files, based on the author's interpretation of questionnaires, is chock-full of such actual confessions along with appropriate commentary and accurate interpretation by Shanor, who shows with this book that she knows the arts of both research *and* writing.

—Zbigniew Kindela

THE VIRILITY FACTOR

By Robert Merle
Trans. by Martin Sokolinsky
McGraw-Hill Book Company
1221 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10020
$9.95

Apparently, once you've become an established author you can write any kind of shit you want and get it published. Robert Merle, author of *The Day of the Dolphin* and *Malevil,* is living proof of that. His latest book, *The Virility Factor,* is a long, boring, uninspiring concoction about the almost total destruction of American society, as well as all mankind, by a menacing epidemic called Encephalitis 16.

Encephalitis 16 attacks and kills only sperm-producing men between the ages of 16 and 60. As a result, the male population—most notably politicians—begins to die off, and in no time flat, President Sarah Bedford is installing the female elite at all levels of her new administration. Obviously, women have taken over the government, and measures are initiated to control the surviving male population.

For a man, the only defense against Encephalitis 16 is either sterilization or castration, unless Dr. Ralph Martinelli, a neurologist, and his team of fellow doctors and scientists can produce a vaccine. These P.M.'s (Protected Men) are held in captive quarantine at a P.Z. (Protected Zone) in Blueville, Vermont. This P.Z. is a veritable fortress, controlled by the dictatorial Hilda Helsingforth and her armed militiawomen.

Inside the Blueville compound exists a society dominated by man-hating females and their castrated male allies, the "Castratos." It is in this totally unbelievable and lamely described environment that Dr. Martinelli and his colleagues must find a vaccine for Encephalitis 16. Little do they realize that the female-controlled government has no intention of letting them succeed.

Merle's *Virility Factor* should not be confused with the equally lame nonfiction work, *The Virility Factor,* by Robert Bahr, reviewed in our March issue. This seems to be one title that doesn't work no matter how the author approaches the book.

Robert Merle's story couldn't have been any less plausible if the story line would have involved a porpoise, with an atomic warhead strapped to it, leaping from the Atlantic Ocean and blowing Blueville right off the fucking map. Even then, he would have had to bring it off by about page 27. It would definitely save a lot of reading time.

—Joseph Coyne

THE SECRET PARIS OF THE 30's

by Brassai
Trans. by Richard Miller
Pantheon Books, Inc.
201 East 50th Street
New York, New York 10022
$17.95

Returning World War I vets, passing around "feelthy" French postcards in their VFW halls, used to enjoy telling the hometown boys about Paris. Paris, according to the ex-doughboys, was a city full of gorgeous, amoral women who liked nothing better than throwing themselves under an American—any American. In fact, the story went, French women were so depraved that they thought nothing of going down on Negroes, foreigners or collies. It was a good story and the yokels ate it up.

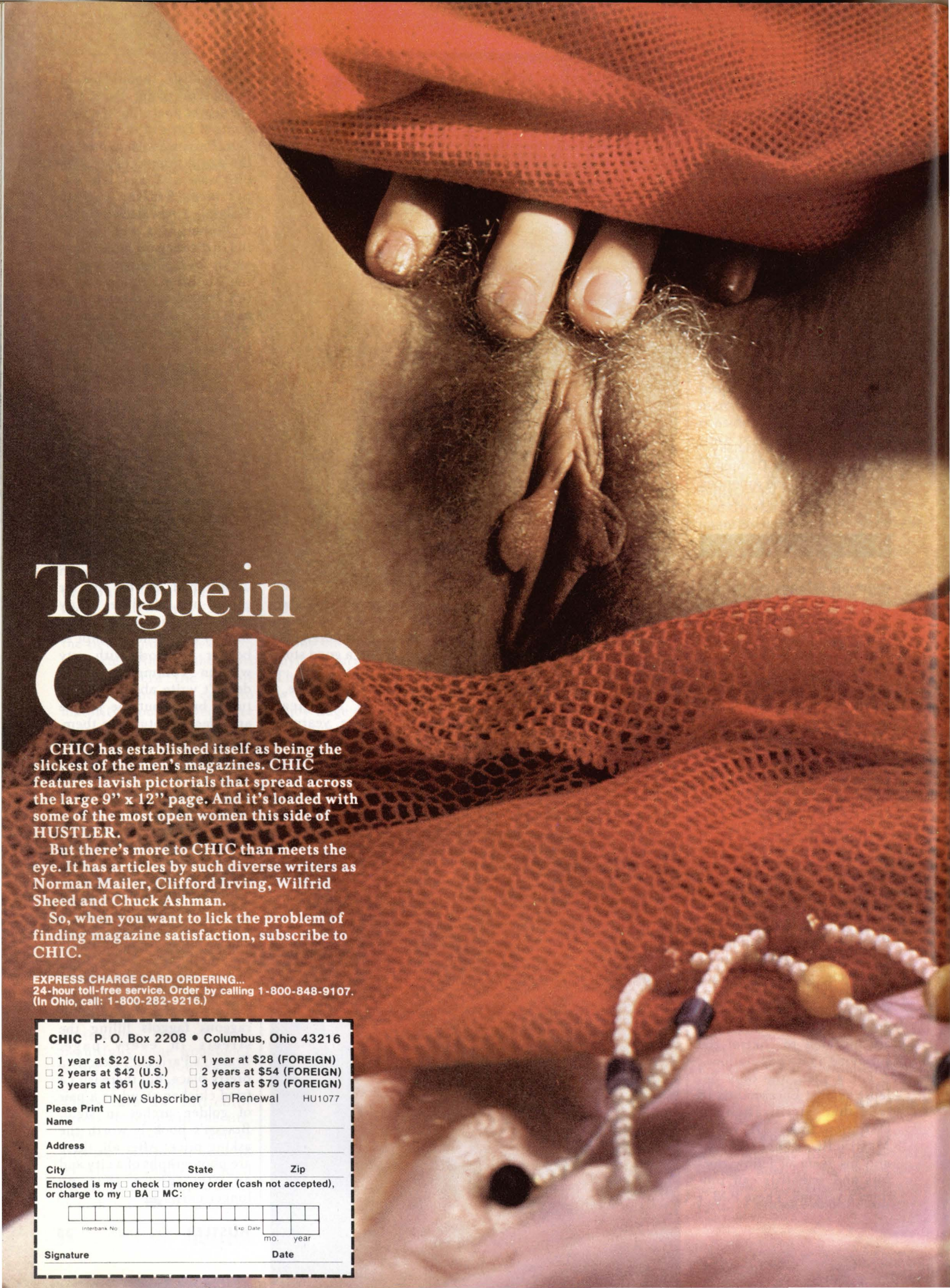
At about the same time, a generation of American artists and writers, yearning for the cultural and sexual freedom of the Europe they had discovered during the war, left the U.S. in droves to establish themselves in Paris. For them, Paris was the city of poets. For the residents of Paris in the '20s and '30s, Paris was the capital of the world. Among these people was a Romanian expatriate, Brassai (Gyula Halasz), a new kind of photographer who was one of the first to regard his work as an art form. Competing with the traditional painters of the Left Bank, Brassai was able to create an image of Paris unlike any produced by artists too in love with the city to capture its seamier side.

Brassai's camera shows us what kind of city Paris was—and in what kind of world it flourished. In *The Secret Paris of the 30's* we see beefy, overly made-up streetwalkers, ragged, ferret-faced pimps and picturesque Gallic winos. This is not the sickly sweet Maurice Chevalier Paris, but an unbuttoned, bawdy city for grown-ups. Unlike many modern photographers, Brassai makes no attempt to bolster his work with arty written commentary. He doesn't write about the pictures, but about the people and places captured in them. The pictures speak well enough for themselves, and Brassai's simple, affectionate recollections of a city speak well of him as an artist and as a man.

In fact, Brassai's pictures are interesting because they show the seams of the city. The women he photographed are less than beautiful, and his stark black and white streets are more likely to smell of sewage than flower stalls. There are open-air urinals, carnival dancers with painted faces, and outrageous faggots filling the streets in every page. Brassai's Paris isn't exactly a pretty place, but there isn't a fried chicken stand or a pair of golden arches in sight. Brassai's book is worth the asking price. After all, these are photographs of a city and an atmosphere that no longer exist.

PARIS OF THE 30's: One final fling before all the lights went out.





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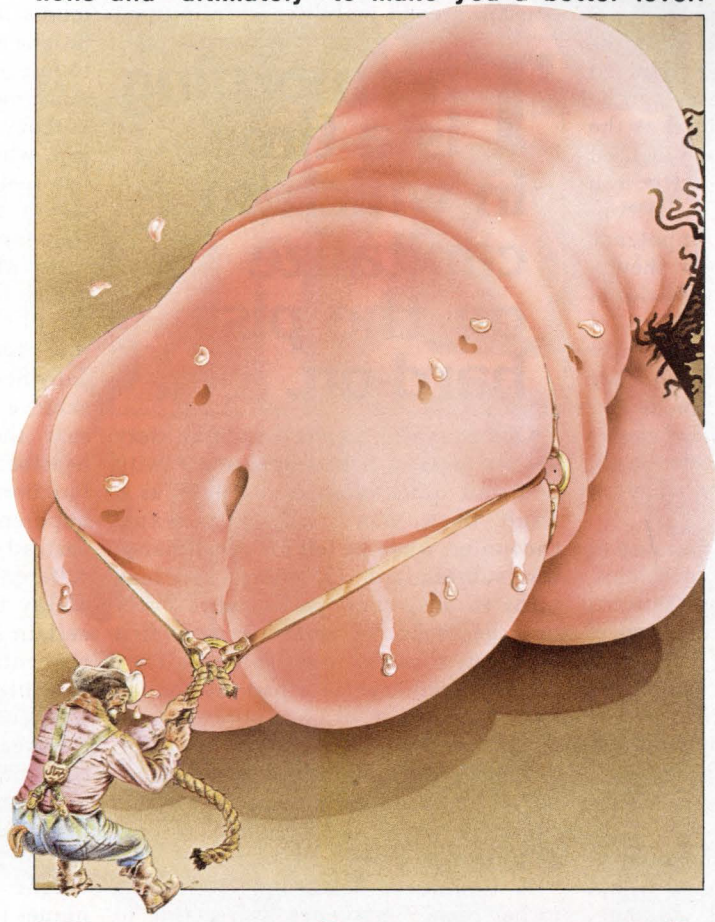
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SEXPLAY

by Steven J. Roth

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a better lover.



UNDERSTANDING IMPOTENCE

I was standing by the bar at a local pick-up spot, sloshing down my sixth or seventh tequila, when a pretty girl named Sandy stepped in front of me and flashed warm, inviting eyes.

I was charmed, and the two of us made conversation, screaming over "Disco Duck." I had long before learned that the gently persistent generally made out, and I was successfully persistent that night.

We went to her apartment and wasted no time, heading straight for her bedroom. She was tall and thin, with amazingly large breasts, and both of us quickly undressed. We hadn't even kissed yet.

I put my hand on her crotch and found that she was already dripping wet. She put her hand on my cock, and to her obvious surprise (she groaned rather loudly), I was softer than the old Charmin.

She didn't exactly help me out at this point; she just lay back and waited for me to do something. But the situation did not improve. I went down on her, giving her clit a workout with my tongue, talking to myself continuously, trying to get the dirty movies flying in my brain. It wasn't working. I slid my hand down, pulling on my cock, entreating it to work, begging it not to let me down. The situation still did not improve. In fact, it continued to deteriorate.

Finally, I sat up and said, "It's probably the booze." In reality, I didn't know what the fuck was going on. I felt panic and terror.

I quit on my cock, figuring it would never make the big rise, at least not that night. I leaned over and dropped my hand to her clit, diddling until she puffed out a brief sigh.

I drove home, alone and confused. On the one hand, I was super disappointed, horny and frustrated. On the other, I knew that I was OK, since my cock generally worked just fine. Maybe it *was* the booze, I thought. Or maybe there should have been more foreplay. I couldn't figure it out, but I knew that the problem would pass.

However, while I was secure in my ability to function, I knew that in Sandy's eyes I was a complete failure. She would tell her friends, "Oh, he couldn't get it up."

I relate the preceding true incident because I know it is a problem which—at some time or other—affects nearly every male, no matter how much of a stud he may be. In the film *Midnight Cowboy,* there is a scene in which Jon Voight, as superstud Joe Buck, finally gets a gig as a cock-for-hire and can't get a hard-on, much to his customer's disappointment. Beyond the irony of this scene there lies an inherent truth: Impotence can strike any man at any given time. And often, how he views the problem has a great deal to do with how soon it is corrected. For this reason, a clear understanding of impotence is vital.

Impotence and sterility are not the same thing. A man who is sterile can get a hard-on and achieve orgasm, but he cannot produce children because his semen is low in—or totally lacking—sperm cells, or because there is a disorder in the cells themselves. However, a man who is impotent is, in effect, sterile because he cannot deliver his payload.

Impotence is sometimes confused with ejaculatory inadequacies like premature ejaculation (coming too soon) and ejaculatory incompetence (not coming at all), two subjects which will be dealt with in an upcoming *Sex Play.* Here, I want to discuss the more basic problem of not being able to get it up at all, or not being able to keep it up and get it in a hole.

Impotence can be classified into two groups: primary and secondary impotence. *Primary impotence* is defined as a lifelong inability to achieve penetration. Some men who suffer from primary impotence can get hard-ons, and some can even masturbate to ejaculation. But the dick consistently falls down on the job at the sight of a nearby, beckoning orifice.

There are a lot of reasons for primary impotence, but most of them date back to the sufferer's early sexual experiences: a seductive mother who arouses intense feelings of anxiety within a young boy; a rigid religious training which puts taboos on sexual pleasures

Illustration by Jim Williams

and fantasies, and disseminates sexual myths; a humiliating first sexual experience, or habitual virginity, which fills the sex act with overwhelming fear and apprehension; a negative self-image; the list goes on.

While it is easy to point out the various problem areas and say, "Oh, that's probably the cause," the mere identification of the problem's origin rarely gives the complete picture (unless the cause is purely physical). There are many subconscious factors that contribute to most cases of impotence—feelings and fears that can only be brought to the surface and resolved through counseling.

Secondary impotence is classified as the inability to achieve penetration at least 25 percent of the time. Although secondary impotence is not to be confused with the occasional impotence that plagues most men when they're tired or worried, these occasional episodes very often set a pattern of failure that, in time, can grow into a case of secondary impotence. For this reason, situations which bring on single instances of impotence are also the causes of secondary impotence, the only difference being in the frequency of failure.

If a man is under pressure because of business dealings, financial problems, etc., it can certainly carry over into his sex life, causing temporary impotence. Preoccupation with anything that leaves little time and energy for sex can render a man impotent until the crisis (or the Big Game or a business venture) is resolved.

In addition to the many psychological causes of both primary and secondary impotence, there can also be physical reasons for an inability to get it up, among them spinal cord damage, untreated diabetes, prostate or nervous system disorders, cobalt-therapy side effects, paraplegia or multiple sclerosis. Before undergoing any psychological counseling, it is essential to have a complete physical examination to rule out any of these causes.

Another major cause of impotence is drug abuse. Excessive caffeine will do it, as will amphetamines. Many tranquilizers can cause impotence as a side effect. But more than anything else, alcohol is the culprit. Chronic alcoholics are frequently impotent, but even an occasional drinker will find that, after a certain point, booze will do an effective job of insuring a limp cock, while at the same time increasing the desire to fuck.

Long abstinence from sex can cause impotence, a fact that can be supported by many ex-cons and Alaskan pipeline workers. On the other hand, boredom with the same old sexual relationship can also cause a man to lose his potency.

But whatever the reason, all it takes is one failure to start the vicious cycle that is at the root of nearly all cases of impotence—"performance anxiety."

Performance anxiety, or fear of failure, works like this: The man has not performed up to his own expectations, so he becomes worried about it. The more he worries, the greater his inability to get it up, leading to more fear and tension, greater inability, ad infinitum.

The morning is a time in which to capitalize on the piss hard-on.

Occasionally, performance anxiety has its roots in a bad experience with sex, and quite often it develops as a result of a man's very first sexual encounter, when he felt his performance was substandard. Of course, no man turns in a virtuoso performance every time he fucks, let alone the very first time, but some let it get to them. They regard themselves as a bad lay for the rest of their days, or until someone convinces them otherwise.

The ironic thing about performance anxiety is the fact that once the sufferer stops worrying about his impotence, his performance usually improves.

A woman can unwittingly contribute to her man's impotence by reacting to his limp cock with shock, scorn, disgust or an attitude which conveys the idea that he is no longer the man he used to be. Sure, it's also a traumatic experience for the woman, who may wonder if the whole thing is her fault (it could be, but who's to blame is beside the point) and try to fix the blame elsewhere. Unfortunately, "elsewhere" usually turns out to be her man, and the problem is compounded by the woman's adding to his anxiety.

An understanding woman will do her best to support her man's ego during this traumatic period by reinforcing the fact that he is not the only man ever to have experienced limpness in the face of a sexual encounter. She can do this best by simply not making a big thing out of it when it happens for the first time, or in isolated instances. She can dismiss his random limpness with a comment such as "You must be tired" or "I guess you're just not in the mood," something that attributes the problem to a cause other than a lack of virility. Since a hard-on is not a prerequisite of oral sex, she can perform fellatio on him and likewise encourage him to perform cunnilingus on her. This not only helps to relieve the woman's frustration, but also serves as an ego booster for a man who is anxious about his ability to satisfy his woman. If a woman suspects that her man's impotence is largely due to fatigue after a day's labor, it is often best to forego nighttime sex and try it in the morning. Many men reach a peak in potency in the a.m. after a good night's rest, when the problems of the previous day seem more distant. The morning is also a time in which the couple can sometimes capitalize on that peculiar male phenomenon, the piss hard-on.

The treatment is essentially the same for all classifications of impotence. The role of the therapist centers mainly on convincing the man that he cannot achieve a hard-on by sheer force of will, that the erectile mechanism, like a heartbeat, is an involuntary physical function. The therapist cannot *teach* the impotent man how to get an erection. Instead, he works to convince the sufferer that every man is born with the ability to get a hard-on in response to certain stimuli, and when a man is busy concentrating on getting it up, he is focusing too little attention on the physical sensations that actually cause the erection.

In most cases of impotence, it is preferable to treat the woman as well as her man, since it is a problem that the two of them share. Also, the woman is taught certain physical-therapy techniques that are necessary to supplement the psychological counseling that the two undergo. The goal of this physical therapy is to direct the couple's—especially the man's—attention toward the body rather than the mind. Impotent men who do not have wives or girlfriends sometimes employ the services of sex surrogates (trained female therapists who actively engage in sex with patients), and with their help work on the practical side of the problem.

One of the best ways for a couple plagued by impotence to relieve this pressure is by agreeing not to fuck, and instead to make do with a vibrator, an oil massage or a soapy shower session. Removing the necessity of a hard-on in turn removes the anxiety that "I must get it up this time." And very often that decision not to fuck turns into heated passion and a hard prick.

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BLOOD, SWEAT & JEERS

BRUNO SAMMARTINO

PROFILE BY JONATHAN BLACK

"I have to stay in fanatically good shape," says 40-year-old Bruno Sammartino, hoisting his bench-press weights onto their stand during a recent workout at home. After a dozen reps at 350 pounds, his veins swell like giant, squirming worms. As Bruno relaxes, he recalls a wrestling match with Waldo von Eric, whose scowling, mock-Nazi image outrages fans. Before the bell had rung, von Eric was in Bruno's corner, chopping savagely at his right arm while Bruno, still cowering, tried to remove his gold and red title belt, symbol of his reign as King of the Worldwide Wrestling Federation. Bruno then uncoiled and mounted an exhilaratingly vicious assault for the next four minutes that brought the roar of the crowd that packed New York's Madison Square Garden to an orgasmic pitch. Bruno leaned hard into the ropes, charged toward von Eric. The "Nazi," in center-ring, planned a scoop-slam of Bruno. Bruno saw von Eric crouch and literally *punted* the towering Teuton's face. Von Eric collapsed backwards. Bruno pinned him, then stomped on the back of his neck as the crowd, like a wrestling version of *Rollerball*, chanted BRU-NO! BRU-NO! BRU-NO!

"I was hot," Bruno remembers. "Everyone wants to be the guy to destroy Sammartino. I've got to be a vicious SOB too, to make babies of these street brawlers. When I'm out there on the mat—I'm in constant danger."

Except for a two-year convalescence from a severe back injury during 1971-73, Sammartino has reigned as WWF champ both on the mat and in the box office since 1963, defending his title an average of four times a week in major arenas like Madison Square Garden, the Boston Garden and the Philadelphia Spectrum.

Because of the widely held presumption of fixing, wrestling is generally referred to—even by insiders—as a "show" or "exhibition." Most states, in fact, have laws that forbid calling wrestling a "sport." But whatever the degree of fakery on the mat, what's real is the big money.

A former wrestling magazine editor estimates that in a given year there are some 10,000 wrestling "cards" in the United States, with an average of 3,600 fans paying roughly $3 a head. That's 36 million fans shelling out more than $100 million a year to watch professional wrestling. Bruno Sammartino hauls in more of it than just about any other guy in wrestling. A titanically powerful five-foot, ten-inch man with a rock-like jaw, intense blue eyes and bushy brown hair, Bruno says he earns a quarter million dollars annually.

His estimate is conservative. Bruno on a card is a near-guaranteed sellout. Figuring average nightly earnings of $5,000, 12 times a month (in Montreal, Baltimore, Louisville, St. Louis. . . .), 12 months a year and Bruno's looking at something close to three quarters of a million a year! Promoters are so tightly invested in Bruno's charisma that, during the winter's big freeze, a sellout card with two dozen wrestlers was canceled in Baltimore because Bruno couldn't fly out of his hometown of Pittsburgh.

But there's little question that Bruno earns what he gets. There's no "disabled list" in wrestling, and the shows go on regardless of Bruno's condition. Consequently, over the years Bruno has been body-slammed, claw-held, shoulder-rolled, wristlocked, bear-hugged, arm-barred, butted, drop-kicked, stomped and gouged without so much as a moan about his injuries. That list includes fractures of fingers, an ankle, arms, vertebrae and ribs; a dislocated shoulder, slipped disc, knee strains, chipped and calcified elbows, cauliflower ears that impair his hearing and a nose broken too many times to count. Indeed, the orthopedic surgeon for the Pittsburgh Steelers and Pirates, who treated Bruno for a recent near-crippling neck sprain, told him that in his 35-year, sports-based practice he had never seen a body as damaged as Bruno's.

Still, in the world at large, Bruno suffers a wrestler's indignity when, at the top of his form, he reads an article in a big-city daily that calls him a "pasta fazzoul"—or other articles that erroneously report he's the son of a Brooklyn butcher or that he killed ten Germans as a kid growing up in Italy. "I used to feel hurt and bitter that the media always burn us. I'm wiser now, more numb to all that crap. I've been knocked more than any other athlete," he said, still a little bitter, tearing into a veal rollatini in a midtown restaurant

Illustration by Overton Loyd

shortly before a recent Garden match. "And you watch tonight. There'll be a 20,000-seat sellout—as usual. I don't see Ali's fights selling out. How would *he* do if he performed once every three or four weeks at the Garden? The media crucify some, revere others. There's no justice either way. But to me, when I take the mat under those lights tonight I'll hear what the fans feel, and that's all that matters to Bruno."

Barbs from sportswriters are of little consequence when compared to the anguished conditions of Bruno's childhood and his no-holds-barred fight against the wrestling establishment.

Born in Pizzoferrato, a village of 800 in Italy, Bruno, his mother, brothers and sisters were chased into mountain hideouts by German SS troops. Bruno's father, a blacksmith, had meanwhile come to the U. S., where he worked in a Pittsburgh steel mill in order to send for his family. Bruno arrived here at 15, and had never seen his father. By then two of his sisters and a brother had perished from disease, while "others had been gunned down like dogs. All I remember was the malnutrition, the death and the sickness."

Bruno, a 92-pound runt at the time, suffered taunts from schoolboys who mocked his immigrant English. He and his brother mowed lawns, saved $13 and joined the local Y. Bruno immediately took to the wrestling mats and weight room there. "All I knew was to train, to sweat and to work. My friends went out on dates. I worked out, determined to spare my loved ones the kind of life I had had."

Pumping iron filled him out to 210 pounds in school, and he learned enough about wrestling to make the varsity team. After school, he pursued weightlifting and won various local physique competitions. Later he narrowly lost out to Paul Anderson in the 1956 Olympic weightlifting trials—though Anderson, incredibly, outweighed Bruno 365 to 210.

Bruno was brash and outspoken when he joined the wrestling circuit after a few years of construction work. He relied solely on his strength and benign image to break in, but promoters were unimpressed by a man whose most colorful gimmick was a pair of nicknames like the Abruzzi Bruiser and the Pizzoferrato Piledriver. With a $10,000 contract and five or six matches a week, Bruno was exhausted and in debt after two years. Despite his vocal dissatisfaction, he found himself full-nelsoned by promoters. "I was a nobody. I drew the fans in—the Italians anyway—but the other guys got all the money. They [the promoters] resented my complaining," and soon, says Bruno, "framed" him by secretly booking him for two shows in one night—thereby triggering a "breach of contract." It quickly led to Bruno's suspension by one principal promoter and the New York Athletic Commission. There followed, Bruno recalls, a frustrating cross-country trek in search of bookings, only to learn, painfully, that the suspension—never fully explained—had spread to 38 states.



"Do you think I overdid the makeup?"

Blackballed, Bruno shrewdly went to Toronto, where he persuaded a near-bankrupt promoter to ignore other promoters' efforts to freeze him out of Canadian matches—insisting his ethnic appeal to the city's quarter-million Italians would salvage wrestling and both their careers. Within a year, Bruno pinned Killer Kowalski for the Canadian belt. Bruno pulled down an income that year, 1960, of $100,000.

The money came just in time. His wife, Carol, nearly died giving birth to their first son, David, and was hospitalized three months, setting Bruno back $20,000.

Then came his sweetest revenge: The very same promoter who had instigated the blackball was now begging Bruno to return, realizing his worth at the gate. Bruno laid down a nonnegotiable condition: "Guarantee me a shot at the champ, Buddy Rogers, and I'll come back."

"I hated Rogers, because unlike most guys," he says, "if Rogers was mismatched with a smaller, weaker guy he'd try to damage the guy. Rogers was the one guy I truly hated.

"Rogers was petrified of me," Bruno remembers excitedly. "I went right after him, hit him as hard as I could, weakened him, threw him down to the mat as hard as I could, then lifted him high above my head and lowered him into a backbreaker across my shoulders. As I was bouncing up and down I told him, 'Rogers, if you don't quit now, I swear I'll cripple you for life.' The fans were really going crazy. I broke two of Rogers's vertebrae that night. I won on submission and got the belt. I realized, in that moment, all my life's dreams in the most absolute way."

The title match with Rogers had lasted a total of 48 seconds.

Ever since that fabled night in 1963, Bruno has been successfully defending his belt against the best—and most vicious—that wrestling promoters can throw at him: Volkoff, von Eric, George "the Animal" Steele, Bobby Duncum, Gorilla Monsoon, Superstar Graham and Stan Hansen, to name but a few. And if these titanic battles have been afforded scant coverage outside the tight little clique of wrestling mags—that's of little concern to the wrestling establishment. The attitude of wrestling promoters toward the "straight" media hovers between contempt and paranoia.

(continued on page 50)


SANDRA
HORSING AROUND
Photographed by Bob Veze



"Everybody thinks it's great that Princess Anne shovels shit in her own stables," Sandra will tell you, "but people bitch when a girl wants to become a jockey." The 18-year-old from Los Angeles doesn't mean to be short with you, but it has always been her dream to mount a horse in the post position and then ride the rail to a thundering finish.

No one argues about what Sandra does to a suit of racing silks, but track people wonder if a woman can handle a whip or take the laps as well as a man. "Most of the time, to finish first, you just need to straddle a favorite and stay tight in the saddle. But you've got to have a good horse to bring home the bacon."

Other female jockeys have complained that part of paying the dues to get a good horse is putting out for trainers and owners. But Sandra isn't shy about touting her better qualities, and she grooms these relationships the same way she handles her off-track life. "My system is to find a man who has a lot of drive and wants to be the best at everything, including sex. I'd be crazy to pass up a stud like that." Sandra feels that the top thoroughbred farms are more interested in what she does with a horse between her legs rather than with a trainer there. After a photo finish like this one, we feel Sandra is their best bet.









SAMMARTINO

(continued from page 42)

Call up Willie Gilzenberg, president—and lone member—of the World Wrestling Federation, announce you're from the "press" and would like to "cover" Bruno's match, and he'll snap: "We don't *need* publicity. No bum from the press in gonna hurt our business!"

Gilzenberg is apparently right. Tonight the Garden is packed to the rafters with 20,000 screaming, hysterical wrestling fanatics. And they're all here for the climactic Main Event, the Texas Death Match ("to a positive finish") between Bruno and his latest, most threatening adversary: the rough, tough, brawling 297-pound weightlifting contender in the 1972 Olympics, Ken Patera. These same mighty gladiators fought one month before at the Garden to an abrupt and inconclusive finish when Patera heaved Bruno out of the ring and then smashed him over the head with a metal chair. For failing to return to the ring within 20 seconds, Bruno was disqualified—but retained his belt. (WWF rules state that the title-holder can't lose his belt on a disqualification.) So tonight Patera is looking at another shot at the title.

There probably aren't more than a dozen fans tonight who wish Patera good luck. After all, Bruno's not only the fastest, cleanest, most determined wrestler who ever stepped through the ropes—more to the point, in the hilariously caricatured cosmology of wrestling, Bruno is the pure embodiment of Good and its proud defender against the often ludicrous, but always pernicious, manifestations of Evil.

Over the years, wrestling promoters have learned to exploit the fans' lust for this violent vaudeville, these pitched battles between heroic "good guys" and villainous "bad guys." No surprise then that tonight's card looks more like a circus freak show than a serious sporting event, boasting the usual sinister parade of pituitary mutants, gelatinous Orientals, sadistic Teutons and masked executioners. And the assembled cast includes more nationalities than the UN General Assembly. In fact, few of the wrestlers have ever set foot in the countries they supposedly come from. The original villain of the Orient, for instance, Mr. Moto, was in reality a Hawaiian actor named Harold Sakata, who played Oddjob in the James Bond thriller, *Goldfinger.* Moto's Japanese successor tonight is Tor Kamata, who at this very moment is delivering lethal, and highly illegal, karate chops to the larynx of a howling Chief Jay Strongbow (in reality, an Italian named Joe Scarpa, who admits to coming from the "Wop-aho" tribe).

The crowd roars its indignation. But the Chief, even while reeling in pain and clutching his throat, has begun his fabled, invincible war-dance. "Woo—woo—woo—woo! Kill him, Chief!" yells the screaming crowd. The Chief's head is bobbing wildly, his fringed boots slapping the mat. And a moment later the terrified Kamata is cowering against the turnbuckle and begging for mercy. The Chief graciously turns to acknowledge the ecstatic applause, but suddenly the cunning Oriental reaches into a secret pouch and, while the ref's back is turned, hurls a disabling handful of salt in Strongbow's face.

"Disqualification! Disqualification!" announces the ref over the howl of furious booing from the crowd. "Illegal use of salt!"

Backstage, meanwhile, there is considerably less frenzy. In the fluorescent-lit, cinder-block corridor, which smells of sweat, cheap cigar smoke and still cheaper cologne, Executioner Number One is adjusting his mask and leisurely smoking a cigarette. Gorilla Monsoon is telling a radio interviewer: "You want to know my real name? Friend, it took fifteen years to develop 'Gorilla Monsoon'—I'm not going to blow all that work and money in fifteen seconds with you!" An aging, chunky Fred Blassie, clad in a gaudy Hawaiian shirt and still flaunting his slicked-back peroxide hair, obligingly poses for a photographer, holding up a wrestling mag cover that depicts Blassie clawing and gouging the bloodied skull of a screaming victim. The radio interviewer asks him about "Apartment Wrestling," shapely girls reputedly grappling in private penthouses. Blassie spits on the wall: "Bunch of fucking douche bags. Some creep photographer gets a couple of girls in bikinis and shoots 'em grabbing each other's snatch. They don't know a wristlock from a wristwatch!"

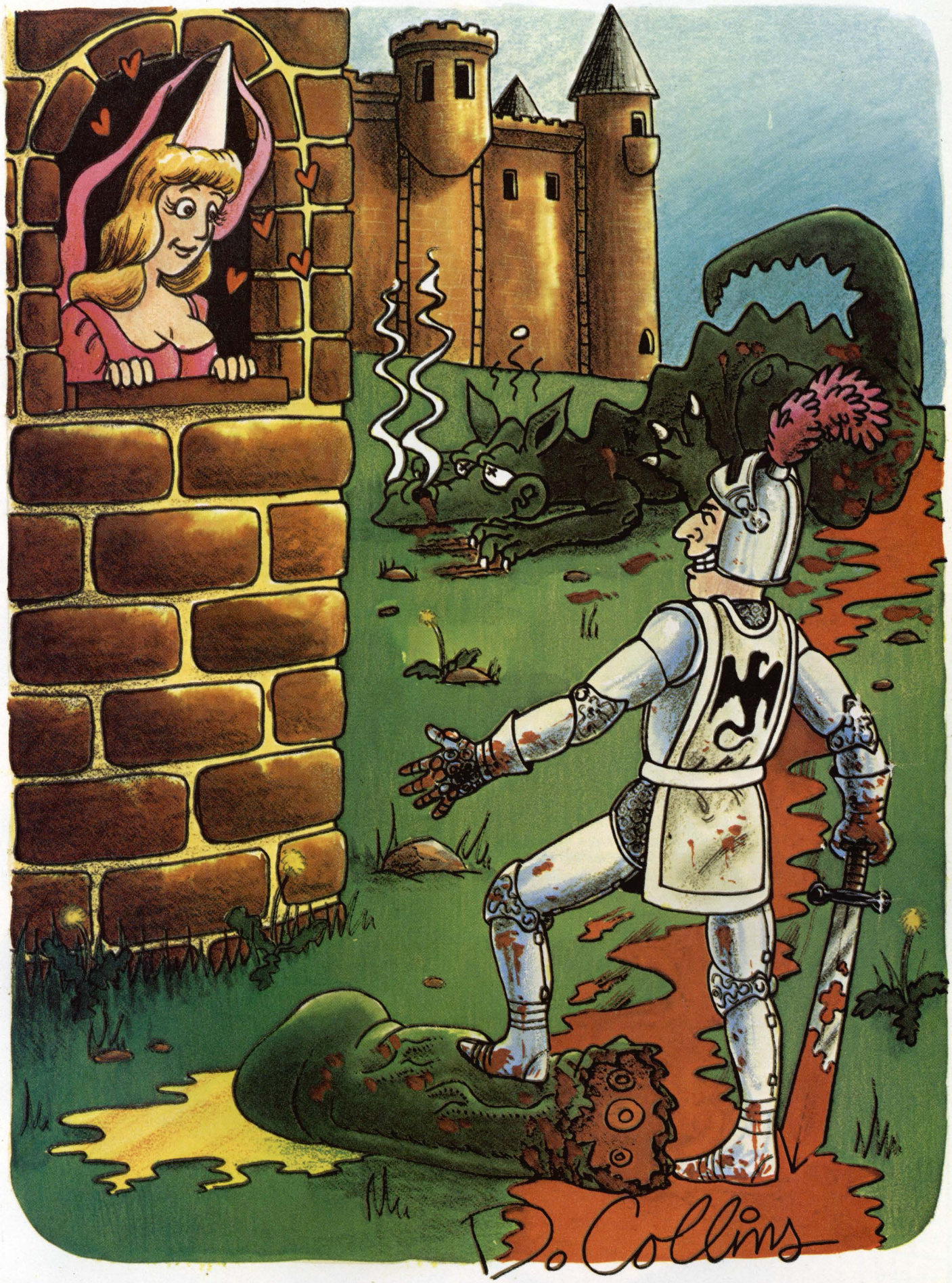
Blassie's fearsome wrestling days are now a thing of the past (he'd been at it since 1939), and he eagerly rolls up his brown polyester pants to display the surgical scars on his knee that recently forced him out of the ring and into the role of promoter. He now manages what he proudly calls "my stable, Blassie's Army"—a crew of 25 wrestlers who are all, not surprisingly, cast as sadistic, evil brutes along the lines of Kamata and the ferocious Baron von Raschke from Germany (in reality, *Jim* Raschke, an outstanding U.S. college wrestler).

While Blassie reminisces about the golden past (an annual income, he claims, that topped six figures; four Cadillacs; 40 custom-made suits, at 400 bucks a throw. . . .), the legendary Hay-

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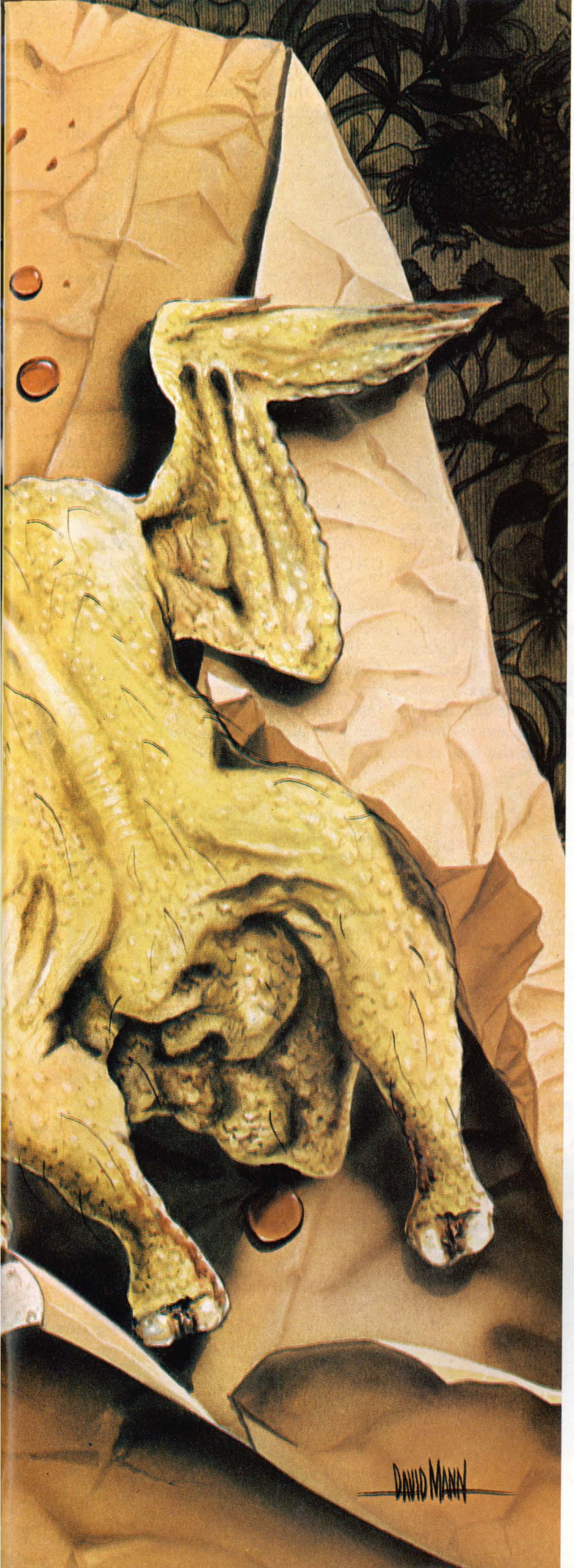


"To begin with, I think you two should stop referring to each other as Needle-dick and Canyon-cunt."



"I hath slain the dragon, fair lady—and bringeth the trophy thou requesteth."





3 CHICKENS

Fiction by Charles Bukowski

Vicki was all right. But we had our troubles. We were on the wine. Port. That woman would get drunk and get to talking and she would make up some of the vilest imaginable stuff about me. And that tone of voice: shoddy and lisping and grating and insane. It would get to any man. It got to me.

Once she was screaming these insanities from the fold-down bed in our apartment. I begged her to stop. But she wouldn't. Finally, I just walked over, lifted up the bed with her in it and folded everything into the wall.

Then I went over and sat down and listened to her scream.

But she kept screaming, so I pulled the bed out of the wall again. There she lay, holding her arm, claiming it was broken.

"Your arm can't be broken," I said.

"It is. You slimy jack-off bastard, you've broken my arm!"

I had some more drinks, but she just kept holding her arm and whining. I finally had enough and, telling her I'd be right back, I went downstairs and outside and found some old wooden boxes behind a grocery store. I found good sturdy slats, ripped them off, got back on the elevator and rode back to our apartment.

It took about 4 slats. I bound them around her arm with rippings from one of her dresses. She quieted down for a couple of hours. Then she started in again. I couldn't take it anymore. So I called a taxi. We went to the General Hospital. As soon as the taxi left, I took the boards off and threw them into the street. Then they X-rayed her CHEST and put her arm in a cast. Can you imagine that? I suppose if she broke her head, they'd X-ray her ass.

Anyhow, she used to sit in the bars after that and say, "I am the only woman who has been folded into a wall in a wall bed."

And I wasn't so sure of THAT either, but I let her go on saying it.

Now, another time she angered me and I slapped her, but it was across the mouth and it broke her false teeth.

I was surprised that it broke her false teeth. And I went out and got this super cement glue and I glued her teeth together for her. It worked for awhile, and then one night as she sat there drinking her wine, she suddenly had a mouthful of broken teeth.

That wine was so strong it undid the glue. It was disgusting. We had to get her some new teeth. How we did it, I don't quite remember, but she claimed they made her look like a horse.

We'd usually always have these arguments after we drank awhile, and Vicki claimed I'd get very mean when I was drunk, but I think that she was the one who was mean. Anyhow, sometime during the argument she'd get up, slam the door and run outside to some bar. "Looking for a live one," as the girls would say.

It always made me feel bad when she left. I've got to admit it. Sometimes she wouldn't come back for 2 or 3 days. And nights. It wasn't a very nice thing to do.

One time she ran out and I sat there drinking the wine, thinking about it. Then I got up and found the elevator and rode on down to the streets too. I found her in her favorite bar. She sat there holding a kind of purple scarf. I'd never seen the purple scarf before. Holding out on me. I walked up to her and said quite loudly:

"I've tried to make a woman out of you, but you're nothing but a goddamned whore!"

The bar was full. Every seat taken. I lifted my hand. I swung. I backhanded her off that goddamned stool. She fell to the floor and screamed.

This was at the back end of the bar. I didn't even turn to look at her. I walked the length of the bar to the exit. Then I turned and faced the crowd. It was very quiet.

"Now, if there's anybody who doesn't LIKE what I just

did, just SAY something . . . . "

It was quieter than quiet.

I turned around and walked out the doorway. The moment I hit the street I could hear them babbling and buzzing in there, buzzing and babbling.

The SHITS! Not a man in the boatload!

But, of course, she came back. And, well, anyhow to get on, this one night lately we were sitting around drinking the wine and the same old arguments started. This time I decided to go.

"I'M GONNA GET THE FUCK OUTTA THIS HOLE!" I yelled at Vicki. "I CAN'T STAND NO MORE OF YOUR GODDAMNED ABUSE!"

She jumped in front of the door.

"Over my dead body, that's the only way you are getting out of here!"

"OK, if that's the way it's gotta be."

I slammed her a good one and she fell down in front of the doorway. I had to move her body to get out.

I took the elevator down. Feeling rather good. A good, jaunty 4-floor ride down. The elevator was kind of a cage-like contraption and smelled like old stockings, old gloves, old dust mops, but it gave me a feeling of security and power—somehow—and the wine rode all through me.

But then I got outside and had a change of mind. I went to the liquor store. Bought 4 more bottles of wine and went back to my place and rode the elevator back up. The same feeling of security and power. I walked in. Vicki was sitting in a chair, crying.

"I've come back to you, you lucky darling," I told her.

"You bastard, you hit me. YOU HIT ME!"

"Umm," I said, opening a new bottle. "And you give me any more shit and I'll hit you again."

"YEAH!" she screamed, "YOU'D HIT ME, BUT YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ENOUGH GUTS TO HIT A MAN!"

"HELL, NO!" I screamed back, "I WOULDN'T HIT A MAN! YOU THINK I'M CRAZY? WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?"

That settled her for a bit and we sat for a bit and we sat drinking down the waterglassfuls of wine. Port.

Then she started in on her abusive stuff again, mostly claiming I jacked off while she was asleep.

Well, even if it were true, I figured that was my business and if it wasn't, then she was REALLY crazy. She claimed I jacked off in the bathtub, in the closet, in the elevator, everywhere.

Everytime I got out of the tub, she'd run into the bathroom, like:

"There! I SEE IT! LOOK AT IT!"

"You crazy bat, that's just a dirt ring."

"No, that's CUM! That's CUM!"

Or she'd run in while I was bathing under the arms or between the legs and say, "See, see, SEE! You're DOING IT!"

"Doing WHAT? Can't a man wash his BALLS? Those are MY balls, goddamn you! Can't a man wash his own balls?"

"What's that thing sticking up there?"

"My left index finger. Now get the HELL OUT OF HERE!!!"

Or in bed, I'd be sound asleep, and all of a sudden this hand grabbing my string and nuggets, man, sound asleep in the middle of the night, these FINGERNAILS!

"AH, HA! I CAUGHT YOU! I CAUGHT YOU!"

"You crazy bat, the next time you do that I SWEAR I AM GOING TO KILL YOU!

"For Christ's sake, go to sleep. . . . "

So this night she just sat there screaming her jack-off accusations. I just sat there and drank my wine and didn't deny anything. This made her angry, angrier.

And angrier.

Finally she couldn't stand it, all her talk about jacking off, I mean ME supposedly jacking off and me just sitting there smiling at her, and she jumped up and ran out the door. I let her go. I sat there and drank my wine. Port. Same old stuff.

I thought it over. Umm, umm, well.

Then very leisurely I got up and took the elevator down. Same old feeling of power. I was not angry. I was very calm. It was just the same old war.

I walked on down the street, but I didn't go to her favorite bar. Why repeat the same play? You are a whore; I tried to make a woman out of you. Balls. After a while a man could get to sounding pretty silly. So I went to another bar and sat down on a stool near the door. I ordered a drink and took a slug, set the thing down, and then I saw her. Vicki. She was at the other end of the bar. For some reason, she looked scared shitless.

But I didn't go on down. I just stared at her as if I didn't know her.

Then I noticed something next to me in one of those old-fashioned fox furs. The dead fox's head hung down over her breast looking at me. The breast looked at me.

"Your fox looks like it needs a drink, sweetie," I told her.

"It's dead; it don't need a drink. I need a drink or I'm gonna die."

Well, a nice guy like me. Who am I to



"Timmy, don't make Grandpa sorry he brought you to the beach!"


TO ZOO
DWAINE BTINSLEY

spread death? I bought her a drink. Her name, she told me, was Margy. I told her that I was Thomas Nightingale, shoe salesman. Margy. All these women with names, drinking, crapping, having monthlies. Fucking men. Getting folded into walls. It was too much.

We had a couple more, and already she was in her purse, flashing the photo of her children, an ugly demented boy and a girl without any hair. They were in some dull place in Ohio. The father had them. The father was a beast, a money-maker; no sense of humor, no understanding. Oh, one of THOSE? And he brought these women into the house and screwed them right in front of her with all the lights on.

"Ah, I see, I see," I said. "Yes, of course, most men are beasts, they simply do not understand. And you're SUCH a sweetie, what the hell, it ain't right."

I suggested we go to another bar. Vicki's ass was twitching and she was half Indian.

Margy and I left her there. We went around the corner. We had one around the corner.

Then I suggested we go to my place. Do a little eating. I mean, get something to cook, bake, fry.

I didn't tell her about Vicki, of course. But Vicki always prided herself on her goddamned baked chickens. Maybe it was because she looked like one. A baked chicken with horse teeth.

So I suggested we get a chicken, bake it, bathe it in whiskey. She did not demur.

So. Liquor store. 5th of whiskey. 5 or 6 quarts of beer.

We found an all-night market. The place even had a butcher.

"We wanta bake a chicken," I said.

"Oh, Christ," he said.

I dropped one of the quarts of beer. It really exploded.

"Christ," he said.

I dropped another to see what he would say.

"Oh, Jesus," he said.

"I want 3 CHICKENS," I said.

"3 CHICKENS?"

"Jesus Christ, yes," I said.

The butcher reached in and got 3 very white-yellow chickens with a few long, black, unplucked hairs which looked just like human hairs on them. The butcher wrapped them all up, a big, big bundle, all in pink, tough paper with this real gripping tape, and I paid him and we got out of there.

I dropped 2 more quarts of beer on the way.

I rode up the elevator, feeling my power rising. When we got inside my door I lifted Margy's dress to see what was holding her stockings up.

Then I gave her a big, chummy whiskey-goose with the long finger, right hand. She screamed and dropped the big pink bundle. It fell on the rug and the 3 chickens came out.

Those 3 chickens, all white-yellow with their 29 or 30 drooling, drooping, murdered human hairs sticking to them, looked very strange, gaping there on that worn rug of yellow and brown flowers and trees and Chinese dragons, under electric light in Los Angeles at the end of the world near Sixth Street and Union.

"Oooh, the chickens."

"Fuck the chickens."

Her garter belt was dirty. It was perfect. I goosed her again.

Well, shit, so I sat down and peeled the whiskey bottle, poured a couple of tall waterglassfuls, took off my shoes, stockings, pants, shirt, took one of her cigarettes. Sat in my underwear. I always do that, right away. I like to be comfortable. If the broad don't like it, fuck her. She can go. But they always stay. I got a manner. Some broads say I should have been a king. Others say other things. Fuck 'em.

She drank most of her drink and started for her purse. "I have some children in Ohio. They're lovely children. . . ."

"Forget that. We've been through that stage. Tell me, do you suck dick?"

"What do you mean?"

"OH, BALLS!" I smashed my glass against the wall.

Then I got another one, filled it up and we drank some more.

I don't know how long we worked on the whiskey, but it must have gotten to me because the next thing I know I was lying on the bed naked. Staring up at the electric light, and Margy was standing there naked and she was rubbing my penis quite rapidly with her fox fur. And while she was rubbing, she was saying over and over, "I am going to fuck you, I am going to fuck you. . . ."

"Listen," I said. "I don't know if you can fuck me. I jacked off in the elevator earlier this evening. I think it was about 8 o'clock."

"I will fuck you anyhow."

She really speeded up that fox fur. It was all right. Maybe I could get one for myself. I once knew a guy who put raw liver into a long drinking glass and screwed that. Me, I didn't like to stick my thing into anything that could break or slice. Imagine going to a doctor with a bloody cock and saying it happened while screwing a waterglass. Once while I was bumming in a small Texas town, I saw this well-built, wonderful fuck of a young broad married to this little shriveled-up old dwarf with a nasty disposition and some kind of malady that made him trembly all over. She supported him and pushed him around in a wheelchair, and I used to think of him



pouncing on all that good meat. I'd get a picture of it, you know, and then finally I got the story. When she had been a younger girl she had gotten this Coke bottle stuck all the way into her snatch and just couldn't get the thing out and had to go to a doctor. He got it out, and somehow the story got out. She was ruined in that town after that, and didn't have sense enough to get out. Nobody wanted her except the nasty dwarf with the shakes. He didn't give a damn—he had the best piece of ass in town.

Where was I? Oh, yeah.

Her fox fur went faster and faster and I finally got something going just as I heard a key go into the door. Oh, shit, it was probably Vicki!

Well, it's simple, I thought. I'll just boot her ass the hell out and go about my business.

The door opened and there stood Vicki with 2 cops standing behind her.

"GET THAT WOMAN OUT OF MY HOUSE!" she screamed.

COPS! I couldn't believe it. I pulled the sheet over my pulsating and throbbing and giant sexual organ and pretended to be asleep. It looked like I had a cucumber under there.

Margy was screaming back: "I know you, Vicki, this ain't your goddamned house! This guy EARNS his way by licking your asshole hairs! He gets you babbling to heaven in Morse code with that long, sandpaper tongue of his, and you're nothing but a WHORE, a true-blue, turdy-gulping, 2-dollar whore. And THAT went out with Franky D., and you were 48 THEN!"

Hearing that, my cucumber went down. Both of these broads must have been 80 years old. Singly, that is. Together they might have reached back to suck off Abe Lincoln. Something like that. Suck off General Robert E. Lee. Patrick Henry. Mozart. Dr. Samuel Johnson. Robespierre. Napoleon. Machiavelli? Wine preserves. God endures. The whores blow on.

And Vicki screamed back: "WHO'S A WHORE? WHO'S A WHORE, HUH? YOU'RE A WHORE, THAT'S WHO! YOU'VE BEEN SELLING THAT CLAPPED HOLE OF YOURS UP AND DOWN ALVARADO STREET FOR 30 YEARS! A BLIND RAT WOULD BACK UP 4 TIMES IF HE RAN INTO THERE ONCE! AND YOU HOLLERING 'POW! POW!' WHEN YOU'RE LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET A GUY TO COME! AND *THAT* WENT OUT WHEN CONFUCIUS FUCKED HIS MOTHER!"

"WHY YOU CHEAP BITCH. YOU'VE GIVEN OUT MORE BLUE BALLS THAN A SILVER CHRISTMAS TREE IN DISNEYLAND. WHY YOU. . . ."



"The boss is a real male chauvinist pig!"

"Listen, ladies," said 1 of the cops. "I will have to ask you to watch your remarks and lower the volume. Understanding and kindness are the keynotes of democratic thought. Oh, I just DID love the way Bobby Kennedy wore that tickling, blobbing knot of raunchy hair over one side of his darling head, didn't you just?"

"Why you fuckin' queer," said Margy, "is that why you wear them tight pants, to make your asshole sweeter? God, it DOES look NICE! I'd kinda like to do you in myself. I see you shits bending over into car windows giving out tickets on the freeways and I always feel like pinching your tight little asses."

The cop suddenly got a brilliant flare in his dead eyes, he unhitched his club and tapped Margy along the side of the neck with it. She fell to the floor.

Then he slipped the bracelets on her. I could hear those clicks, and the bastards ALWAYS snapped them too tight. But they felt almost GOOD once you got them on, kind of forceful and heavy and you felt like Christ or something dramatic.

I kept my eyes closed so I couldn't see whether they threw a robe or something over her.

Then the cop who snapped the bracelets said to the other cop, "I'll take her down on the elevator. We'll go on the elevator."

And I couldn't hear very well, but I listened as they went down.

Margy screamed, "Oooooh, ooooooh, you bastard. Let go of me, let go of me!

And he kept saying, "Shut up, shut up, shut up! You're only getting what you deserve! And you haven't seen ANYTHING yet! This . . . is just the . . . beginning!"

Then she really screamed.

Then the other cop walked over to me. Through one narrowed eye I could see him put his big, black, shiny shoe up on the mattress, up on the sheet.

He looked down at me.

"Is this guy a fag? He looks like a fag, sure as hell."

"I don't THINK he is. He might be. He can sure ball a broad, though."

"You want me to run him in?" he asked Vicki.

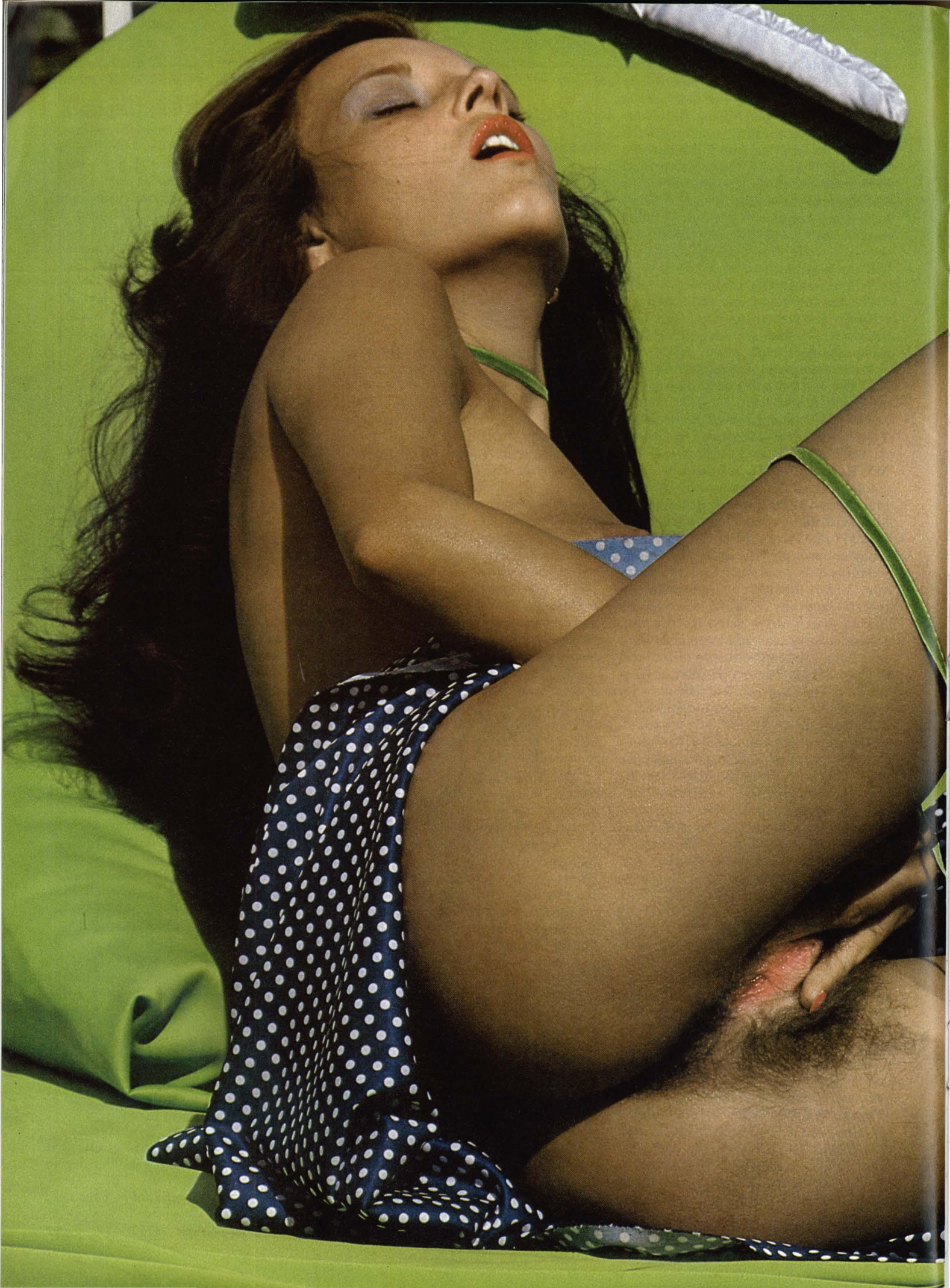
I had my eyes closed. It was a long wait. God, it was a long wait. That big foot there on my sheets. The electric light shining down.

Then she spoke. Finally. "No, he's . . . OK. Leave him there."

The cop took his foot down. I heard him walk across the room, then wait at the door. He spoke to Vicki:

"I'm going to have to charge you 5 bucks more for your protection next month. You're getting a bit harder to watch out for."

(continued on page 117)




CASSIE
Afternoon Delight
Photographed by Clive McLean



Some people aren't on the same sexual time clocks as most of us. Cassie, for example, warms up on sunny afternoons, and even if she's alone, she finishes the job the sun starts. "It would be nice to always have a man nearby, but I'm not interested in permanent relationships. And I can handle myself better than most men I know," Cassie says.

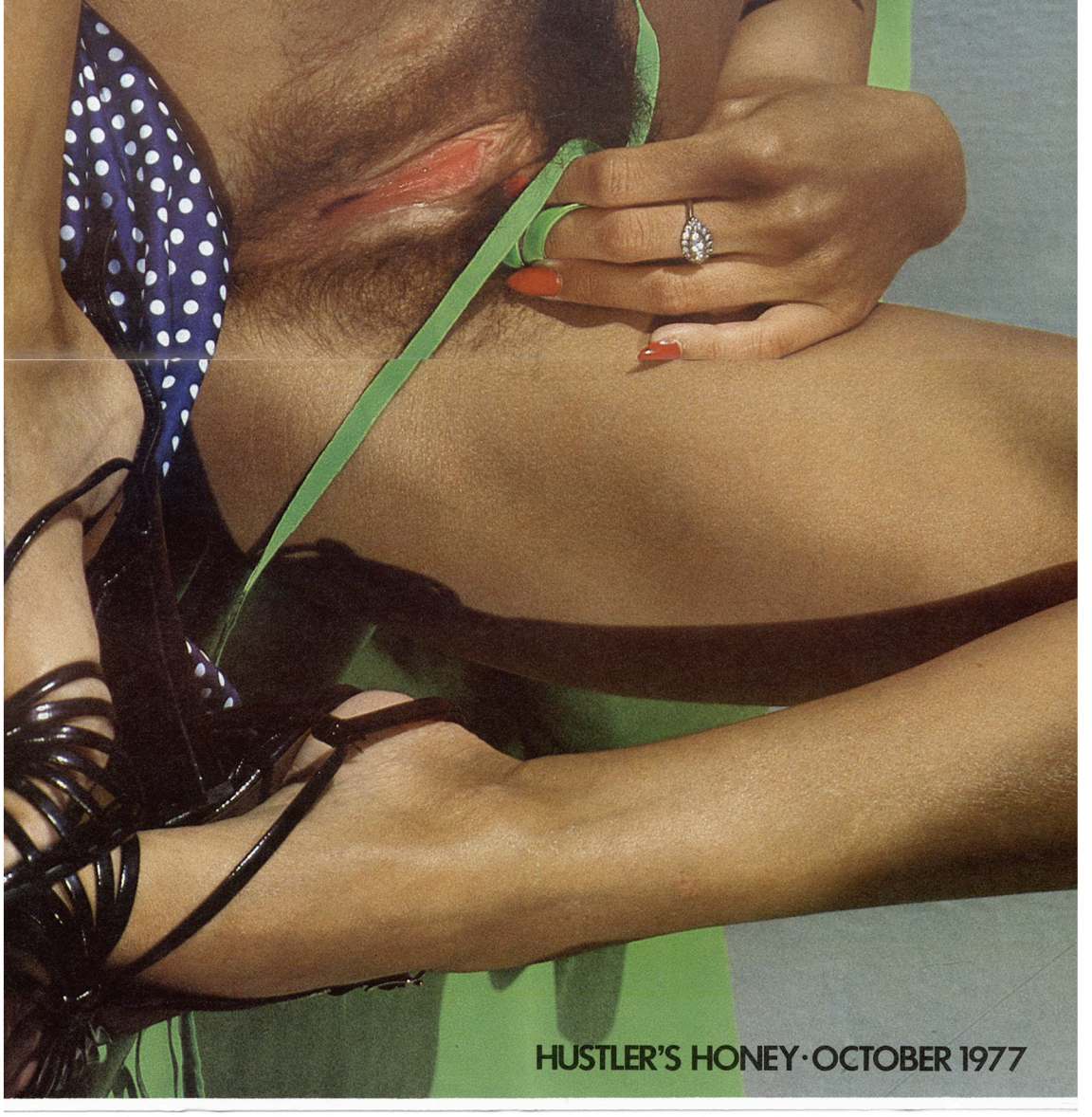
The 20-year-old from College Park, Georgia, attributes her midday tastes to her belief that the sun brings out the best in everything. "I like what the sun does to strong, solid colors. It just overwhelms me." So no matter whether she's sunbathing in the nude or trying on dresses after a shopping spree, Cassie won't hold back when the notion strikes her. And the fact that her bed is by the large windows of her sunroom doesn't bother her in the least. "I don't care if someone watches, just as long as I don't know it."

However, Cassie says she wouldn't mind having a viewer become a participant. "If a man's got enough balls to catch my act and then offer to join in, he should be good enough to get me off. And by that time, I'll have done most of the work for him." So whenever Cassie feels her sunny disposition coming on, she makes sure her curtains are enticingly parted.

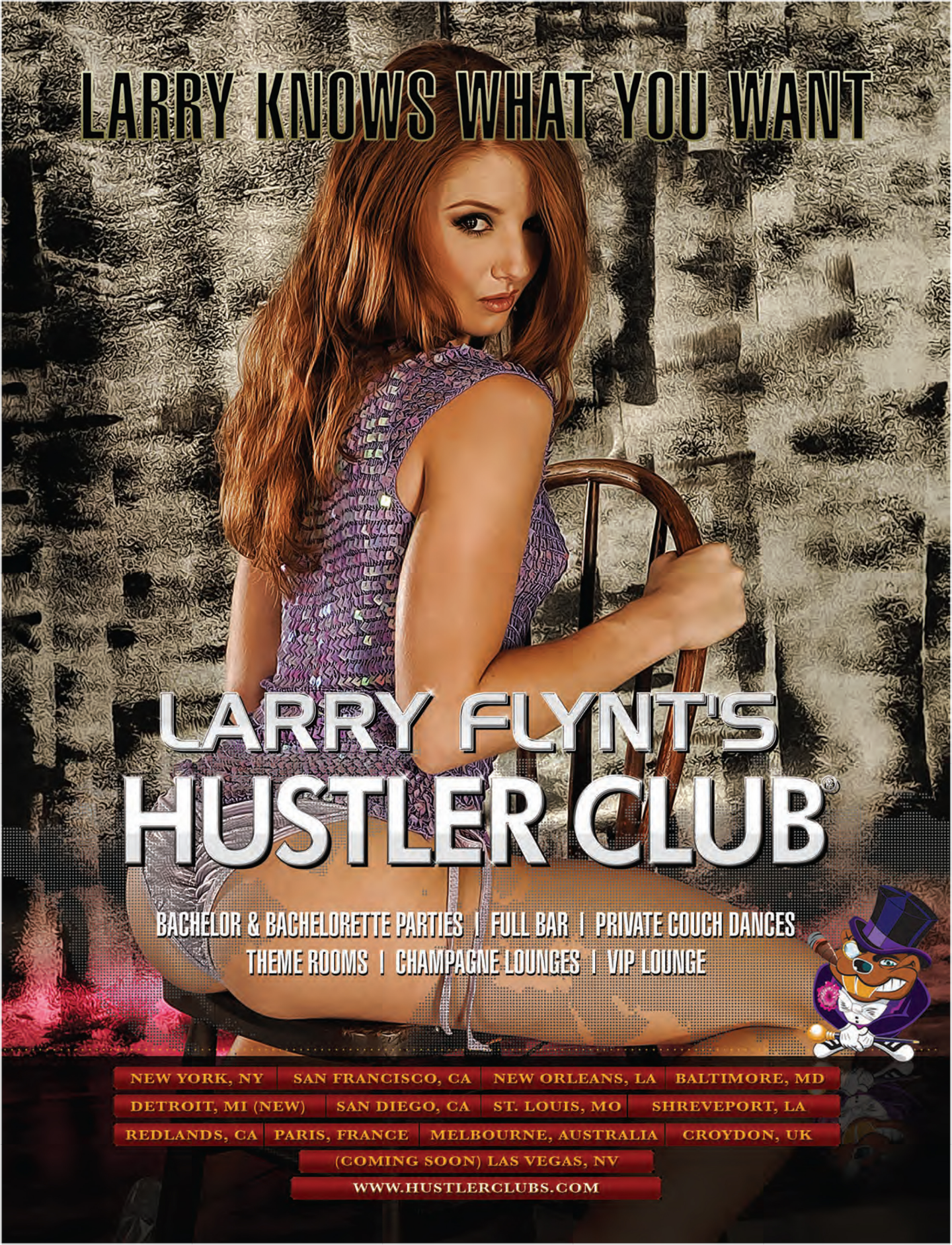


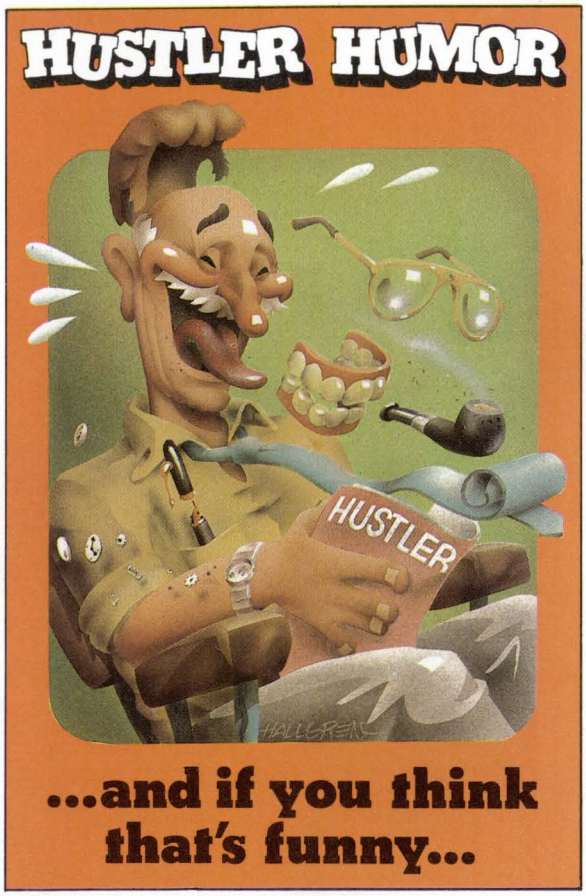





HUSTLER'S HONEY·OCTOBER 1977




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There once was a wealthy old eccentric who wanted to experience having his own baby before he died.

He visited a doctor regarding his desire. The doctor advised him to put a cork up his asshole, leave it there for 90 days and, the doctor assured him, he would have a baby.

The man followed his doctor's advice. However, after several weeks the man couldn't stand the pain and pressure any longer, so he decided to take the cork out. Naturally, the shit flew.

At the same time, a neighbor's pet monkey appeared at the open window of the man's room and was splattered with tons of shit, as was everything else in the room. When the man turned around and saw the monkey dripping with shit, sitting on his window ledge, he ran over, embraced it and said lovingly, "You're ugly as hell, you little bugger, but you're all mine!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *transvestite* as: a drag addict.

A bigoted friend of ours kept saying how much he hated blacks. One day he and a buddy were walking down the street and came across a black organ-grinder with a monkey. The bigot looked at the monkey, then smiled and put five dollars into the monkey's cup. "I thought you hated blacks. Why did you do that?" asked his buddy.

"Well," said the bigot, "I do hate blacks, but I just can't resist them when they're that young and so cute."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *blood lust* as: a tampon fetish.

Jesus was walking along one day and saw a crowd gathered around a woman. "What is going on here?" he asked them.

"This woman has committed adultery and must be stoned!" cried the crowd.

Jesus looked at them and said, "Let he among you who is without sin cast the first stone."

With that, a woman came screaming through the crowd and crushed the adulteress's head with a large rock.

Jesus glared at the woman and yelled, "Goddamn it, Mom, sometimes you really piss me off!"

First Pervert: "I really don't care for those new mini-pads."
Second Pervert: "Why not?"
First Pervert: "Aw, they're always sticking to the roof of my mouth."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *pile carpeting* as: hair on a hemorrhoid.

Three soldiers, one Polish, one Jewish, one black, were on patrol one day when they drove over a land mine and were killed. All three went to hell.

The devil greeted them and said it was very crowded—so for five bucks apiece they could return to where they came from. The Polack gave him the money and was sent back to base.

The amazed C. O. spotted him and asked what happened. After the Polack told his story, the C. O. inquired about the other two soldiers.

"Well," the Polack replied, "the last time I saw them, the Jew had him down to $3.95 and the black was looking all over hell for a cosigner!"

Have you heard about the guy who is half black and half Japanese?

Every December 7th he attacks Pearl Bailey!

After much coaxing, Gilroy finally talked his wife into coming over to *his* twin bed. On the way she tripped on a rug and fell.

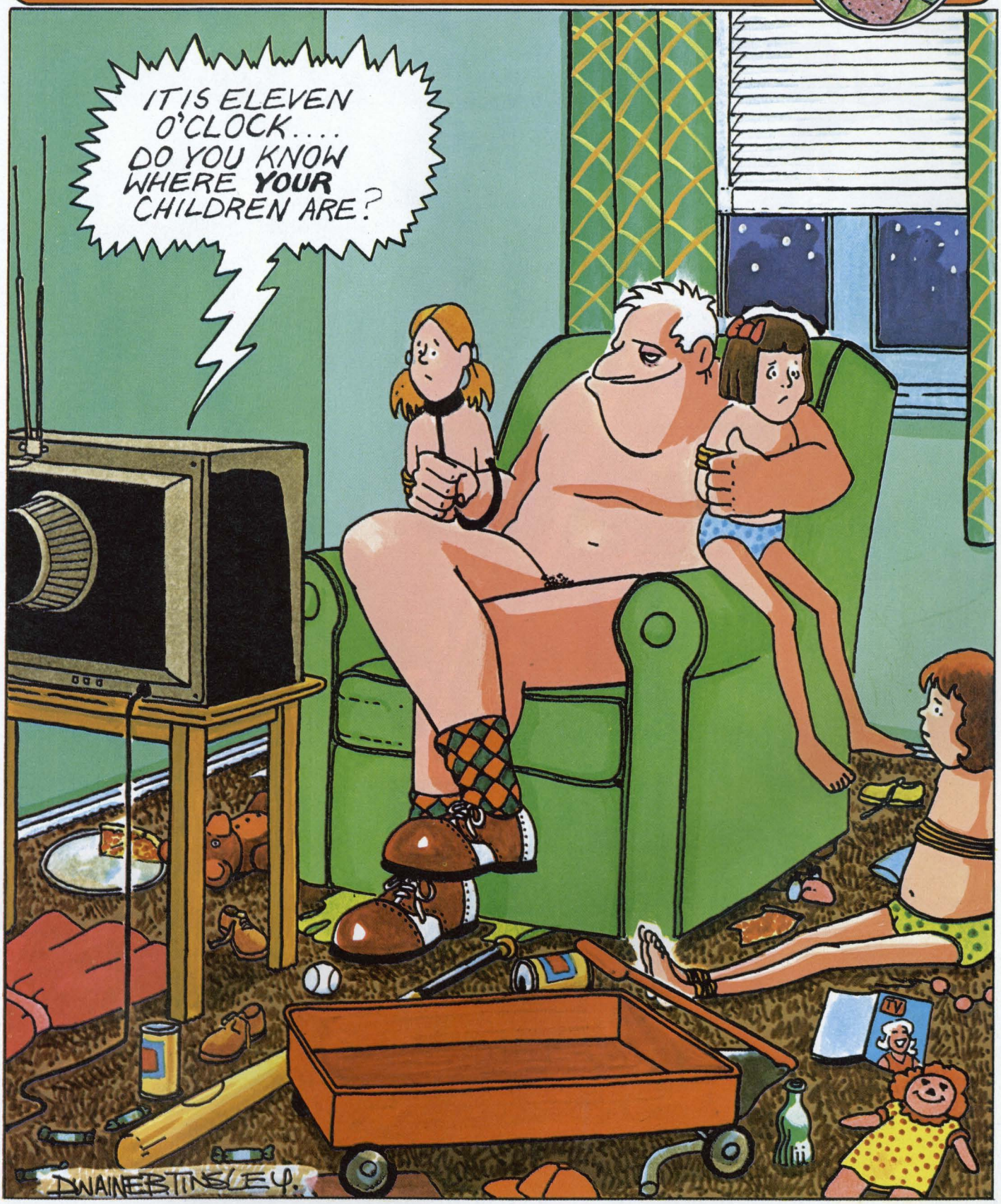
He said, "What's the matter? Did Daddy's little baby fall and hurt herself? Come here and let Daddy kiss it and make it well."

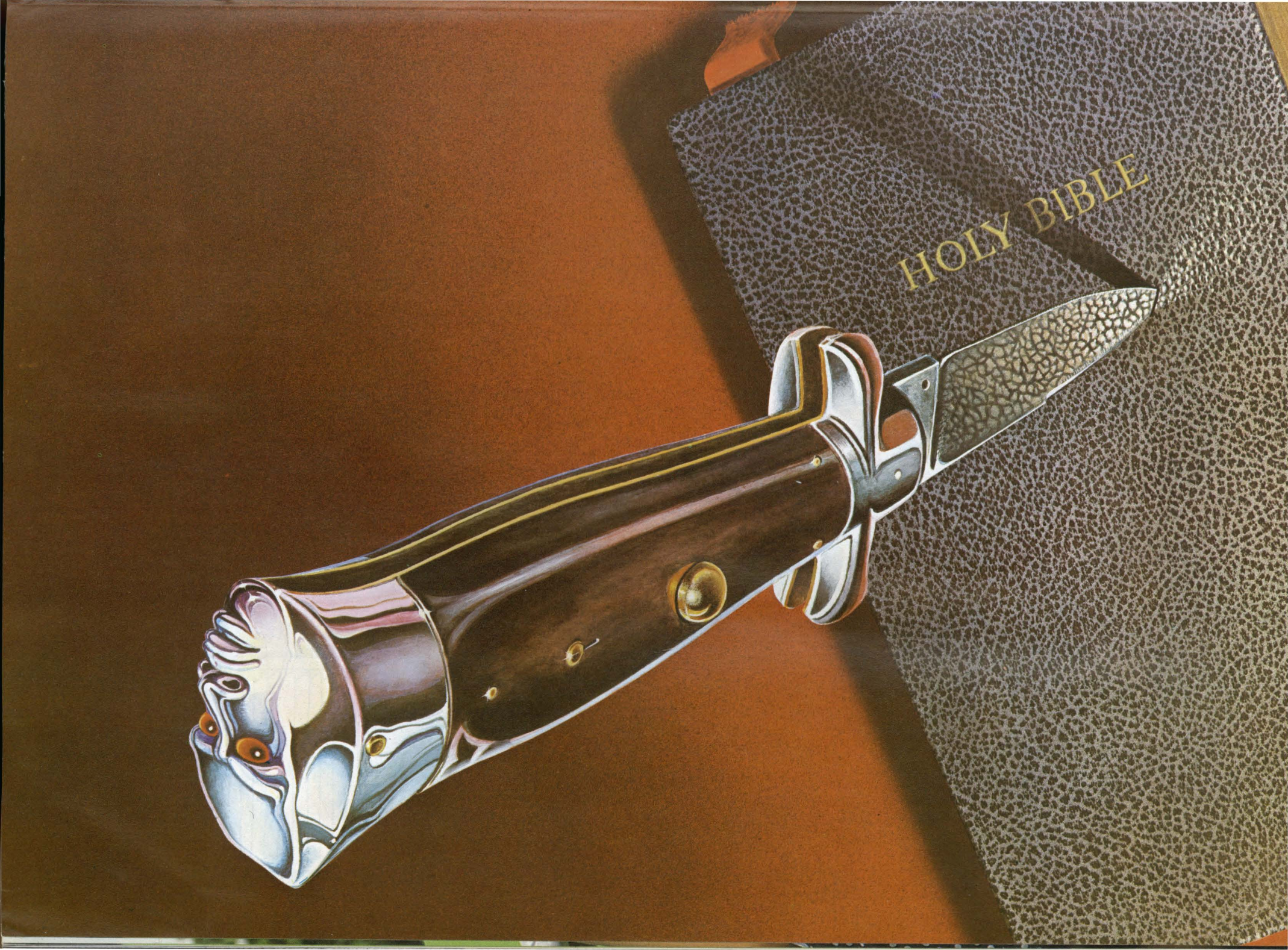
On the way back to her own bed, she tripped and fell again. This time he said, "What's the matter, you clumsy bitch? Can't you walk straight?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *gross* as: taking a jar of mayonnaise out of the refrigerator and finding a scab in it.

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CHESTER THE MOLESTER




HOLY BIBLE

THE BLUEBEARD OF BROOKLYN

Article by Paul Hoffman

They sat in subway stations all across New York City—silent women wearing the black habits of nuns, wooden crosses dangling from their necks, collection baskets in their laps filling up with coins and bills. When darkness fell, they returned to their church and shed their habits . . . and their inhibitions.

For these were not nuns of any established order, but "sisters" of St. John's Pentacostal Church of Our Lord, a remarkable institution founded by the "Reverend" DeVernon LeGrand. A most remarkable church—where there was no congregation, where Sunday services were held "once in a blue moon," where the bar was bigger than the altar and drinks were served during devotions, and where the "spiritual leader" partied with the "sisters" before retiring with a favorite to a bedroom stocked with booze and other fleshly pleasures.

And a most remarkable minister. LeGrand—"Bishop" in the tabloid press, "Doc" to his followers—is a self-ordained cleric who lived the life of an oil sheikh on a tax-free income estimated at $500,000 a year; kept a harem of two dozen women; fathered (by his own admission) 60 children; tooled around town in a customized Cadillac; and summered at his private resort in the Catskills.

Over 25 years he also amassed a police record that included arrests for kidnapping, rape, sexual abuse, sexual misconduct, impairing the morals of a

Illustration by Tom Evans

T. EVANS

minor; possession of weapons, marijuana and stolen property; assault; bribery; . . . and finally murder, of some of his "wives" and "sisters"—two proved, two more alleged, perhaps as many as 20 more suspected. He is, indeed, "The Bluebeard of Brooklyn."

As one observer noted: "For sheer brutality, moral baseness, and exotic evil, nothing in recent memory can touch this case, with the possible exception of the Manson business."

"Doc" LeGrand's origins are sketchy. He was born in 1924—according to his own account, the son of a black rabbi—in Laurinburg, North Carolina, and grew up in nearby Fayetteville. His formal education ended at the eighth grade. He came to New York City when he was 15, settled in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto and worked at various odd jobs. At the age of 21 he was convicted of arranging a then-illegal abortion and served three years in Sing Sing. Somewhere along the line he married a woman named Helen Smith.

A police mug shot from that period shows a handsome black man with a clean-shaven face, hypnotic gray eyes and black wavy hair. Later he grew a razor-thin mustache along his upper lip and wore wigs to conceal his receding hairline.

After LeGrand got out of prison in 1948, he worked as driver and handyman for "Mother" Robinson in St. Mary's Tabernacle. She was one of those self-proclaimed spiritual leaders who sprang up in the ghettos of northern cities, offering their impoverished and illiterate congregations religion that mixed Christian theology, far-out fantasy and outright flim-flam.

LeGrand listened . . . and learned. In the early 1950s he heard the "call" and founded his own church. He claimed to have received his religious training from Isaiah 61:1—"The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord has anointed me to bring good tidings to the afflicted." A few years later he solidified his clerical credentials with a mail-order diploma from something called the New Jersey College of Divine Metaphysics and Theology.

"I have the power to heal the sick," he proclaimed. "I have never been sick a day in my life. No one with me has ever been sick a day in his life."

He claimed to have cured a woman of cancer merely by touching, and he'd charge the gullible as much as $300 to bestow his blessing. But his own devotions were less than perfunctory.

"Don't you have to pray, Reverend?" the prosecutor asked at his murder trial.

"Not me," LeGrand replied. "*You* got to pray."

Though his speech was ungrammatical, LeGrand was smooth and glib. "He could charm the habit off a nun," one policeman observed.

Actually, he charmed his female followers *into* habits and sent them out soliciting.

"I didn't have to send them," LeGrand said, plainly protesting much too much. "It was their duty and they did it."

But he admitted that he was far less gentle with his sometimes rebellious offspring: "I pounded them if they did wrong. I took a strap and I beat their bodies."

While the "sisters" were out asking for alms, LeGrand would sleep late, then barhop, visit the Times Square porno mills and perhaps skin-flicks, dropping in for "matinees" with lady friends—"church business," he called it.

At its peak, LeGrand's harem numbered about two dozen women. Each "sister" was expected to beg 12 hours a day, six days a week. Each was expected to collect $400 a week. Legally, the funds were tax-free contributions to the church, a status enjoyed by every religious organization in America. But unlike most religious leaders who manage to keep their comfortable, wealthy life-styles out of the public eye, LeGrand openly used church funds to support himself in the grand manner of an oriental potentate.

He bought an old four-story limestone building at 222 Brooklyn Avenue in the borough's Crown Heights section and hung out a sign:

St. John's Pentacostal Church of Our Lord
Dr. DeVernon LeGrand (P. S. D.)
Psysicologist [sic] *Metaphysics & Theology*
Classes—Wed., 8:30 p.m.
Marriages and Funerals Performed

The first floor was converted into a church—complete with bar. On the floor above was LeGrand's bedroom. "Whatever a man desires to have in his room, that's what I have in my room," he boasted—a stereo set and 125 records of jazz and rock, a bottle of Canadian Club ("C. C.," as LeGrand called it) and a closet filled with 20 suits and 25 to 30 pants and sport jacket combinations. And, of course, women.

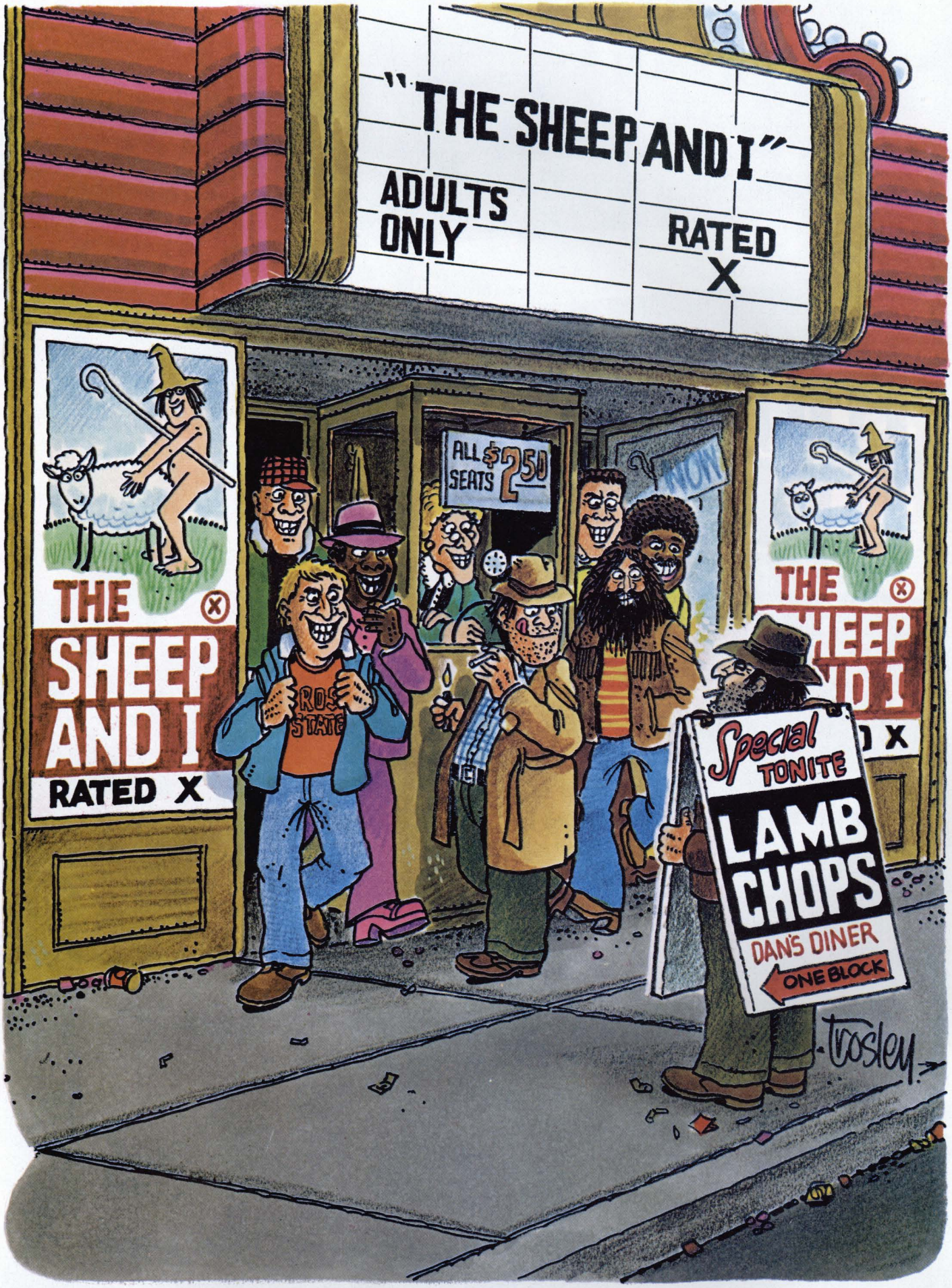
Quarters for his entourage were less lavish. The women were housed in cubicles; their progeny slept in bunk beds—or sometimes in wooden boxes.

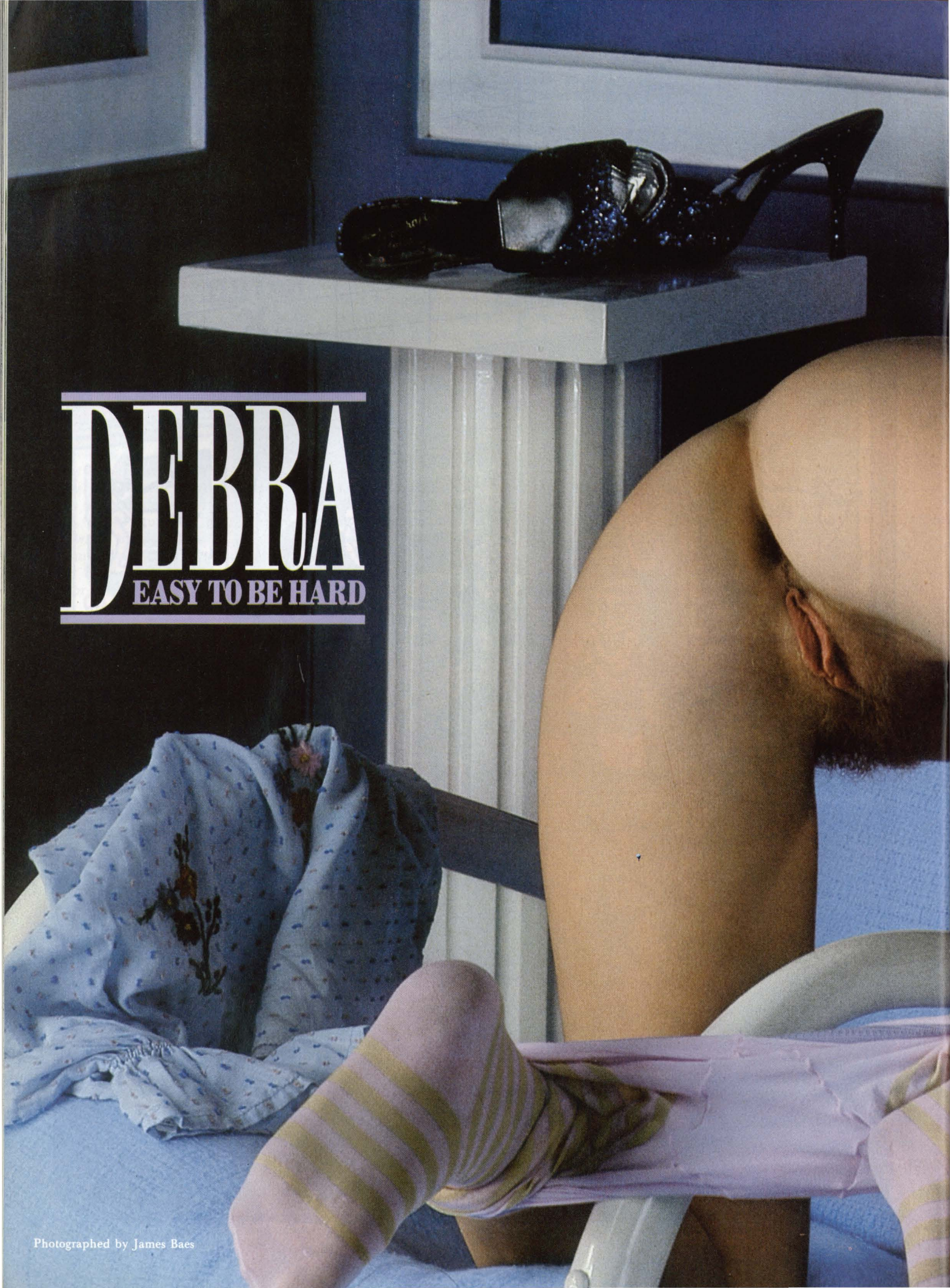
LeGrand, however, splurged $19,000 for a customized Cadillac limousine—replete with bar, television, telephone and liveried chauffeur.

He also acquired a 58-acre resort near White Sulphur Springs in the Catskill Mountains—"the Kosher Alps" immortalized by Jewish comics. He named the faded resort LeGrand Acres, where he

(continued on page 82)




"THE SHEEP AND I"
ADULTS ONLY
RATED X
ALL SEATS $2.50
THE SHEEP AND I
RATED X
Special TONITE
LAMB CHOPS
DAN'S DINER
ONE BLOCK
Trosley


DEBRA
EASY TO BE HARD
Photographed by James Baes







Unlike many women even twice her age, 21-year-old Debra has an uncanny grasp on her own sexuality. "Most people get so wrapped up with their technique that they miss the most important part of sex: the release of animal passions," says this Columbus, Ohio, Honey. "Anyone can give physical pleasure, but I need to have my soul satisfied as well."

Only a certain type of lover can quench Debra's deep thirst. He has to become an animal of lust. "But in order to get a man to the point where he'll do anything to satisfy me," she admits, "I have to make him want me really bad."

So she taunts her man, putting him off and abusing his ego, until he forgets breeding and technique and lets his basic instincts take over. "It's the only way I can get off," she asserts with smugness.

If you're like us, the gleam in Debra's eyes should bring out the beast in you.









BLUEBEARD OF BROOKLYN

(continued from page 72)

set up a stable of horses and moved his entire entourage each summer. He'd go nightclubbing at Grossinger's and the Concord with the favorites of his harem and leave $100 tips. But neighbors complained that his children begged, stole food and rifled mailboxes.

At both St. John's Church and LeGrand Acres there were frequent parties—loud, drunken, often marked by brawls, sometimes interrupted by bursts of gunfire.

"Party every night?" LeGrand was asked.

"Not every night."

"Sex every night?"

"Yeah," he replied with a wry smile.

Obviously, LeGrand liked sex. He insisted that he liked it with young women—"twenty-two"—but according to some accounts his taste also ran to girls of 12 or 14. On several occasions he was charged with the rape or sexual abuse of teenagers only slightly older.

Ever the organizer, he set up a schedule for his harem: his third wife, Kathleen, shared his bed from the 1st to the 10th of each month, "Sister" Betty Mackey the 10th to the 13th, other "sisters" or "wives-in-law" the rest of the days.

What did Kathleen think of the arrangement? "She didn't mind," LeGrand insisted.

Betty Mackey admitted: "I shared him with other women . . . and men."

She told how LeGrand once climbed into bed while she was engaged with Frank Holman, the church caretaker, and took his pleasure with both of them.

Holman, in turn, related how LeGrand once ordered him to rape the girlfriend of the church handyman—and watched from the doorway as Holman carried out his assignment.

And if an attractive newcomer came along, she was fitted into LeGrand's schedule. White, black and Puerto Rican, his harem grew. The women, lured by the parties and good times, lulled by LeGrand's gifts of diamonds and furs, wound up being induced—or coerced—into joining his household. They were kept in line through a combination of charisma, kindness and terror—and through LeGrand's practice of keeping them pregnant. As his children came of age, the sons brought their girlfriends into the household, while the daughters were yanked from school and sent out to solicit alms.

Needless to say, the goings on at 222 Brooklyn Avenue did not escape the attention of the authorities. Over the years there were investigations by the police, Board of Health, Board of Education, Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Brooklyn District Attorney and New York State Attorney General. Almost all came to naught.

In 1965 the authorities charged LeGrand with assaulting a 28-year-old black woman named Ernestine Timmons. He solved his legal problem in a novel way. He herded his wife, Helen, and Ernestine aboard a flight to Tijuana, divorced Helen and married Ernestine, then went off on a honeymoon with both of them.

He'd marry women so they couldn't testify against him, then they'd disappear.

"Women complain that he keeps them involuntarily," a prosecutor lamented, "but then he marries them so they can't testify."

It's suspected that other complainants were bought off. More ominously, some simply disappeared—Ann Sorice, a fortyish white woman, and Lula King, a 38-year-old black woman, at Christmas 1963; Mary Horan, the 22-year-old mother of three of LeGrand's children, the following August, and finally Ernestine Timmons, sometime in 1970.

The net started closing on DeVernon LeGrand in the mid-1970s.

In 1975 he was tried for the rape and sexual abuse of a 17-year-old girl, but found guilty only of a sexual misconduct misdemeanor, and ultimately that was dismissed on appeal.

Four months later he was back in court. In April 1974 he had gone nightclubbing with a 16-year-old "sister," Gladys Rivera Stewart, and her friend Madeline Rodriguez, 20. Afterward, they returned to 222 Brooklyn Avenue.

Enter LeGrand's son Naconda, 20—a real chip off the old pulpit. He grabbed Madeline, dragged her to the basement and raped her. Afterward, she ran upstairs to complain to the "Reverend" LeGrand—and, in reply, he took his turn. Then he allowed her to phone for a ride home, and while she waited for the lift he raped her twice more!

The LeGrands, father and son, were charged with rape. "Doc" LeGrand arranged a meeting with a girlfriend of Madeline's. Fearing to speak, in case she had been "wired," he showed her a handwritten note: "I offer Matty $1,000 if she drops the charges." Then he tore up the paper. LeGrand was convicted of attempted bribery.

Gladys Stewart had testified for LeGrand at the bribery trial and had been subpoenaed for the rape case—LeGrand's third trial within the year. But when court convened on December 16, she had disappeared. And so had her sister, Yvonne Rivera, 18.

LeGrand—previously free on bail—was jailed, and on December 31, both father and son were convicted of rape. LeGrand was subsequently sentenced to 5 to 15 years; Naconda to up to 8 years.

Then, on March 12, 1976, fragments of bone found in Briscoe Pond near LeGrand Acres were identified as the remains of Gladys and Yvonne. Parts of another body were discovered in the pond a month later, and the authorities speculated that it may have been a dumping ground that perhaps held the remains of as many as 20 victims.

LeGrand and his "adopted son" Steven Strong, 25, were charged with the murders of Gladys and Yvonne; LeGrand, alone, with the murders of Ann Sorice and Ernestine Timmons.

The discovery of what was left of the bodies came about through the defection of the church's caretaker, Frank Holman, one of the most bizarre figures in the saga of the "Reverend" DeVernon LeGrand, P. S. D.

Holman, a slight black man of 42, had been an attendant at the Kings County morgue and was a self-professed "student of death" who had assisted at well over 15,000 autopsies. In 1971 he had fallen on hard times and had been taken in by LeGrand.

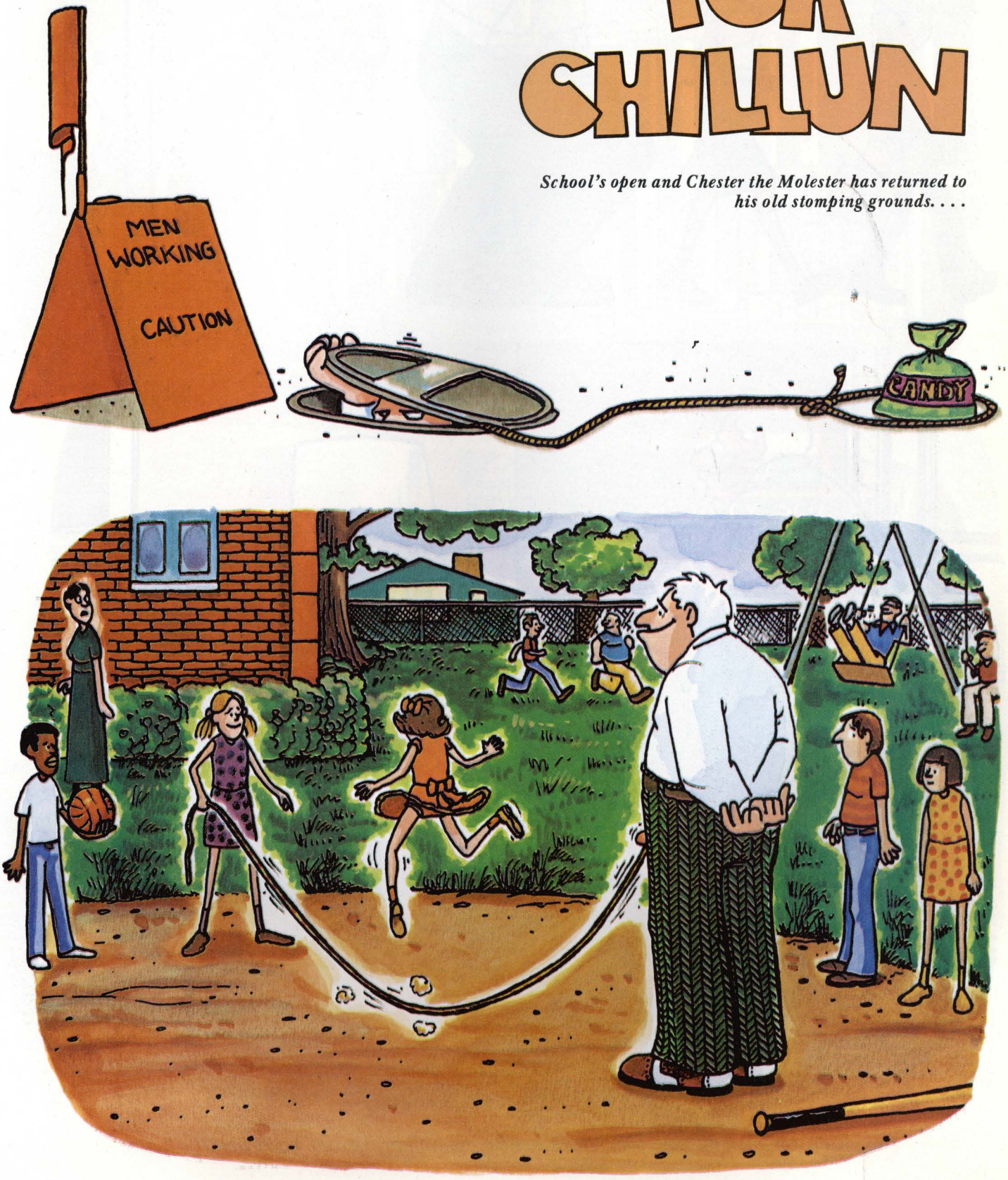
Holman had panicked in November 1975 when Kathleen LeGrand fled from the Brooklyn Avenue house and sought sanctuary with the authorities. Knowing that she could implicate him in a double-murder, he decided to beat her to it and told the authorities the gory details of what had happened in the church on the night of October 3, 1975.

LeGrand and "adopted son" Steven left with Gladys. LeGrand had been dissatisfied with her testimony at the brib-

(continued on page 86)

WATCHIN' FOR CHILLUN

School's open and Chester the Molester has returned to his old stomping grounds. . . .





"Gee, Chester, it's sure swell of ya to help me with my sex ed. homework!"


A-Z
BIOLOGY
HISTORY
MOBY DICK
ADVENTURE
SPORTS
FRANKLIN COUNTY SCHOOLS
DUANE B. TINSLEY

BLUEBEARD OF BROOKLYN

(continued from page 82)

ery trial and was further piqued at the news that she wanted to leave his establishment. Holman heard screaming. He opened the door a crack, looked out and saw LeGrand and Steven carrying out a body.

Two days later LeGrand confided to Holman: "We don't have to worry about that bitch anymore."

He showed Holman two garbage bags in the backyard. "That little bitch (Yvonne) came down here to see her sister and I got her too," LeGrand explained to the caretaker.

At LeGrand's behest, Holman loaded the bags into his car and drove to LeGrand Acres, 100 miles away. He dumped the cargo into a washtub.

"I believe that a head which came out of a bag . . . was that of Yvonne Rivera," Holman said.

Holman poured benzene over the dismembered bodies and set them afire. Afterward, he pulverized the bones and dumped the residue into the pond.

According to Kathleen LeGrand, a few days later "Doc" had hollered at his unruly daughters: "You all remember Gladys. Daughters or no daughters, you'll join the bitch. You know what I do with bitches. *I burn them.*"

And Holman added that around the first of November, LeGrand had told him: "We almost had to make another trip up there, because I half-killed Estelle"—Estelle Lloyd, a "sister" who'd balked at begging.

The case against LeGrand was bolstered in November 1976 when Betty Mackey followed Kathleen LeGrand in flight from the house, taking her daughters, Valerie and Sarah. She suspected that LeGrand (even in prison) had been behind the disappearance of a third daughter, Evangeline, 17.

"Sister" Betty told the authorities how members of the household had visited LeGrand in Dannemora prison in upstate New York and had received smuggled notes—"scripts" or "scenarios"—telling them how to testify at his upcoming murder trial. She said that dry runs of the perjurious Q. and A. had been rehearsed at the church.

LeGrand's trial for the murder of the Rivera sisters opened in Brooklyn's Supreme Court Building on January 4, 1977. The defendant's wigs had been confiscated, so he wore knotted skullcaps to conceal his bald spots. But he donned a different suit every day of the nearly three-month trial.

The prosecution presented the accounts of Holman, Kathleen LeGrand and Betty Mackey, and also of Valerie Mackey, 18, who told of seeing the garbage bags in the backyard with bloody fingers protruding from them. But the state's case was hampered by the paucity of scientific evidence: The doctors couldn't say when or even how the girls had died.

Then the trial took dramatic turns.

They sent "nuns" out soliciting alms in hot pants and miniskirts.

First, Valerie Mackey quarreled with her mother, broke out of protective custody in a Howard Johnson's motel, and fled . . . straight back to the house of horrors on Brooklyn Avenue. She was brought back to court, and "Pastor" Jenkins—who ran the church during LeGrand's absence—returned to testify that Valerie had confided that her mother had forced her to supply perjured testimony against LeGrand.

Next, the defense played its trump card—Daryl Stewart, Gladys's husband, a slow-witted follower of LeGrand's. Stewart claimed that *he* and Frank Holman had killed the two girls—because Gladys had disclosed that "their" baby had actually been sired by one of LeGrand's sons. However, Stewart had told so many conflicting stories that he'd already been indicted for perjury. He was hardly a believable witness.

Stewart also confessed that he'd killed Evangeline Mackey five months before, and Liz Brown, a 17-year-old "sister" who'd disappeared within the week. To prove his point, he nonchalantly deposited a chain of human fingers on the desk of the startled court reporter!

Stewart explained that he wasn't sure if the fingers were those of Evangeline or of Liz. He'd made chains of both—but had lost one.

"It's my good-luck charm," he added.

Finally, "Doc" LeGrand himself took the stand.

"I haven't killed no one," he asserted in response to his attorney's question.

On cross-examination LeGrand was surly and combative. The prosecutor bounced from Brooklyn to the Catskills, from sex to money to religion to booze and back again, keeping LeGrand off balance for more than a day, all the while letting the amorality of the minister's life-style sink in on a jury of 12 middle-class, white workingmen.

Then, out of the blue, he asked about the death of Ernestine Timmons.

"You show me the body," LeGrand shot back. He seemed to be boasting that they'd never find it.

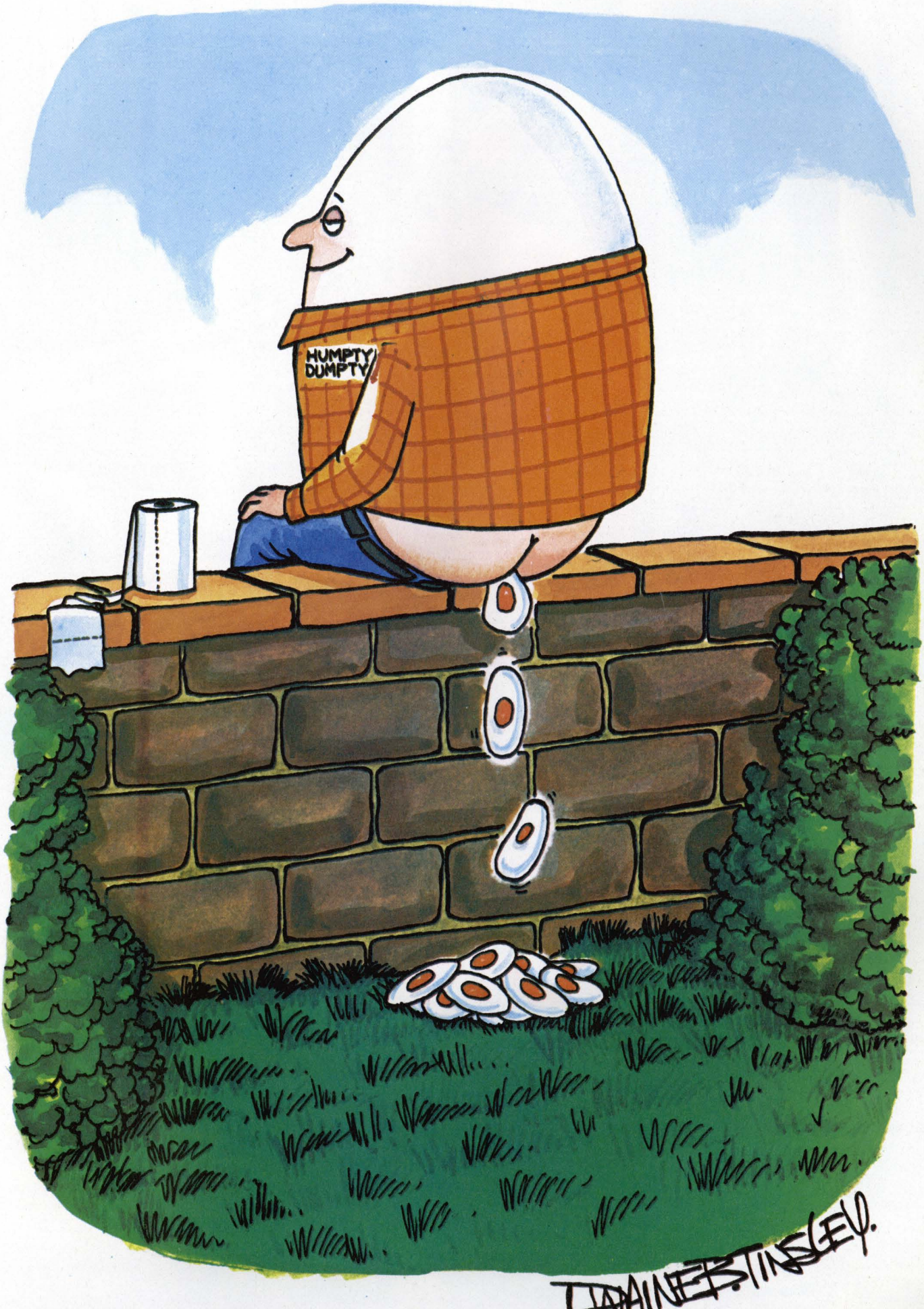
With that, the prosecutor sat down . . . and the defense collapsed.

The jurors retired on March 23. Twenty hours later—amid the tears and shrieks of LeGrand's female followers—they found "Doc" LeGrand and his "adopted son" guilty of the double-murder.

A few days afterward, two more of LeGrand's sons ran afoul of the law. Vernon and Navtaro LeGrand kept a harem of women and sent them out soliciting—not in nun's habits asking alms—but in hot pants and miniskirts, soliciting in the usual way of women who walk the streets. Vernon and Navtaro were charged with beating up two of the girls in a seedy Greenwich Village hotel and making off with their earnings. An unrelated rape charge was also lodged against Navtaro.

On May 6, LeGrand stood before the bench for sentencing. Natty as ever in gray suit and matching skullcap, he continued to protest his innocence: "They have the wrong person." But the DA argued that the verdict was just and added, "There are no adjectives or words that can describe a crime of this horrendous nature." He asked for the maximum penalty. Judge Joseph Corso agreed and imposed it—25 years to life. LeGrand fiddled nervously with a file folder as his fate was pronounced, but a few minutes later he was laughing and joking with his lawyer. Strong's counsel argued that Strong—like LeGrand's women—had been "mesmerized by 'Doc' LeGrand . . . was a robot controlled by 'Doc' LeGrand." But Strong also received 25 to life.

"The Bluebeard of Brooklyn" will probably remain behind bars for most—if not all—of his remaining years, his wealth dissipated, his harem dispersed, his flamboyant life-style reduced to a convict's lockstep. Yet for nearly 30 years DeVernon LeGrand had made his adolescent wet dream a reality.


HUMPTY
DUMPTY


SHERI
SMOOTH TONGUED
Photographed by Suze Randall











Until recently, 18-year-old model Sheri Valnez was a woman with a problem. Every time her boyfriend went down on her, he burst out laughing because her pubic hair tickled the supersensitive area inside his nostrils.

"It used to really get my goat," Sheri says. "It may sound funny now, but it was awfully embarrassing to be all hot and creamy and then suddenly hear my man giggling at my cunt."

Luckily, an experienced girlfriend was ready with a solution. "She told me that a lot of women here in Los Angeles are shaving their pubic hair just as French women have been doing for years." Sheri's man was more than willing to work up a lather over this kind of cultural exchange, and gladly bent to his task. "Bare genitals are supposed to make a woman more sensitive, and after he shaved me the first time, I immediately felt the difference," she says.

Now that Sheri and her man have smoothed things out between themselves, we asked her what he thinks about the change. "Let me put it this way," she said. "He *really* got stroked this morning."

SAMMARTINO

(continued from page 50)

stack Calhoun eases his mighty weight onto a nearby bench. It was in 1963 that Bruno astounded the wrestling world by becoming the first man ever to hoist, and then body-slam, the mighty Haystack—620 pounds in overalls.

"There's a few guys who've lifted him since," admits Bruno. "But now, because of diabetes, Haystack's down to around 475. The Calhoun I lifted was a different Calhoun!"

Calhoun, for his part, professes nothing but the greatest, and friendliest, admiration for Bruno. "I wrestled Paul Anderson once and Bruno, I think, was much, much stronger. Aaaggh!" Calhoun remembers with a cheerful grimace: "There was the time he lifted me. We became very good friends after that. I never had another match with Bruno—and I'm glad!"

Joe Scarpa, now showered and nattily dressed in a tan Italian suit, waves a pleasant good-bye to his blubbery Japanese foe, then strolls out the exit swinging his blue Samsonite suitcase. The man who controls the entire East Coast wrestling establishment, Vince McMahon, plugs a cigar in his mouth and checks a scrap of paper with the night's gate. He looks pleased, but not surprised. The Garden, as expected, sold out—bringing in $133,000.

Arriving in his dressing room, Bruno also has reason to be pleased. Based on the ten-percent-of-the-gate deal he's made with promoters, he'll be flying home to Pittsburgh tonight with a tidy $13,000. Not bad for 20 minutes' work. As he hangs his expensive coat on a hook he admits: "Actually, I could ask the promoters for more money—and get it. But I'm already getting so much more than any other guy it would only hurt the game."

Surprisingly, the big money hasn't gone to Bruno's head. Tom Minichiello, the man who runs New York's Mid-City Health Club, where Bruno's trained for 15 years, says: "Bruno's a dynamo, a superhero. But he projects a humble, quiet, gentle image. He's the only person I know who's gotten *nicer* with success." Bruno himself sometimes worries that his fans' adulation gets a little out of hand, and he remembers, with a thin smile, the time a woman in Pittsburgh actually dragged him into court, insisting that Bruno was really her husband. "It was sad. People are really foolish. Women think of actors and singers and athletes as . . . wow! Would I like to be with him! I think it's insane. People are people. Some guy who's got a job as a janitor could be a much better lover than Engelbert Humperdinck. It's all so ridiculous."

How does Bruno feel about his upcoming match with Patera? "I got a lotta respect for that guy. I still have tremendous love for the weightlifting game, you know, and Patera was the greatest this country ever had. I'd never seen him wrestle before our last match. And I tell you, he surprised me how quick he was. He's a *very* strong man.

"But strength goes down the drain," continues Bruno, "if a guy's got no stamina. I love to wrestle Volkoff, Duncum, Kowalski, because they're big, in shape and they can go all the way if it takes an hour and a half. I love to be in there with someone who's a threat to my being in the best shape of anybody. It gives me a chance to prove I'm better than he is," smiles Bruno.

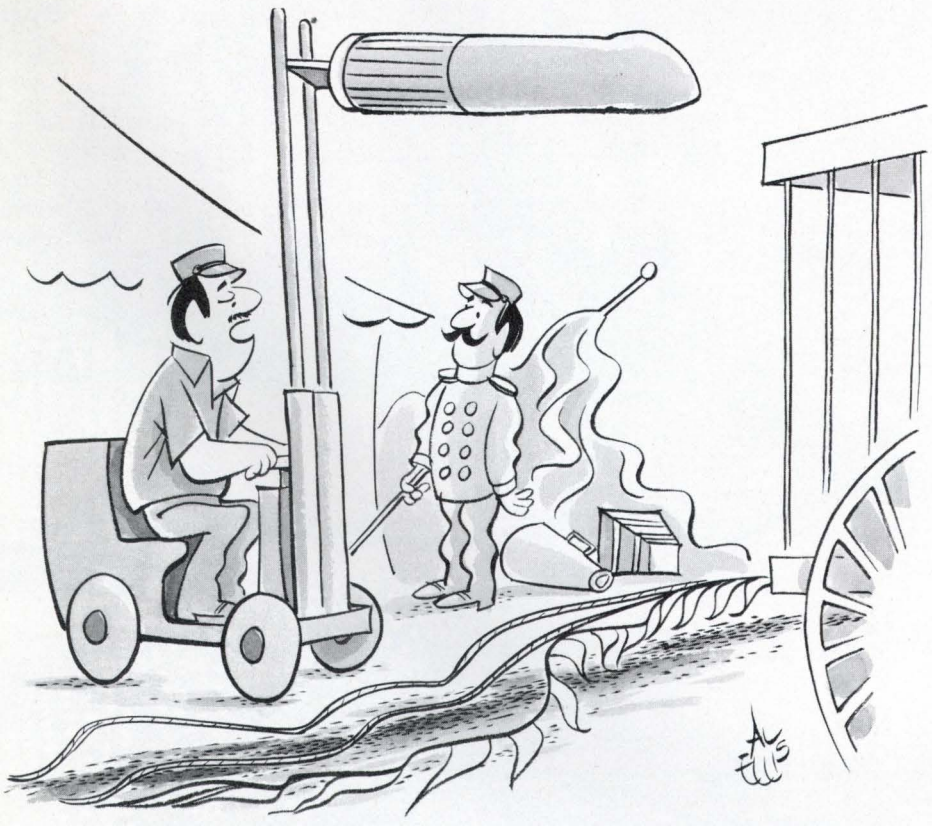
But the smile vanishes when you question Bruno about fakery. His big hands bunch tightly together and his eyes project more than a hint of menace: "You better believe there's nothing fake about crashing down seven feet on your back! You think you get body-slammed and you stop just two inches above the mat? I know a hold to break every bone in a man's body. And you're telling me I have to break a guy's arm to convince these fans it's not fake? If that's what it takes to convince you, to hell with you!"

Bruno professes equal indignation, and some puzzlement, on the subject of fake blood and blood capsules. "As God is my judge," he swears, "I have never seen a blood capsule. You're going through all this crap out there and where's the capsule? Where are they?"

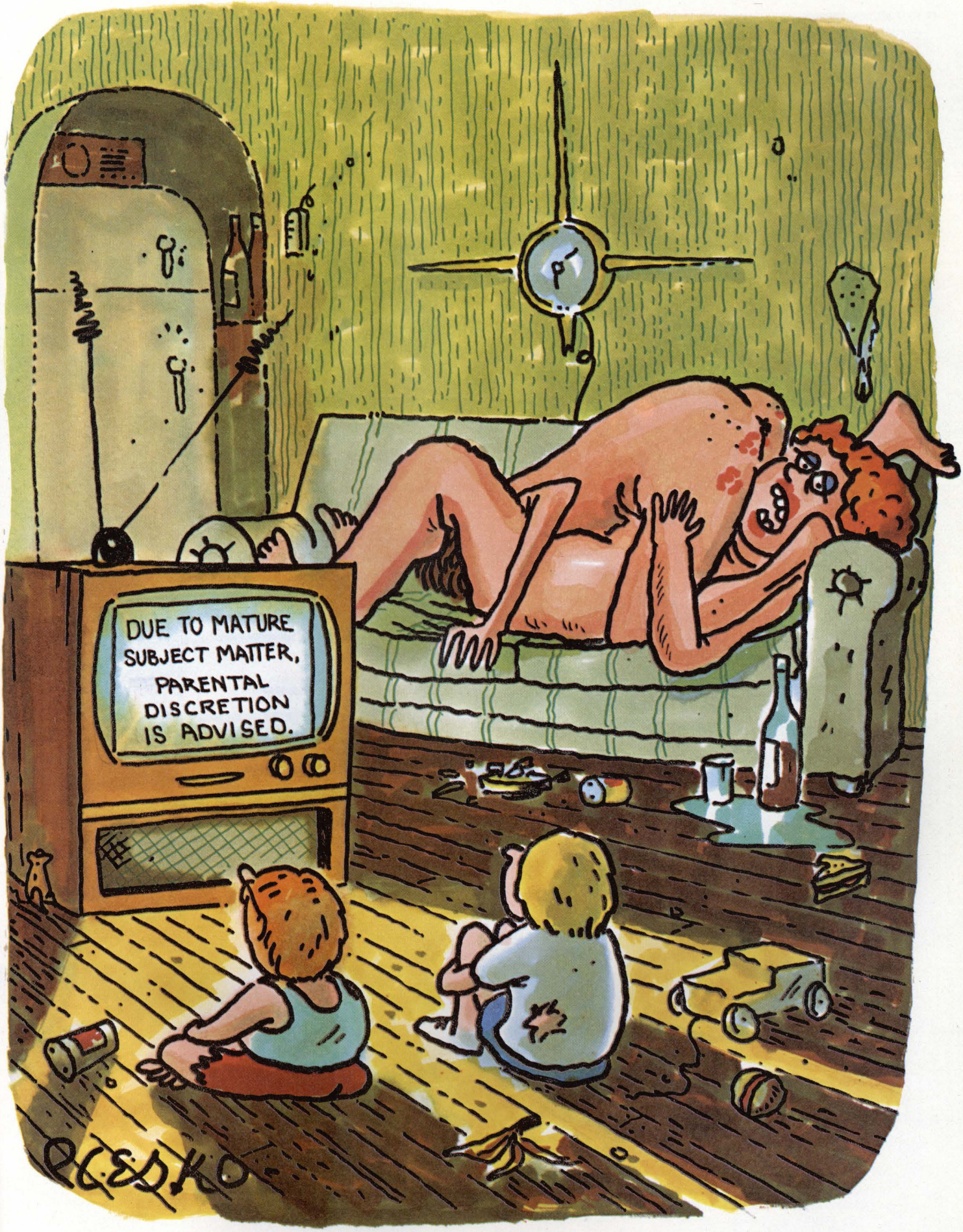
Bruno's bewilderment notwithstanding, a former writer for a wrestling magazine explains: "Blood can be induced in a number of ways. The old 'Method Bleeders' originally used a single-edged half-razor taped on their fingers and they would lightly cut their foreheads on cue. But that hurt! So it later developed that the skin was weakened to the point where a slap to the forehead would bring out the crimson. Now most wrestlers use a gelatin capsule, containing chicken blood, stored in the mouth or hand, which 'bleeds' when squeezed. Or they use a capsule which, when activated by body heat, will melt and bleed."

While Bruno is getting out of his clothes, his adversary for tonight is lounging at the opposite end of the dressing-room corridor. With a body like the Rock of Gibraltar, his huge shoulders rippling with deltoids, the immensely powerful, blond, blue-eyed Ken Patera graciously describes his foe

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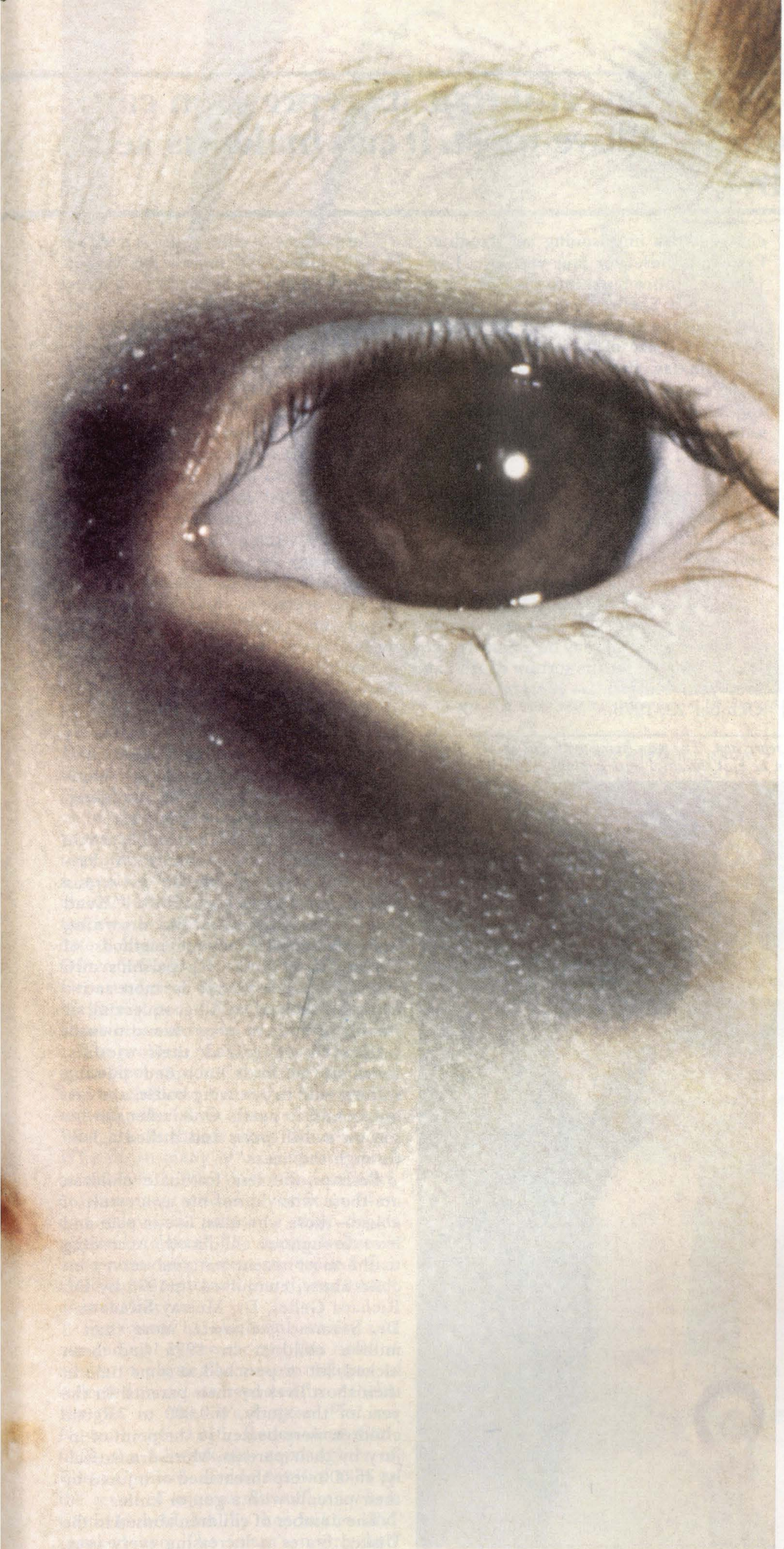


"Where's the horny elephant that raises so much hell when she's in heat?"



"Wait a minute, Jerry, let's turn the channel. I don't want the kids to see that shit."





CHILD ABUSE IN AMERICA:

SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

This article has been written as a public service.

BY JAMES W. PRESCOTT, Ph.D.

In our last issue, we looked at the problems of child prostitution and kiddy pornography. This month, we look at child abuse: a problem reaching epidemic proportions in the U.S., and the cause of sexual exploitation of children and many other social problems. One man specifically concerned with the needless brutal injury to and death of children is James W. Prescott, Ph.D. He is a board member of the American Humanist Association, a developmental neuropsychologist with the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, past president of the Maryland Psychological Association, a member of the American Psychological Association and of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, and is president of the International Society of Humanistic Science. Dr. Prescott has written articles on "Body Pleasure and the Origins of Violence" (in The Futurist*) and "Abortion or the Unwanted Child: A Choice for the Humanistic Society" (in* The Humanist*). His research into the causes and effects of child abuse is an ongoing project. HUSTLER is publishing a questionnaire designed by Dr. Prescott, following his article. Your participation will help provide answers to deal with the problem of child abuse in America.*

Moments before press time Dr. Prescott contacted us by telephone to inform us that if we did not print a disclaimer disassociating this article from the organizations with which he is affiliated, he would be fired from his job. If such action takes place, we hope readers will contact their Congressmen to protest his firing.

Larry Flynt has announced that if Dr. Prescott is fired—despite the people's protests—he will hire Dr. Prescott at his present salary. But it would be in the best interests of all Americans if Dr. Prescott remained with HEW. We feel that the government needs more individuals like Dr. Prescott, rather than the faceless bureaucrats who refuse to help solve society's problems.



A cigarette lighter in the hands of a man who'd been abused as a child becomes a weapon of torture against his own child. Will these symptoms of sexual repression carry over to the next generation?

Dr. Trude Lash and Dr. Heidi Sigal found in their study of child abuse in New York City that the incidence of child abuse increased 1026 percent between 1964 and 1974. An unknown portion of this increase can be attributed to a growing willingness to report child abuse. But it is apparent that a substantial amount of this increase must indicate a higher incidence of abuse. The Office of Child Development of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare stated: "An epidemic of child abuse is occurring in this country."

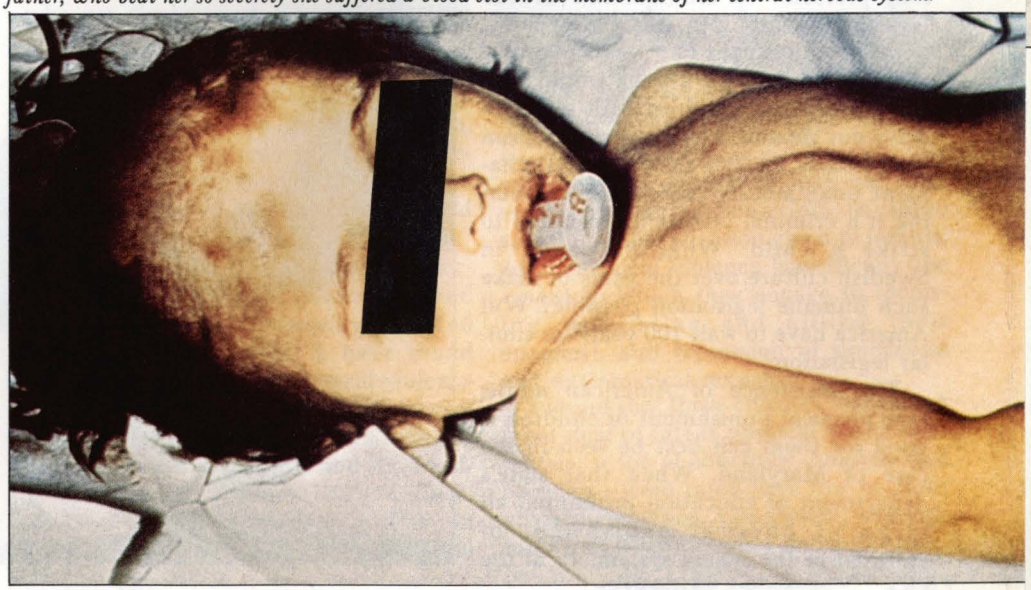
The problem of child abuse is not just a problem of certain adults assaulting certain children, but rather it is deeply rooted in the fabric of our entire society. Why do husbands beat their wives? Why do so many of us support capital punishment? Why do we find so much entertainment and enjoyment in films and television programs that depict physical violence? The answer is that we are a physically violent society and that child abuse represents merely one aspect of that violence.

The extent to which our society and our judicial system accept the right of adults to physically assault children is reflected in a case reported by Athelia Knight in the *Washington Post* on November 6, 1976. Renee Ann Canfield, the 12-week-old stepdaughter of Elmer Canfield, died in April of 1976 as the result of injuries she suffered when Canfield held her by her ankles and spanked her. The infant's crying had interrupted his favorite television show, *Adam-12*. At a hearing before Chief Circuit Judge Barnard F. Jennings, Canfield's attorney said that the defendant, a 35-year-old unemployed cook from Fairfax, Virginia, "didn't realize that the baby's head hit the floor" during the spanking and that Canfield regretted the incident.

In testimony, one woman said she had witnessed Canfield spanking the infant almost every day. The attorney noted that his client had no previous criminal record and entered a plea of guilty to involuntary manslaughter. Canfield was sentenced to a five-year prison term, which was suspended, and was placed on three years' probation. Judge Jennings told Canfield, who had remained silent throughout the hearing: "On one hand, the life of an innocent child has been taken. On the other hand, we have you—a basically good and decent person."

It's beyond all rational explanation how the killing of this infant could be considered to be an accident and that the person who killed this 12-week-old baby could be considered "a basically good and decent person."

Is child abuse a crime? This child's identity is protected because the courts may return her to her father, who beat her so severely she suffered a blood clot in the membrane of her central nervous system.



Human sexuality is so powerful that its repression can make us kill the things we love most. It can make us seek revenge upon a baby.

"A woman who is eight-and-a-half months' pregnant was under arrest on a murder charge at Fordham Hospital today after the death of her battered two-and-a-half-year-old daughter. . . . The child had multiple lacerations and many scars and bruises."—*New York Post,* March 29, 1974.

"A crippled seven-year-old child, whose abuse apparently included having the words 'I cry' burned into his back with a cigarette, was wheeled into a Harris County (Texas) courtroom in a crib today. . . . The boy, described by one witness as 'bright, but a loner' prior to his injuries, had suffered a ruptured colon from something inserted into his anus, and the ensuing infection resulted in brain damage."—*Washington Post,* May 5, 1977.

"Linda Fay Burchfield [has been] charged with imprisoning her daughter Patti in a closet for four years. . . . Last July 5th, police burst into the home and found Patti. She weighed 23 pounds and was less than three feet tall, about half the normal size of a nine-year-old. On the same day, Patti's sister Donna, then 13, was having an abortion. . . . Mrs. Burchfield's husband has been charged with raping Donna."—*Washington Star,* March 17, 1977.

"A young southeast Washington couple were found guilty of involuntary manslaughter yesterday in the death by starvation of their infant son."—*Washington Post,* March 17, 1977.

"A Cleveland, Tennessee, couple were indicted yesterday on a first-degree murder charge for the torture death of a four-year-old girl."—*Washington Star,* October 23, 1976.

An example of violent behavior caused by sexual repression: The man living with this child's mother caused severe kidney and intestinal damage when he beat the child with a blunt instrument.



The extreme of child abuse is murder. In 1975 alone, 166 infants less than a year old were murdered, 327 children between the ages of one and four were murdered, 142 children between the ages of five and nine were murdered, and 205 children between the ages of ten and fourteen were murdered. These numbers, taken from the FBI's *Uniform Crime Reports* for that year, are at best an underestimate of the actual incidence of infant and child murder, since so many deaths reported as accidental may in fact result from intentional injury. Accidental death rates for these same age groups range from 10 to 27 times the murder rates. One can assume that authorities declare a child's death to be murder only under the most extreme and blatant of circumstances.

Statistics alone cannot convey the horror of physical assaults upon children in our society. The *Uniform Crime Reports* describe the various means by which adults murder their infants and children: shooting, stabbing, bludgeoning, burning, poisoning, strangling, suffocating, and using explosives.

Phillip J. Resnick states in his article "Child Murder by Parents: A Psychiatric Review of Filicide" (*American Journal of Psychiatry,* 1969): "Head trauma, strangulation and drowning were the most frequent methods of filicide (the killing of a person's own child). Fathers tended to use more active methods, such as striking, squeezing or stabbing; mothers more often drowned, suffocated or gassed their victims. Unusual methods included putting sulfuric acid in a nursing bottle, and biting a child to death. One father put his son on a drill press and drilled a hole through the heart."

Perhaps the less fortunate children are those who do not die as a result of abuse—those who must live in pain and fear throughout childhood. According to the most recent national survey on child abuse, conducted in 1975 by Dr. Richard Gelles, Dr. Murray Straus and Dr. Suzanne Steinmetz, more than 3 million children in 1975 had been kicked, hit or punched at some time in their short lives by their parents. In the year of the study, 460,000 to 750,000 children were beaten to the point of injury by their parents. More dramatically, 46,000 were threatened or injured by their parents with a gun or knife.

The number of children abused in the United States is increasing every year.



Rather than the milk of human kindness, this child received a faceful of scalding milk. The scars he'll carry through life are a sign of a society where sex is considered dirty and violence is the symbol of adulthood.

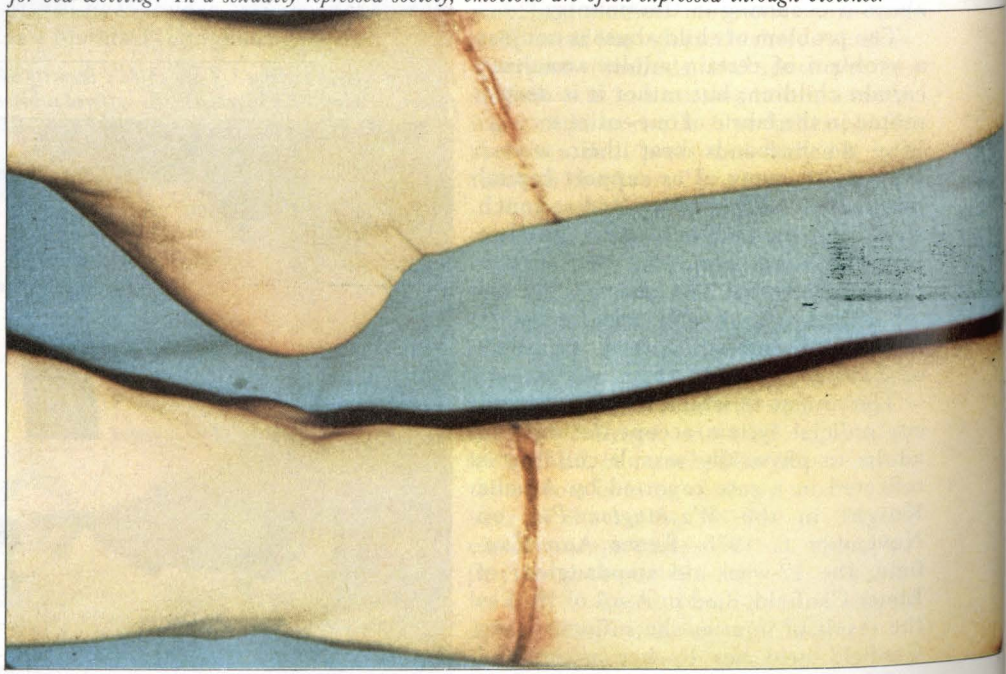
But the fact is our society tolerates and supports physical violence against children while punishing the same type of physical violence if an adult is the victim. The idea that beating children is good for them is a long-standing theory not only in our society, but in many others. The attitude that physical pain and punishment are necessary to produce discipline and to build strong moral character dates back to biblical times and finds its religious roots in the Old Testament: "Withhold not correction from a child. . . . Thou shalt beat him with a rod and deliver his soul from hell" (Proverbs 23:13-14).

In a discussion with me, Alvar Nelson, professor of criminal law at the University of Uppsala (Sweden), pointed out that 100 years ago in Sweden fathers once a week would beat their wives and children with a rod to drive out sin and moral corruption from their bodies. In 1968 the Swedish Parliament unanimously passed a law deeming it a criminal offense for a parent to strike a child. What happened in Swedish culture over the years to make such humane legislation possible? Will America have to wait 100 years for similar legislation?

The insistence of American adults that physical punishment of children is good for them can best be seen in the case of Maryland. When that state's department of education prohibited all forms of physical punishment of children in the school system, 19 of the state's 24 counties passed legislation exempting them from the directive. Now only two states—Massachusetts and New Jersey—prohibit the corporal punishment of children in their schools. (New York City schools also ban corporal punishment.) Judging by our school systems, we certainly believe in beating children.

This attitude was dramatized most recently by the decision of the U.S. Supreme Court on April 19, 1977, in the case of *Ingraham* v. *Wright*. The parents of James Ingraham and of Roosevelt Andrews filed suit against Drew Junior High School in Dade County, Florida, for the severe physical punishment that the school's principal inflicted on their sons. James, subjected to more than 20 licks with a paddle while being held over a table, suffered a hematoma (a localized mass of blood resulting from trauma), which kept him out of school for 11 days. Roosevelt was paddled

Can a child develop healthy attitudes toward others if he is tied to his bed with wire as punishment for bed-wetting? In a sexually repressed society, emotions are often expressed through violence.



Children deprived of physical affection are more vulnerable to pimps and kiddy-porn peddlers. Many runaways go straight to the streets.

on several occasions for minor misdeeds and once, as a result, lost the use of his arm for a week.

The basis of the parents' appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court was the right of their sons to protection from cruel and unusual punishment, and the right to due process. The Court, in a 5 to 4 decision, made it clear that the prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment was designed to protect those convicted of a crime. Since errant schoolchildren are not criminals, the Court reasoned, they did not have that protection. Further, rejecting the right of children to due process, guaranteed under the 14th Amendment, the Court decided that providing prior procedural safeguards would require a diversion of educational resources and that school authorities would abandon corporal punishment rather than comply with procedural requirements. The majority of the Court ruled that the benefit of invoking the Constitution to impose prior notice and a hearing could not justify the cost.

Justice Lewis Powell, Jr., delivering the majority opinion of the Court, noted that "paddling of recalcitrant children has long been an acceptable method of promoting good behavior and instilling notions and responsibility and decorum into the mischievous heads of children."

The minority opinion, filed by Justice Byron White, strongly objected to the conditions and rationale for the majority opinion, and held that protection from cruel and unusual punishment was not confined exclusively to criminals and that children were indeed entitled to due process. The purpose of due process was to avoid unfair and unwarranted punishment, that is, to protect the innocent from being punished. If the highest court sanctions physical assault against children, is it so surprising that child abuse is a growing problem?

Often, one problem begets another. Statistics show that unwanted births can be considered a major factor contributing to the murder of infants and children, and to child abuse in general. In Dr. Resnick's study of 37 infants killed within the first 24 hours after birth, he found that 83 percent of the victims were unwanted by the mother. The incidence of unwanted births in this country is quite high. A fertility study by Dr. Larry Bumpass and Dr. Charles Westoff reported that for the years 1960 to 1965, 22 percent of all births were unwanted by at least one spouse. Among low-income and poorly educated families, the rate of unwanted births was even higher.

We literally provide breeding grounds for crime and social disorder by careless and indifferent breeding. The recent U. S. Supreme Court decision against the use of federal Medicaid funds for abortion will result in a loss of federal and state funds for poor women who wish to terminate an unwanted pregnancy. This will insure an increase in unwanted and abandoned newborns, in infant/child mortality, and in the human reservoir of crime, violence, child abuse, and drug and alcohol addiction 15 to 20 years from now. But who will be held responsible for the consequences of the decision made a generation before? The people in the White House, Congress and the Supreme Court will be gone. Tragically, no one will be held responsible except the unwanted and neglected child, tomorrow's social offender.

It is estimated that more than a million of our children run away from home each year because they find their home lives intolerable. Thus, Congress established the Runaway Youth Act to provide halfway houses and other support programs for children. The studies of Dr. Rocco D'Angelo, of Ohio State University's School of Social Work, found that runaway children are physically punished two-and-a-half times more frequently than nonrunaway children. It seems that children who live in happy, affectionate homes will not run away. On the other hand, children who are deprived of physical affection by their parents are more likely to receive a great deal of physical punishment from them. Such children become extremely vulnerable to exploitation, particularly sexual exploitation. Consequently, it would not be surprising to find these runaways involved in child prostitution and pornography.

Just how important is physical affection in the parent/child relationship and in the relationships between youths and adults? In my studies, I have found strong support linking physical violence in a person's adult life to lack of physical affection from his parents when he was a child. In order to test this finding, I utilized Dr. R. B. Textor's book *A Cross-Cultural Summary,* containing data on the behavior patterns of primitive tribal societies. I examined 49 such societies, comparing their behaviors in three areas: physical affection given to infants, adult physical violence (specifically the extent to which they engage in torturing, mutilating and killing their enemies), and repression of premarital and extramarital sexuality.



Will this child have to face further beatings if she lives long enough to attend school? The Supreme Court has declared it is legal for schools to administer corporal punishment.

I found that those cultures that gave a great deal of infant physical affection—that is, a lot of touching, holding and carrying—were rated very low in adult physical violence. Conversely, the cultures that were rated low on adult physi-

Tension must be relieved, whether through the warm intimacy of sexual contact or through brutal acts of senseless violence.



After being punched in the mouth like this by his father, this child may never want to use these lips for a tender, affectionate kiss for his own children.

cal affection of children were rated very high on adult physical violence. Thirty-six out of the 49 cultures examined fit this pattern.

With respect to the 13 cultures that did not fit into this pattern, I examined their sexual behaviors to see whether this could account for the discrepancy. Five of the six cultures that had high infant physical affection and high adult physical violence had repressive attitudes toward premarital sex. The interpretation is that the benefits of infant physical affection can be negated during life by lack of physical affection due to repression of premarital sex.

When I examined the other seven cultures that had low infant physical affection and also low adult physical violence, I found that every one of these cultures had permissive attitudes toward premarital sex. The interpretation here is that deprivation of infant physical affection can be compensated for later in life through expressive sexuality.

A variety of evidence strongly supports the view that physical pleasure inhibits physical violence. When we deprive our infants and children of physical affection, and when we are very repressive toward sexual pleasure, then the inevitable outcome is emotional disturbance and physical violence.

Collaborating with Dr. Douglas Wallace (Human Sexuality Program, University of California Medical School, San Francisco), I conducted a survey to determine whether the basic relationships found in cross-cultural studies existed in the United States today. A questionnaire was given to a variety of persons, including college students, housewives and businessmen, as well as to alcoholics and drug addicts. Those questioned were guaranteed anonymity.

We found support for the basic relationship between approval of violence and rejection of physical pleasure. Individuals who agreed with violent statements also agreed with statements that rejected physical pleasure. For instance, the majority of people who agreed with such statements as: "Physical punishment and pain help build a strong moral character," "Capital punishment should be permitted by society," "Violence is necessary to really solve our problems" and "I can tolerate pain very well," also agreed with such statements as: "Prostitution should be punished by society," "Responsible premarital sex is not agreeable to me," "Nudity within the family has a harmful influence upon children" and "Sexual pleasures help build a weak moral character."

We also found that those who believed in violence preferred alcohol and drugs to the experiences of sexual pleasure. As a part of my theory of deprivation of physical affection and pleasure, I believe that the use of alcohol and drugs is a source of compensation for deprivation of physical affection during infancy and childhood, as well as compensation for repressed sexuality.

The pain and discomfort of bodily tension must be relieved. When the natural methods of Mother Nature (tactile pleasure) are denied, then substitutes must be found—alcohol, drugs and physical violence. This also helps to explain why not all persons become violent and aggressive while under the influence of alcohol. Those who have a past history of deprivation of physical affection and pleasure are very likely to become violent and aggressive under the influence of alcohol. Conversely, those persons who have a satisfactory sex life and who had received a great deal of physical affection as children do not react that way. Obviously, it is easier to reach out for a bottle or a vial than it is to reach out to another person for physical affection and a warm, meaningful relationship.

When we are deprived of physical affection during infancy and childhood, we develop an aversion to being touched; and therefore it becomes extremely difficult to accept touching as pleasurable. It is very hard to overcome this condition once a person reaches adulthood, and it deprives him of the main restraint against violence. We must distinguish sensual pleasure from sadistic pleasure, since it is only affectional pleasure that inhibits violence.

The violence comes full-circle now and serves to perpetuate child abuse in our nation. In a booklet written for the National Center for the Prevention and Treatment of Child Abuse and Neglect,

(continued on page 118)



Flogging of this sort was outlawed many years ago for common criminals, but it continues for today's child. This three-year-old boy may never know the joys of giving and receiving affection. Many children die from such abuse.

Murder is the ultimate form of child abuse. Multiple burns and human bites were only part of what killed this ten-month-old infant. His father was convicted of the killing.



Human Affection Survey

This questionnaire has been designed by Dr. James W. Prescott to develop profiles of attitudes toward human affection and sexuality, human violence, alcohol and drug usage, and social and moral values among a cross section of society. This information will contribute to a better understanding of human alienation and provide a basis for developing more humane behavior and constructing a peaceful society. The results of this survey are to be published by Dr. Prescott and his research collaborator, Dr. Douglas Wallace, after an analysis of responses. The survey is published here as a public service, but HUSTLER has not participated in the selection or wording of questions.

Not all questions may seem relevant to you, but you are asked to answer each item as best as you can. Questions are answered by circling a number from 1 to 6 beside each item. The numeral 1 means agree strongly, *while 6 means* disagree strongly. *Please fill in all biographical data, but do* not *put your name on the questionnaire. Completed questiannaires should be mailed to Dr. James W. Prescott, International Society for Humanistic Science, P. O. Box 34910, West Bethesda, Maryland 20034. A contribution to help defray the cost of the analysis would be appreciated.*

Biographical Information

1. Birthdate _____ 2. Age _____ 3. Sex: ☐ Male ☐ Female
4. Marital status: ☐ Single ☐ Married ☐ Separated/Divorced
5. I have been married _____ times.
6. I am currently living alone: ☐ Yes ☐ No
7. I am currently living with a sex partner: ☐ Yes ☐ No
8. Childhood religion (from list below) _____
9. Current religion (from list below) _____

1. None; Atheist; or Agnostic	7. Orthodox-Conservative Judaism
2. Ethical Humanist; Unitarian Universalist	8. Conservative Roman Catholic
3. Oriental Religions	9. Eastern Orthodox Christian
4. Reform Judaism	10. Fundamentalist Protestant
5. Progressive/Liberal Protestant	11. Islamic (Moslem)
6. Progressive/Liberal Catholic	12. Other

10. On the average, I attend religious services _____ times per month
11. On the average, I sin _____ times per month
12. I believe in heaven and hell: ☐ Yes ☐ No
13. I believe in reincarnation: ☐ Yes ☐ No
14. I believe the Bible's story of creation: ☐ Yes ☐ No
15. I believe in the evolution of life: ☐ Yes ☐ No
16. I am the _____ child in my family
17. I come from a family of _____ children
18. Number of brothers _____
19. Number of sisters _____
20. My parents have been separated/divorced: ☐ Yes ☐ No
21. My father's occupation _____
22. My mother's occupation _____
23. My occupation _____
24. My father's birthplace _____
25. My mother's birthplace _____
26. My birthplace _____
27. My ethnic background _____
28. My number of years in school _____
29. No. of different schools I attended _____
30. No. of times I have been in trouble with the police _____
31. No. of times I have been in a hospital for treatment _____
32. I am living in the city and state of _____
33. My income per year is:
    ☐ Under $5,000 ☐ Between $5,000-$9,999 ☐ Between $10,000-$14,999 ☐ Between $15,000-$19,999 ☐ Between $20,000-$24,999 ☐ Between $25,000-$29,999 ☐ Over $30,000
34. I am: ☐ Left-handed ☐ Right-handed ☐ Both
35. I have: ☐ Brown eyes ☐ Blue eyes ☐ Other
36. I draw circles in the following way: ☐ Clockwise ☐ Counter-clockwise
37. When writing, I hold my pen with the point: ☐ Away from me ☐ Toward me
38. The side of my body that seems to give me more problems, e.g., itching, skin rashes, sore muscles, etc., is:
    ☐ Left side ☐ Right side ☐ No difference
39. My home ZIP code is _____
40. I subscribe to HUSTLER: ☐ Yes ☐ No

(continued on next page)

Attitude Survey

1=Agree strongly
2=Agree moderately
3=Agree a little
4=Disagree a little
5=Disagree moderately
6=Disagree strongly

Circle One

1. I have rarely seen my parents hug and kiss each other. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (1)
2. My mother did not hug and kiss me a lot. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (2)
3. My father did not hug and kiss me a lot. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (3)
4. My mother does not really care about me. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (4)
5. My father does not really care about me. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (5)
6. My parents have many unfriendly arguments. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (6)
7. I do not get enough touching. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (7)
8. I often get "uptight" about being touched. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (8)
9. Nudity within the family has a harmful influence upon children. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (9)
10. Natural fresh body odors are often offensive. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (10)
11. I can tolerate pain very well. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (11)
12. I use and experiment with drugs quite often. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (12)
13. I smoke marijuana quite often. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (13)
14. I drink alcoholic beverages quite often. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (14)
15. I get hostile and aggressive when I drink alcohol. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (15)
16. I would rather drink alcohol than smoke marijuana. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (16)
17. Alcohol is more satisfying than sex. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (17)
18. Drugs are more satisfying than sex. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (18)
19. I take drugs more often than I experience orgasm. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (19)
20. I drink alcohol more often than I experience orgasm. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (20)
21. Hard physical punishment is good for children who disobey a lot. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (21)
22. Physical punishment should be allowed in the schools. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (22)
23. Unmarried persons having sex with their lovers before marriage is wrong. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (23)
24. I often do things without thinking about them. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (24)
25. Married persons having sex affairs with their lovers is wrong. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (25)
26. I enjoy sex films where the sex partner is physically beaten or hurt. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (26)
27. I do not enjoy sex films where the sex partners give each other pleasure. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (27)
28. My mother has not adequately discussed sex with me. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (28)
29. My father has not adequately discussed sex with me. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (29)
30. Society should interfere with private sexual behavior between adults. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (30)
31. Abortion should be punished by society. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (31)
32. Capital punishment should be permitted by society. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (32)
33. Violence is necessary to really solve our problems. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (33)
34. I remember when my father physically punished me a lot. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (34)
35. I remember when my mother physically punished me a lot. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (35)
36. I often feel like hitting someone. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (36)
37. Physical punishment and pain help build a good moral character. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (37)
38. Sexual pleasures help build a weak moral character. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (38)
39. Prostitution should be punished by society. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (39)
40. I often dream of either floating, flying, falling or climbing. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (40)
41. I tend to be extreme in my political points of view. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (41)
42. The government should have more control of the people. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (42)
43. People in government and business do not care about me and my family. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (43)
44. I remember when I ran away or wanted to run away from home. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (44)
45. Marijuana is more satisfying than sex. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (45)
46. I usually do not get much pleasure from my sexual activity. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (46)
47. I usually experience orgasm about once a week or less than once a week. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (47)
48. I have been or need to be treated for venereal disease. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (48)
49. I do not enjoy oral-genital sex. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (49)
50. I sometimes feel like raping someone. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (50)
51. I usually enjoy rape scenes in the movies. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (51)
52. I usually feel more powerful or aggressive when I have sex with someone. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (52)
53. I get hostile and aggressive when I smoke marijuana. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (53)
54. I often feel I am sexually taken advantage of. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (54)
55. I frequently pray to God for help with my problems. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (55)
56. I frequently feel unhappy, sad or depressed. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (56)
57. I sometimes feel like killing myself. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (57)
58. I sometimes feel like killing someone else. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (58)
59. I have been accused of raping someone before. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (59)
60. I have been "knocked-out" (unconscious) at least once in my life. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (60)
61. I have several scars on my body. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (61)
62. I prefer homosexual or lesbian sex relationships. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (62)
63. Some women deserve to be raped. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (63)
64. Some men deserve to be raped. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (64)
65. White men should not have sex with black women. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (65)
66. Black men should not have sex with white women. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (66)
67. I am against marriages between blacks and whites. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (67)
68. We would be better off if blacks and whites lived in their own neighborhoods and went to their own schools. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (68)
69. I often have had sex when I didn't want it. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (69)
70. Women should not have the same sexual freedoms as men. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (70)
71. I would like to be held and hugged without having to have sex. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (71)
72. Bottle-fed infants are just as happy as breast-fed infants. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (72)
73. I remember when I used to "head-bang" or rock back and forth. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (73)
74. As a child I rarely, if ever, masturbated. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (74)
75. As a teenager I rarely, if ever, masturbated. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (75)
76. As an adult I rarely, if ever, masturbate. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (76)
77. I personally know a family where the father had sex with his daughter. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (77)
78. I personally know a family where the mother had sex with her son. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (78)
79. I personally know a family where a brother and sister had sex together. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (79)
80. Fathers and daughters who agree to have sex together should be severely punished. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (80)
81. Mothers and sons who agree to have sex together should be severely punished. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (81)
82. Brothers and sisters who agree to have sex together should be severely punished. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (82)
83. Rape scenes in the movies give me ideas about raping someone. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (83)
84. I do not trust men very much. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (84)
85. I do not trust women very much. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (85)
86. Some women enjoy being raped. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (86)
87. Some men enjoy being raped. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (87)
88. Violence in movies and TV makes me want to be "part of the action." 1 2 3 4 5 6 (88)
89. I would rape someone if I knew I wouldn't be caught. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (89)
90. I like to bite, scratch or hit my sex partner when having sex. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (90)
91. I remember when my father physically hit my mother. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (91)
92. "Law and Order" is more important than my personal "rights." 1 2 3 4 5 6 (92)
93. Laws should *not* be passed to eliminate rape scenes in our movies. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (93)
94. Religion and not science will ultimately solve our problems. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (94)
95. I am proud of my country. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (95)
96. I rarely have multiple orgasms when I have sex experiences. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (96)
97. Orgasms rarely give me a floating, drifting, flowing feeling. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (97)
98. Orgasms rarely make my body feel warm all over. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (98)
99. Orgasms rarely make my *entire* body react, e.g., waves of sensations. 1 2 3 4 5 6 (99)
100. Orgasms with my sex partner rarely make me feel that "our bodies are one." 1 2 3 4 5 6 (100)

BEAVER HUNT

October is a great month for indoor sports, and our HUSTLER Beaver Hunters have been taking advantage of the season. Nothing can warm up a lady as fast as masculine appreciation. Sending your girl's photo for inclusion with our other lovelies shows her you think she ranks right up there with the best. And if you don't buy that argument, then do it for the money.

Send us a sharply focused color photograph—no black and whites, please—of your favorite nude model, along with a short personality profile. Coax her to be as candid and original as possible, and be sure to fill out the model release form which appears on page 111. Sorry, but all Beaver photos become the property of HUSTLER Magazine and cannot be returned. Send your entry to the HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt,* 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

The coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license will be awarded to everyone who sends us a photo and if we publish your honey's picture you'll receive a $50 contributor's fee. Should your lady be chosen as best amateur Beaver by a panel of HUSTLER staffers, she may be offered a chance to appear in one of HUSTLER's pictorial spreads. If we decide to feature her in the magazine, she'll receive a $1,000-$1,500 professional modeling fee. And imagine the warm reception you'll get from her if *that* happens.

Photo by Stan Walls



Linda Augustine, 26, makes her home in Chicago, Illinois. When she's not modeling or giving organ lessons, she takes dance lessons, sings and plays tennis. She gets off after seeing sexy movies by masturbating.

Photo by Ron E. Randolph



Sharon Mayes, 25, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is a professional dancer. Her hobbies include various kinds of art, and modeling. She wants to be made love to by more than one man.

Photo by K. Uhlig



A. Kruger, 25, is a gym teacher in Hamburg, West Germany. Her hobbies include skiing and just being lazy. She fantasizes about having fun and swinging with other couples.

Housewife Jo Ann Hutton is 33 and lives in San Diego, California. She likes furry things around her, close to her and in her. She envisions getting it on with two guys and a girl, or with three girls.



Photo by Dianne

Photo by Al Lockridge



Kathy J. loves making love to her man and watching and feeling him grow hard. The 24-year-old secretary from East St. Louis, Illinois, spends her spare time bowling, swimming and screwing.

Photo by Dave DeMao



Topless dancer Yolanda Padron gets turned on by turning men on. The 23-year-old from Fort Lee, New Jersey, has many hobbies, including sex, modeling and motorcycles. She gets off on seeing men try to hide their hard-ons while watching her dance.

Collecting stuffed animals is one of Sherri Lundon's hobbies. The 19-year-old homemaker from Brandon, Florida, also enjoys horseback riding and dancing. She would dig making it with a western cowboy-type dressed in black.



Photo by Stephen Lundon



Photo by Frank J. Mader

Jeannie, a grandmother to 23 young ones, enjoys chasing cars and chewing on mailmen. She prefers to make love doggy-style and fantasizes about being taken by three Great Danes.





Photo by Paul Hanrahan

Fran Smith is 28, lives in Lynn, Massachusetts, and digs rock music and writing short stories. Her fantasies are many, including threesomes with friends, making love with David Bowie and seeing herself in HUSTLER.

Debra Louise Baker, 19, likes rough, outdoorsy sports such as mountain climbing. Debra, from St. Louis, Missouri, also enjoys painting and crafts. She says she can't seem to give enough head and dreams of doing it two or three times a day.



Photo by Bill Baker

Photo by John "Plug" Stopper



Twenty-year-old Lolly Gowin is a waitress in Tucson, Arizona, whose hobbies are reading, sewing and loving. Lolly has no sexual fantasies because she just does anything she wants to do.

Photo by Richard Shipp



At 22, Charlotte Shipp boasts of having an "out of sight old man." A Houston housewife, Charlotte enjoys baking and motorcycles. She fancies herself making love with her husband and another woman.

Boulder, Colorado, is the home of 19-year-old Debbie Thoele. She is a keypunch operator and enjoys sex, swimming and softball for recreation. Her fondest dreams include posing for HUSTLER and getting it on with two guys at the same time.



Photo by Gary Cottrell

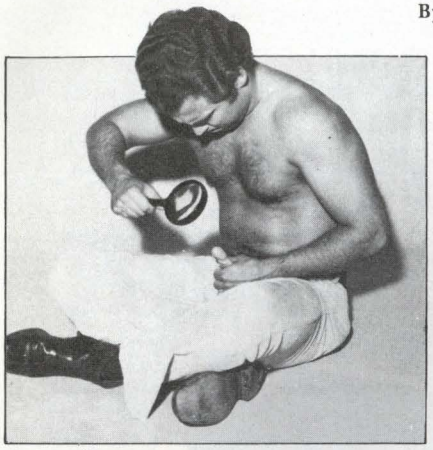


Photo by Joe Zochert

Holly Schmidt is a 21-year-old ex-dancer from Portland, Oregon. She fills her spare time with painting, cooking and reading. She dreams of living in a country home with two men—both studs!

Watch my penis grow 28 inches —a picture at a time.

By Allen Lackoff—as told to LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS.

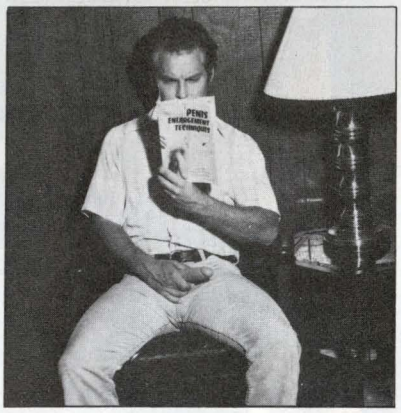


2 inches

Here I am at my original size. I wasn't exactly carrying a loaf of French bread. Up until this time I hadn't been formally introduced to my penis.

6 inches

Then I decided to try LEASURE TIME's Vacuum Enlarger. Using it along with LEASURE TIME's classic instruction book, *Penis Enlargement Techniques,* my penis began to show immediate results.



17 inches

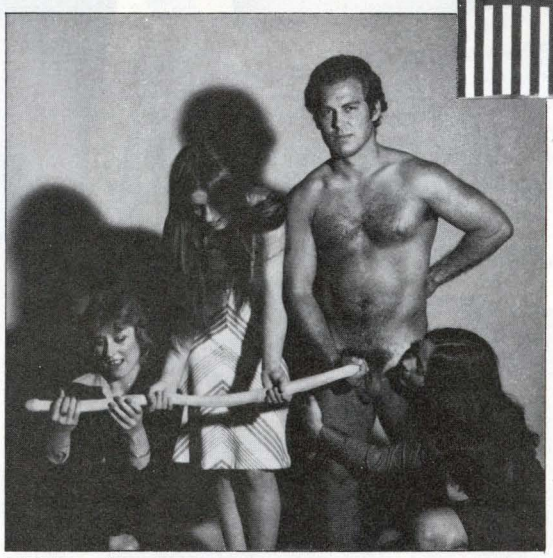
No question. The Vacuum Enlarger was really working for me now. My cock was so large it was being used as the flagpole at the local VFW hall.





22 inches

A big turning point. I gave up my stamp collection and turned my sessions with the Vacuum Enlarger into a permanent hobby. Whenever I went to bat with my Louisville Slugger I always scored.



30 inches

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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 19)

him, but about an hour after we screw, my vagina is so sore and itchy that I can hardly stand it. Sometimes the whole area looks red and swollen and is broken out in hives, but it usually goes away within a couple of hours. I'm on the pill and I asked my gynecologist about it, and he checked me for some kind of infection. He found no infection and said it couldn't be the birth control pills. He also said he'd have to see the actual inflammation before he could tell me what it is, but I can't run to him immediately after I have sex. Do you have any idea what could be causing this?

M. D.
Lakeland, Florida

You may be allergic to semen. Although it is not very common, many women do suffer from this allergy. Because the inflammation disappears so rapidly, the only known method of diagnosing the allergy is through study of the patient's complete medical history by a doctor. In other words, it's mostly guesswork. The allergic reaction itself can be treated with adrenalin and cortisone under a doctor's supervision. The reaction may be avoided entirely by using condoms.

We recently discovered that my husband has diabetes. I've heard that this is often a cause for impotence, and although there has been no problem with our sex life so far, I'm still concerned. If impotence doesn't show up when diabetes first develops, can he become impotent later on? What are his chances of developing this problem and is it psychological or physical?

C. W.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Impotence associated with diabetes is a physical problem that can appear any time in a man's life. Impotence is usually not the first indication of diabetes, and may not appear for years after the diabetes is under control. The chances of developing diabetes-related impotence increase with age and are roughly proportionate to the age of the man. For example, impotence strikes about 20 percent of diabetic males in their 20s, 50 percent in their 50s, etc.

I'm a 35-year-old widow and my lover turned me on to a sex game that I really enjoy. He starts by eating my cunt, while I hold his head firmly between my thighs. When I'm really excited and ready to come, I move his head so that the back of his neck is slightly above my knees, and I cross my ankles over his back. He taught me how to apply pressure with my knees, and I increase it until his neck muscles relax. Then I press a little harder and hold it for a few seconds longer, until he blacks out. Then I relax and lay back. When he comes out of this blackout, he gives me a beautiful ride and we both reach a wonderful climax. He needs this kind of pain and dominance for complete satisfaction, and I must admit that I want to be dominant and control the action. He insists that this blackout isn't dangerous. I don't know, but while I enjoy it, I don't want to cause any permanent injury. I just want to hurt him as much as he wants—and maybe a little more. Have you ever heard of this technique, and is it harmful in any way?

G. S.
Little Chute, Wisconsin

This practice is extremely dangerous. Terminal sex, as it is called, kills 200 to 300 people a year in the U. S. It is most often done during masturbation, by tying a noose around the neck and releasing it at the last moment before unconsciousness. Heterosexual activity of this nature is just as dangerous as the solo practice, and a slight miscalculation in timing can be fatal. Terminal sex cuts off the flow of blood and oxygen to the brain, which can kill brain cells and cause permanent damage, if not death. You should start looking for a different turn-on before it's too late.

I've heard a lot of rumors and incomplete reports regarding the possibility of choosing a child's sex before conception. I've never seen anything definite about it, or any kind of products available for that purpose. I was wondering if this is possible, or if research indicates that this could be possible in the future.

P. F.
Richmond, Virginia

Choosing the sex of your child before conception may be just around the corner. Sex is determined by the chromosomes of the fertilized egg. The egg itself contains X chromosomes, which are female. The male produces both X and Y chromosomes, and the type of chromosomes which are contained in the sperm that fertilizes the egg determines the sex of the child—X produces a female child, and Y produces a male.

Sperm travel through the vagina and enter the uterus to fertilize the egg; and by altering the chemical environment of the vagina, the movement of the sperm can be changed. An acidic environment slows the movement of X sperm, but does not significantly affect the progress of Y sperm. Therefore, the chances are increased that the sperm that reaches the egg first and fertilizes it will be a Y sperm and will produce a female offspring. A researcher in England recently patented two gels—one acidic and one alkaline—which can be inserted in the vagina to increase the chances of producing an offspring of the desired sex. According to the creator of these gels, the method is at least 80 percent effective in predetermining the sex of a child. Research in the same area is being carried out in the U. S., but results are inconclusive at this point, and no similar products are available here yet.

When I was 15, I had several small tattoos put on both arms, one of which is a girl's name. I didn't realize how foolish this was at the time, but now that I'm 20 I find it increasingly difficult to maintain my self-confidence because of them. I'd like to know the safest, cheapest and most effective way to have them removed. I know it would be a psychological lift for me.

D. N.
Columbus, Ohio

There are several methods of tattoo removal in general use by dermatologists. Plastic surgery is the most drastic and complicated means of tattoo removal, but it will remove even large tattoos. Dermabrasion is equivalent to sanding the tattoo off the skin with a wire brush or emery paper. It can be successful, but sometimes causes scarring. Salabrasion is similar, but is done with chemicals. This method of "erasing" tattoos takes a

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 105). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Model's Name

Address

Age Phone

Photographer

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary.

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

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MINOR: The person photographed is a minor. My signature grants my permission for the minor to be photographed and the photographs may be used as stated above.

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Parent or Legal Guardian

great deal of manual effort and time, and may lead to infection or complications, so extra precautions must be taken by the doctor. A procedure has been developed that involves slicing the lower layer of skin that contains the tattoo pigments with a special surgical knife. This method has produced good results, but again extra precautions must be taken to prevent infection. A new method of "erasing" tattoos is becoming popular: retattooing with glycerin and tannic acid, then erasing the tattoo with a type of silver nitrate.

The safest and most effective way to remove the tattoos will have to be determined by a dermatologist, based on the dye used, your skin type, placement and depth of the tattoos, etc. No one except a qualified dermatologist or plastic surgeon should attempt to remove them. Costs vary considerably, usually starting around $100 for a small one. Tattoos larger than one square inch usually cost between $300 and $500, but really large tattoos may require a few days in the hospital, which can cost $1,500 or more.

During the first few years of our marriage, my wife and I indulged in oral sex as well as intercourse. Since she was Catholic and did not use any form of contraception, oral sex finally became our only method of sexual satisfaction. Our second child was born 14 years ago, and since then I have been unable to maintain an erection for more than a few minutes during intercourse or to ejaculate. I had no problem with oral sex, though. Now that I'm single again, I have the same problem. Even though I am a compulsive cunnilinguist, enjoying it more than intercourse, I would like to be able to perform well both ways. Is there any way I can overcome the problem, or is it beyond solution?

D. Y.
Seattle, Washington

There are many situations that can cause ejaculatory incompetence, although the problem can be solved with time, concentration and an understanding partner. The most common reasons for the problem are religious orthodoxy, lack of interest in or physical desire for the particular woman involved, and the male's fear of impregnating his lover. For whatever reason a man begins to hold back his ejaculations, he may also begin to develop a psychological block. As time goes on, and the restraint continues, he may lose his ability to ejaculate intravaginally, without understanding why. His body begins to respond automatically to subconscious fears and anxieties. The most important step in overcoming ejaculatory incompetence is to objectively pin down the root cause and when and why it began. Next, concentrate on the sensual aspects of sex—prolonged stimulation and foreplay—while allowing time to turn the tide and restore the ability to ejaculate during intercourse. A well-trained and understanding sex therapist can give detailed instructions, explanations and advice regarding specific activities that can help in overcoming ejaculatory incompetence.

It seems to me that the question "Is there something wrong with me?" comes up quite a bit in your column. Instead of being paranoid of healthy sexual cravings and activities, we should enjoy them.

I feel it's obvious that a good sexual relationship begins by being open with your partner. Instead of hiding behind inhibitions, we should overcome them and experience our sexuality to the fullest. Sharing ourselves with each other may bring us to find our partner's erotic fantasies more exciting and pleasurable than our own. I believe: Try it, you'll like it. After all, what's so bad about feeling good?

J. J.
Fresno, California

Thanks! We couldn't have said it better.

My girlfriend won't use any kind of contraceptive and wants me to wear a rubber when we make love. I really don't like rubbers and would much rather go "bareback" and pull out before I come. She says she doesn't think this is very effective for birth control, but I disagree. Isn't it at least as effective as a rubber?

I. A.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

No! Withdrawal (coitus interruptus) *is not an effective way to prevent conception for several reasons. First of all, the initial few drops of semen ejaculated contain most of the sperm, so if the man is a fraction of a second too slow in withdrawing, pregnancy could result. Also, during sexual excitement, the Cowper's glands secrete a fluid that lubricates the urethra for easy passage of the semen. Although sperm is not normally found in the lubricant, it nevertheless can get into it. For this reason, it's possible to deposit sperm into the vagina long before ejaculation. Finally, it is difficult for two persons to completely enjoy sex while concentrating on pulling out at the last minute. The woman also runs the risk of vasocongestion of the internal sex organs, which can be caused by prolonged stimulation without reaching orgasm. This is the very painful female equivalent of "blue balls."*

My husband and I have been married for seven years and we have no sexual problems, but I'm curious about one thing. I'd like to know what it would be like for my husband to shave his legs. I think it would turn me on very much, but I haven't mentioned it to him because he might think I'm crazy. Is this really weird, or do other men do it? Is there any danger in it?

S. C.
Toledo, Ohio

Some men shave their legs regularly for various reasons, including participation in sports and prevention of irritation from pants and socks. Whatever the reason, a man who shaves his legs faces no greater hazard than a woman does—the main danger being cuts, nicks and irritation from the razor. While it may be an unusual request on your part, your husband shouldn't think you're crazy. In fact, shaving his legs could be a very erotic and stimulating experience for both of you if you do it together.



"Please be patient, dear, I'll be home from church in an hour."

SEDUCTIVE DIVORCEE

by Lana Gretcham

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning a sexual encounter? If so, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's *Kinky Korner*, the section of the magazine that is written by the readers for the readers. We pay $100 for each story we publish. Your submission should be approximately nine typed or printed pages in length and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.



I'm a 38-year-old divorcee, and although I'm starting to get a little heavy, I still have the attractive features that drew men to me as a young girl. So it was kind of a reversal when I met Bob, a young boy finishing his first year in college, who did odd jobs around the neighborhood.

I had noticed the way Bob stared at me when he worked at my place, and I found this kind of exciting. Whenever he was going to be around, I would wear tight shorts or a dress so that I could show off my legs. He was shy about glancing at me, and this interested me all the more. From talking to him, I had been able to gather that he had never had a woman. His parents were strict Catholics, and until he went to college, he'd never really been away from home.

I was turned-on by the thought of breaking this boy into the world of sex. I knew that I could show him things girls his age couldn't, and at the same time, I'd be able to enjoy all of the energy that a virgin stud would have.

I called him to come over on Saturday, and I was waiting for the opportunity to see what kind of bulge he'd get in his pants as I went through my routine.

I wore a clingy knit dress that buttoned in the front, sheer nylon panties, a garter belt and stockings and a low-cut bra. When he came in, I asked him to sit and talk to me before he got started, and took the opportunity to sit with my legs crossed. I began rubbing my legs through my nylons, and brought up the subject of what a nice feeling it is to touch nylons.

As I did this, I moved the hem of my skirt up a little, exposing the tops of the stockings. I could see Bob stealing glances at my legs, obviously embarrassed by what he was doing. My excitement grew and I felt a tingling sensation in my belly as I continued to rub my leg, inching my hand up to the top of the nylon so I could slip my fingers under the material. I asked if he had ever felt nylons before.

When he quietly said that he hadn't, I extended one leg and offered to let him touch it. He slowly got up from his chair and came over to me, and as I took his hand to place it on my leg I could feel it trembling. At first he just touched one spot, but I told him to move his hand around freely so that he could get the full extent of it. Meanwhile, I placed my hand on his thigh and began to gently caress it, but he was too excited to notice.

Then I tugged at his shirt and without a word he sank to his knees in front of me. I slowly spread my legs, watching his eyes follow my thighs until he could see the crotch of my panties stretched against my cunt, with the hint of dark pubic hair showing through the sheer material. With one hand I pulled the front of my skirt up to my waist and with the other hand behind Bob's head, I slowly pulled his face into my crotch and rubbed his nose against my panties.

He continued to burrow his nose into me as I unbuttoned my dress and pulled it open. Bob looked up and stared at the cleavage of my milk-white breasts. Without resistance, I pulled his face into the valley between my boobs and told him how I loved to have my breasts kissed and nipples sucked. As I moved his hands up to my breasts and gently showed him how to cup them, he asked if I'd remove my bra. My breath was coming so fast that I could hardly speak, but I whispered that he would see everything soon. I wanted to show him what a woman looked like in just her underwear.

I slipped the dress off my shoulders and crossed the room to drape it over a chair, making sure that my ass swayed as I walked away

Illustration by Olivia DeBerardinis

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from him. Then I turned around and put my hands on my hips, and I could tell immediately that Bob's eyes had never strayed from my body. I asked Bob to strip for me.

Bob fumbled with his shirt, threw it on the floor and jerked his sneakers off without even untying them. As he unfastened his pants and began to slip them off, he kept glancing up at me with a sheepish expression. I could see the bulge in his Jockey shorts and could tell by its size that this was going to be even better than I'd imagined.

I stopped him from taking off his shorts and knelt in front of him to pull them down myself. When I got them down to his knees, I leaned close to his cock and slowly, ever so slowly, ran my index finger up and down his shaft. His legs were trembling, and he was making a barely audible moaning sound.

I wanted very badly to take his cock into my mouth, but I was even more excited about continuing this tease for as long as my tingling cunt could stand it. So I stood up and asked him to follow me into the bedroom. He lingered for a moment, uncertain of this new move, but he finally came in.

I slipped off my shoes and lay back on the bed with my legs spread. I held up one leg and asked Bob to take off my stocking. It was obvious he had never done this before, because he had some trouble unfastening the garter. Once he had worked it loose, he began to tug the stocking as if it were a sweat sock. I told him to do it slowly by rolling his hands along my leg, and to kiss my leg as he did it.

When he pulled off my other stocking, I gently stroked my clit with the tips of my fingers outside my panties. Then I pulled him down on the bed and kissed him, inserting my tongue in his mouth. I stroked his back and ass and I could feel his hard cock jabbing into my stomach.

It proved to be too much for his virgin cock, which began to spurt hot cum all over my belly. His eyes widened and he let out a groan as he jerked frantically on the bed with his climax. He asked if I was upset; I told him that of course I wasn't. I ran my fingers through the cum on my belly and smiled.

When I had reassured him, I knew it was time to work on getting his pecker hard again. I told him that it was my turn to strip for him. I stood next to the bed and reached behind me to unfasten my bra. Once it was loose, I took it away from my breasts a cup at a time, playing with my nipples as I exposed them to the gaze of this virgin young man.

Bob was kneeling on the bed in front of me, and his hands immediately shot out and grabbed my tits, rubbing and squeezing them madly. In a whisper I told him to suck and lick on them—and he buried his face in my mounds of flesh, sucking my nipples and lapping at them with his tongue. When the feeling got to be too much, I pushed him back and told him I was going to take off my panties.

I stepped back and began slowly pushing the hem of my panties down until about half of my bush was visible. Then I turned and repeated the same technique in the back. I bent over to slip my panties off my hips and let them fall to the floor.

I asked him if he was excited by what he saw. He could only nod his head.

By this time, I was almost crazy with passion, so I lay down on the bed on my stomach. I reached back and took his cock in my hand and began to squeeze it lightly. I rolled over on my back and told Bob I was going to show him what it looks like between a woman's legs. At that moment, I spread my legs as far apart as I could, and his eyes grew larger when he spied my glistening cunt. Then I raised my legs, bending them at the knees, and begged him to fuck me.

Bob rammed his hard cock home, and I lifted off the bed to meet his thrust. Then he withdrew and rammed it home again. In just a few seconds, he was pumping into me wildly, and I clawed at his back as I pumped to match every stroke he made. I felt his hot cum gushing into my cunt and I cried out with my first climax of the day.

When he had stopped pumping, Bob lay on top of me, thanking me over and over again. I felt that I was the one who should thank him. I could tell that his cock had not gotten completely soft yet, so I had him withdraw it. After wiping it with a tissue, I got between his legs and began to lick his entire shaft, finally focusing my attention on circling the head of his prick with my tongue. In almost no time, Bob was as hard as before, and I took his cock into my mouth, holding it tightly in my lips as I slowly worked toward its base.

Soon, my head was bobbing up and down over his prick and I could see that he was clutching the bedsheets in his hands. He was pumping furiously now, and I could feel his cock begin to twitch just before he sent a load of cum into my throat. I kept sucking him until I was sure I had taken every drop. Then I pulled his cock out of my mouth, licked at the opening and then lay my head on his belly, looking up at him. His eyes were closed and he was smiling.

Having Bob around as my trained lover was such a wonderful experience that I was sorry to see him go back to college. But I knew there would be other summer workers for me to teach.



"Please, Sid, tell me you're joking!"

SAMMARTINO

(continued from page 94)

as "a tremendous athlete, with incredible balance and stamina. Definitely stronger than any pro football player." (The customary hype, a la Blassie, usually runs: "I don't know. . . . Something about the guy just makes me sick to my stomach!")

After winning four national championships and competing in the '72 Olympics, Patera reluctantly abandoned weightlifting because pumping iron, it seemed, just wasn't profitable. "I was starving," says Patera a little bitterly. "Weightlifting's fun and games. But you can't buy groceries with gold medals! This year, though, I'm looking at the Big One—one hundred thousand dollars. And pretty soon, if not tonight, I'll be taking away that belt."

Does Patera mind playing the "bad guy" role to Bruno's superstar, beloved proletarian folk hero? "Nah. What do I care? When I started out I was the sweetheart type of wrestler, and it kind of cramped my style. I'm the knockdown, drag-out kind of guy. Anyway, that's what the fans want. Brutality. They want to see us break someone's back, bust each other open. People," says Patera, "are animals."

Inside the arena, meanwhile, the 20,000 "animals" are growing restless. The big Garden clock reads 10:15, which means another 15 minutes until the climactic Main Event (matches are scheduled with uncanny precision). A cloud of dense cigar smoke hangs above the brilliantly floodlit ring where Baron Scicluna from the isle of Malta continues viciously gouging a hapless Jose Gonzales with a mysterious metal object slyly removed from his trunks each time the ref turns his back. A few ringside hecklers howl in protest. Squashed orange-drink cartons and flashbulbs are beginning to litter the ring. One of the cops at ringside yawns and turns to chat with the pimply kid selling programs. The fans are muttering, "When's the next match? When's *Bruno*?"

Finally Gonzales rips a beer opener from Scicluna's trunks, triumphantly holds it aloft, then batters the huge Scicluna to his knees and ends the match with a flying pin.

The next match features a snarling, hairy giant in tights and a pudgy athletic-type named Carlos Rocha. For five minutes the sneering giant punishes the helpless Rocha. More flashbulbs and cartons fly, and a potato narrowly misses the ref's head. Finally Rocha retaliates with a missed flying dropkick which, nevertheless, drops the giant like a ton of bricks. The fans boo as the ref slaps the mat three times.

As the wrestlers troop out, and a gray-shirted janitor sweeps the mat clean of debris, a suspenseful hush falls over the Garden. The big clock reads 10:30. The cop turns his chair around. Fans are beginning to push down the aisles. "Bru-no! Bru-no! Bru-no!" comes the chant from the highest tier of seats as the microphone descends and the Garden announcer steps through the ropes.

"And now for the Main Event . . . the Texas Death Match . . . to a positive finish. From Portland, Oregon, weighing 297 pounds . . . Ken Patera!"

A wild echo of hisses and boos rocks the arena as Patera, wrapped in a long blue cape emblazoned with five Olympic rings and the rhinestone letters P-A-T-E-R-A, springs down the runway and jumps through the ropes.

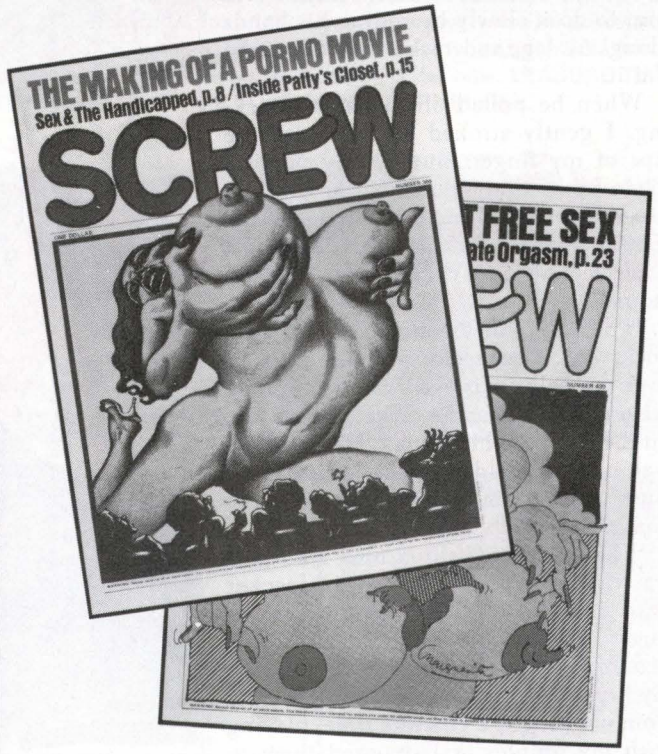
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3 CHICKENS

(continued from page 57)

Then he was gone. I mean, out into the hall. I waited for him to get into the elevator. I heard it go down to the first floor. I counted to 64. Then I LEAPED OUT OF BED.

My nostrils were flaring like Gregory Peck in heat.

"YOU ROTTEN BITCH. YOU EVER DO THAT AGAIN AND I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!"

"NO, NO, NO!!!!"

I raised my hand to give her the old backhand.

"I TOLD HIM NOT TO TAKE YOU!" she screamed at me.

"Ummm. That's right. I've got to consider that."

I lowered my hand.

Then there was some whiskey left and some wine too. I got up and put the chain on the door.

We turned off the lights and sat there and drank and smoked and talked about things. This, and that. Easy and casual. Then, like old times, we looked at the same red horse that flew and flew in red neon on the side of a building just downtown to our east. It flew and flew on the side of this building all night. No matter what happened. You know what it was, a kind of red horse with red wings of neon. But I told you that. A winged horse. Anyhow. Like always, we counted, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. The wings always flapped 7 times.

Then the horse, everything, stood still. Then, it started again. Our whole apartment would be in this red glow. Then, when the horse stopped flying, somehow things would get white for a flash. I don't know why. I think that it was caused by an advertisement beneath the red-winged horse. It said, some kind of product, buy this or buy that, in this WHITE. Anyhow.

We sat and talked and drank and smoked.

Later we went to bed together. She kissed very nicely, her tongue was kind of an apologetic sadness.

Then we fucked. We fucked as the red horse flew.

7 times the wings flapped. And in the center of the rug the 3 chickens were still there. Watching. The chickens turned red, the chickens turned white, the chickens turned red. 7 times they turned red. Then they turned white. 14 times they turned red. Then they turned white. 21 times they turned red. Then they turned white. 28 times. . . .

It ended a better night than most.

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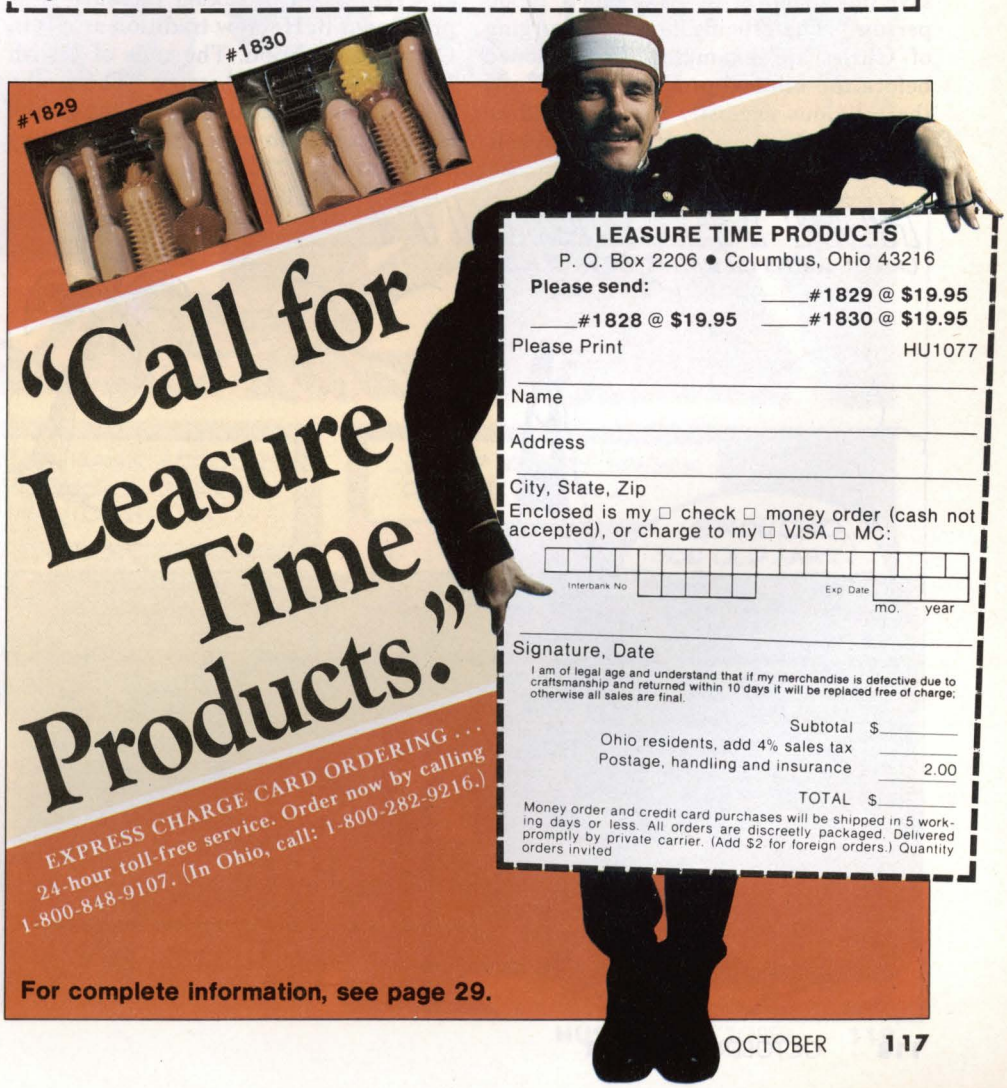
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For complete information, see page 29.

CHILD ABUSE

(continued from page 102)

Dr. Brandt Steele revealed that child abusers had themselves been abused as children. A pattern of violence was established early in their lives and they passed it along to their offspring.

In addition, Dr. Steele found in his interviews that these parents obtained very little pleasure in their daily living and in particular received little physical pleasure from their sex lives. Of the mothers who had abused their children, Dr. Steele reported that only a very few ever experienced orgasm. This further supports a relationship between the inability to experience physical pleasure and the expression of physical violence.

The time has also come to recognize the painful truth that traditional Judeo-Christian moral values of pain and pleasure in human relationships have contributed substantially to child abuse and to the prevalence of physical violence in Western civilization. The religious system upon which our culture is based holds that pain, suffering and deprivation are moral and necessary to save one's soul or to make one a "good person." The crucifixion and scourging of Christ are examples. I mentioned before the biblical proverb that reflects the religious necessity to beat children with the rod to save their souls from hell.

This doctrine was dramatized in Molly Ivins's article "Whippings for God" in the January 25, 1974, issue of *New Times*. She reported on a home for delinquent girls operated by Lester Roloff, a former Southern Baptist minister from Texas, who was prosecuted for spanking, whipping and beating the girls. He was quoted as saying, "Better a pink bottom than a black soul." State Attorney General John Hill said: "I don't mind pink bottoms. What I do object to is black, blue and bloody."

In addition to this prescription for physical punishment, there is also the prescription for the deprivation of physical pleasure, which is generally considered immoral. We are reminded in the New Testament to "mortify the deeds of the body" (Romans 8:13). The Christian virtues of celibacy and virginity exemplify the extreme repression of physical affection and pleasure espoused by that religious system. Ancient Hebrew custom called for a woman's death by stoning for adultery or for not being a virgin on her wedding night.

In 1976 the Vatican reaffirmed the immorality of premarital intercourse, condemned homosexuality and stated that masturbation is "an intrinsically and seriously disordered act." Denial and repression of sexual pleasure is as prominent in Hebrew tradition as it is in Christian tradition. The code of Jewish Law (Chapter 151:1) states: "Those who practice masturbation and cause the issue of semen in vain, not only do they commit a grave sin, but they are under a ban, concerning whom it is said [Isaiah 1:15]: 'Your hands are full of blood'; and it is equivalent to killing a person."

It is interesting to contrast the above moral values to those found in a comparative study of Green Berets and Vietnam War resisters compiled by David M. Mantell. The Green Berets strongly disapproved of masturbation because they perceived it as a weakness, a blow against their manliness, and an indication of social and sexual failure. They also disapproved of or condemned premarital sexual relations for women, but approved of them for men. Mantell found that the Green Berets generally came from families where parental physical punishment was prominent and hard and that there was very little physical affection within these families.

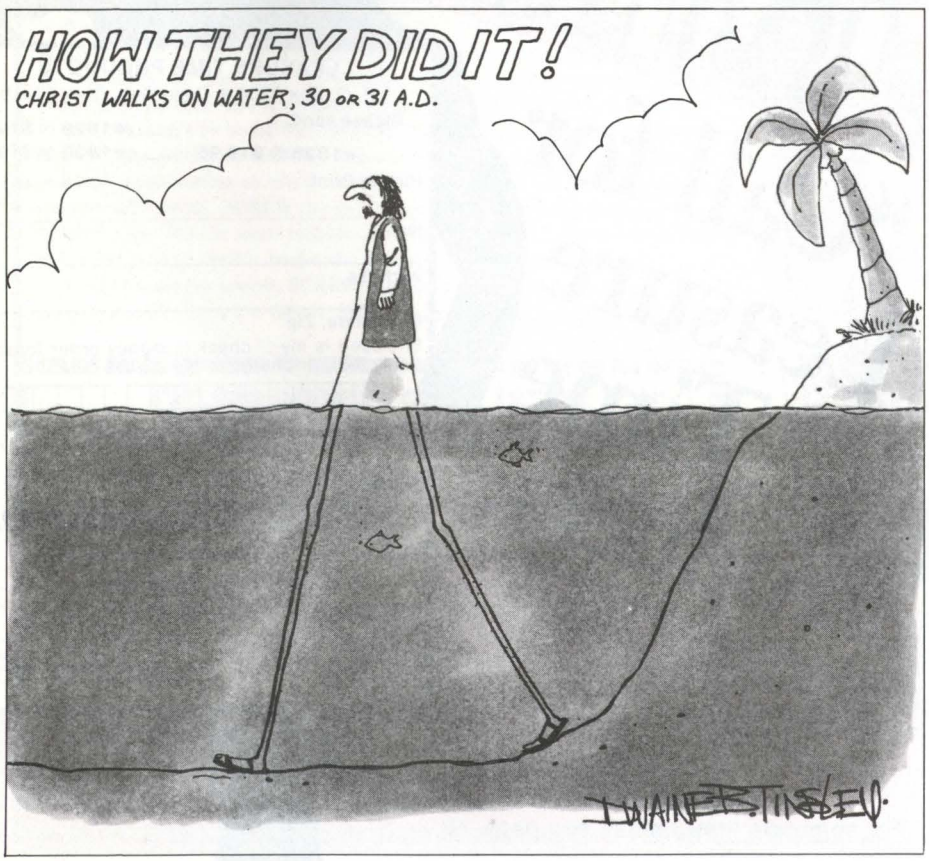
On the other hand, the war resisters came from homes in which strong sexual taboos were virtually nonexistent and in which sex was practiced regularly and with pleasure. The home lives of the resisters were also described as being essentially free from harsh physical punishment, with a high degree of physical affection.

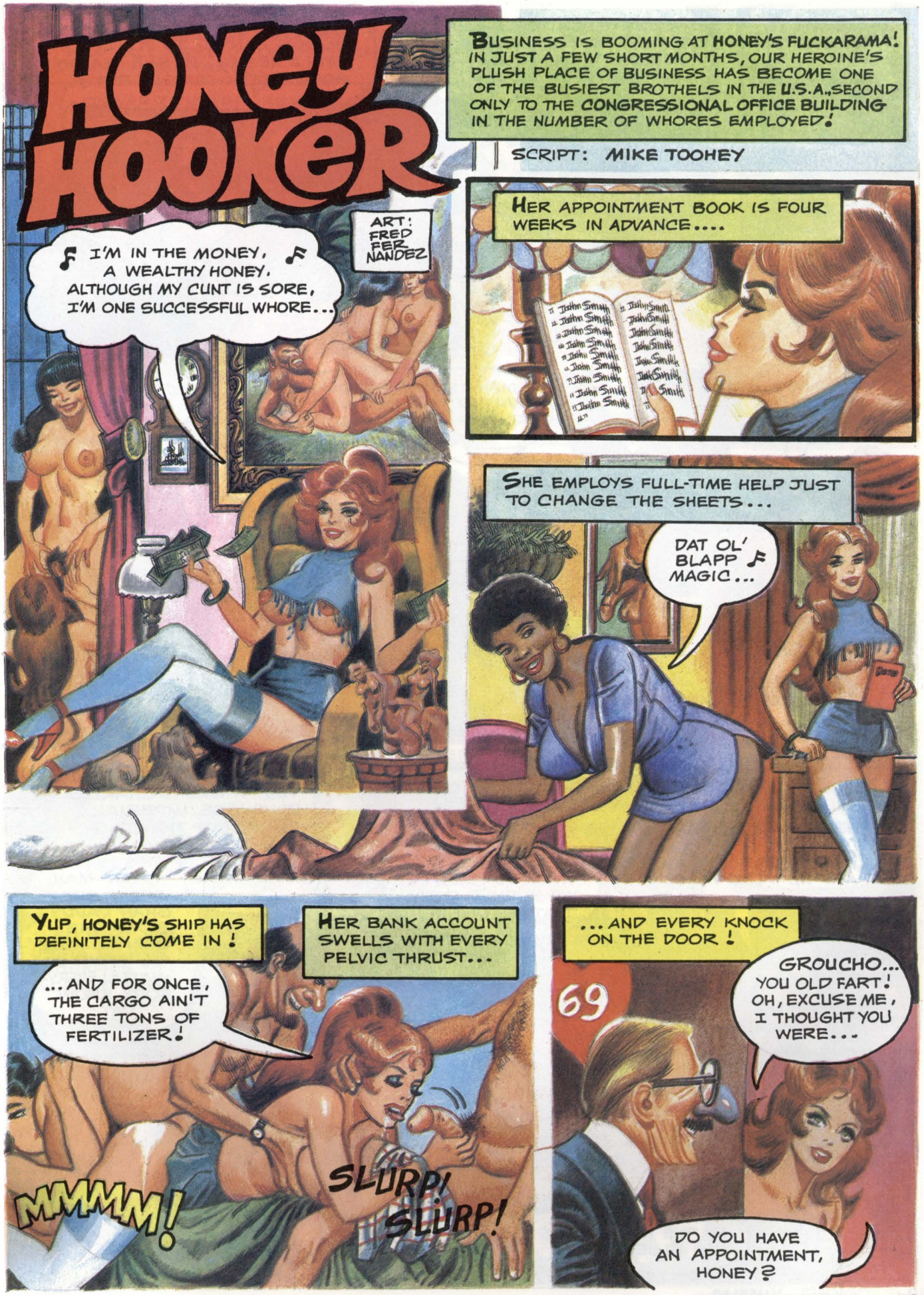
* * *

The prevention of child abuse in Western civilization will require a moral reformation that rejects traditional moral values of pain and pleasure. We must reject the idea that pain and violence are both necessary and moral and that physical pleasure is immoral. This idea is a basic tenet of our society; and it will be difficult, but not impossible, for us to change. We must recognize the necessity of sexual pleasure in human relationships if we are to be truly moral beings, and to avoid the sexual exploitation and abuse of others.

We must educate Americans to accept physical pleasure and affection. Sexual information must flow freely, although we should refrain from producing films and magazines that promote physical violence, particularly sexual violence and exploitation. We must support birth control—including abortion—so that we bring into this world only children who are truly wanted and to whom we can give a warm, affectionate and nurturing relationship.

We must return to the fundamental principles of our Constitution and the basic objectives of the American government: Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. How can children enjoy liberty and happiness when adults inflict pain upon them, exploit them and deprive them of physical affection? We are architects of violence against ourselves and our children, and we are the ones who must change the moral architecture of Western civilization.




HONEY HOOKER
BUSINESS IS BOOMING AT HONEY'S FUCKARAMA! IN JUST A FEW SHORT MONTHS, OUR HEROINE'S PLUSH PLACE OF BUSINESS HAS BECOME ONE OF THE BUSIEST BROTHELS IN THE U.S.A., SECOND ONLY TO THE CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE BUILDING IN THE NUMBER OF WHORES EMPLOYED!
SCRIPT: MIKE TOOHEY
ART: FRED FERNANDEZ
I'M IN THE MONEY, A WEALTHY HONEY, ALTHOUGH MY CUNT IS SORE, I'M ONE SUCCESSFUL WHORE...
HER APPOINTMENT BOOK IS FOUR WEEKS IN ADVANCE....
SHE EMPLOYS FULL-TIME HELP JUST TO CHANGE THE SHEETS...
DAT OL' BLAPP MAGIC...
YUP, HONEY'S SHIP HAS DEFINITELY COME IN!
...AND FOR ONCE, THE CARGO AIN'T THREE TONS OF FERTILIZER!
HER BANK ACCOUNT SWELLS WITH EVERY PELVIC THRUST...
MMMM!
SLURP! SLURP!
...AND EVERY KNOCK ON THE DOOR!
69
GROUCHO... YOU OLD FART! OH, EXCUSE ME, I THOUGHT YOU WERE...
DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT, HONEY?


THE NAME IS JOHN SMITH!
YOU'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE! TAKE YOUR PICK! WE'VE GIRLS IN EVERY RACE, CREED, SIZE AND STATE OF HEALTH!
I'LL TAKE THE NEGRO! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO IT WITH A NEGRO! IS SHE HEALTHY? GOOD TEETH – JUNGLE ROT?
YOU MEAN MISTRESS FARINA?
MAH TEEF IS GOOD AWRIGHT, AN' IZE GWINE SINKUM IN YO JOHNSON!
I THINK I'M IN LOVE!
A BLOCK AWAY, THE CITIZENS FOR DECENCY THROUGH LYNCHING ARE MASSING FOR ATTACK...
♪ HE WALKS WITH ME ♪ AND HE TALKS WITH ME...
MR. BLUENOSE WILL BE SO PROUD WHEN HE FINDS OUT WE BURNED DOWN THAT DEN OF SIN!
BY THE WAY, WHERE IS BLUENOSE?
YES, WHERE IS CHARLES BLUENOSE, IMPERIAL WIZARD OF THE CDL?
OH, SWEET HUMILIATION!
THIS IS FOH MAKIN' MAH GREAT, GREAT GRAN' DADDY CROSS THE OCEAN...WE'ZE ALL `FRAID OF WATTA! EVERY-BODY KNOW DAT!
YOU BETCHA – CHARLES BLUENOSE IS NONE OTHER THAN SNIVELING JOHN SMITH!


THE CDL, MEANWHILE, HAS BEEN GETTING ITSELF "ALL FIRED UP ON THE SPIRIT," AND IS READY TO CHARGE!
ONWARD, CRETIN SOLDIERS!
REMEMBER ANITA BRYANT!
HANG THE WHORES!
HEY, HONEY! THE PEASANTS ARE COMING WITH TORCHES AND PITCHFORKS!
MAYBE WE CAN BUY 'EM OFF WITH COLORED BEADS OR CHEWING GUM!
OUTSIDE:
IN THE NAME OF CHARLES BLUENOSE AND THE CDL, I DEMAND THAT YOU SHUT THIS PLACE DOWN!
HEAR, HEAR!
WHERE, WHERE?
FARINA, MAYBE WE COULD PUT ON YOUR AFRO WIGS AND DISGUISE OURSELVES AS TOILET BRUSHES!
AH GOTS ME A BETTER IDEA..
CHRIST! THERE GOES MY REPUTATION! THERE GOES MY IMPERIAL WIZARD SALARY! THERE GO THE KICK-BACKS FROM THE BRA MANUFACTURERS!
...SO WHAT MAH ANCESTORS USETA DO WAS TOSS A HUMAN SACRAFICE TO DE CROCODILES! WORKED EVERY TIME, SO DEY SAY!
THAT'S A DUMB IDEA, FARINA! THESE ARE CDL MEMBERS, NO-WHERE NEAR AS SMART AS CROCODILES, EVEN IF THEY DO HAVE THE SAME TASTE FOR BLOOD! BESIDES, WHO COULD WE USE?
DON'T LET THEM GET ME! HIDE ME, PLEASE, HIDE ME!
IN FOLLOWING WITH THE OLD AFRICAN CUSTOM, THE SACRIFICE VICTIM IS FIRST FUCKED INTO SEMI-CON-SCIOUSNESS....
DAT'S IT BABY, ROOT ME! ROOT ME!
SLURP!


...THEN GIVEN A MUSCATEL ENEMA...
SLUSH! SLUSH!
...AND, FINALLY, DRESSED IN CEREMONIAL ATTIRE...
WITH THE UTTERANCE OF A FEW MYSTERIOUS AFRICAN WORDS, THE SACRIFICE IS MADE!
OOOGA-BOOGA AFFIRMATIVE ACTION.
UH, HELLO, FOLKS!
HERE YOU GO, YAHOOS!
MR. BLUENOSE, YOU WENT IN THE BACK DOOR, HUH?
UH, YEAH! THAT'S IT! DID THE JOB MYSELF! SAVED ALL THEIR SOULS! LET'S GO HOME, THERE'S A PAT BOONE SPECIAL ON TONIGHT!
A DEDICATED CRUSADER, THAT BLUENOSE!
HIS BREATH SMELLS LIKE TUNA!
I GUESS THERE'S A LOT OF TRUTH TO BE FOUND IN TARZAN MOVIES!



MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order. Companies that would like to have products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to *Mail-Order Feedback* (Product Review). We'll also tell customers how to deal with mail-order firms and alert our readers to frauds and faulty products.

by Joseph Coyne

THE NEW CENTURIAN

Would your lady like a pair of custom-made leather shoes with seven-inch spiked heels? Or how about a pair of leather boots that lace all the way up to the thigh?

Centurian Publishing and Mail-Order Company (P. O. Box AE, Westminster, California 92683) not only offers a new line of custom-built exotic footwear through its two new catalogs, but also provides a look at gloves, corsets and super-satin cat suits that cling to the body like a second skin. *Centurian*'s new catalog, *High Heels and Corsetry* ($4.50 plus 50 cents postage and handling), also features an array of attractive models displaying the goodies in black and white and color photos.

Centurian's other new offering is *Fantasia,* a catalog of latex and rubberwear from Europe, featuring stockings and garter belts, hoods and even complete latex maid's uniforms. Some of these items can be expensive, and it's not the kind of catalog you may want to order unless you're a serious connoisseur of the shiny wet look. Send $4.50 (plus 50 cents for postage and handling).

Centurian's largest and probably most widely known catalog is *Bondage Annual.* It contains 70 pages packed full of belts, harnesses, trainers and masks, discipline helmets, cuffs and anything else you can think of to keep you tied up with your fuck person. The products are displayed in both black and white and color photographs, along with illustrations. *Bondage Annual* is $5 (plus 50 cents for postage and handling). This catalog also features some items shown in the other two catalogs.

BOX OFFICE

Love Films, a West German production company, seemed to have low price and quality product considerations in mind when making *Resi's Fick Theater,* a 435-foot, 27-minute extravaganza worth its comparatively low $50 ticket. *Theater,* in super 8mm, offers good-quality color and sharp focus, plus it has an actual, but not intricate, plot and enough hard-core sex to upstage any episode of *Charlie's Angels.*

The focal point of *Theater* is the performance of an elderly couple supposedly acting out a play in front of a small cabaret audience. As the elderly couple deliver their lines to the audience, we flash to the dressing room, where a striking blonde and an equally attractive redhead are engaged in their own play-acting with two men who are presumably stagehands.

Although about one-fourth of the film presents the oldster's acting, which appears out of place in a silent fuck flick, the footage of these two going through their lines is so absurd that it adds a delectable degree of perversity to the film. Also, as an aside to this action, there is footage of a prompter's box at the front of the stage, from which a young lady is reminding the old folks of their lines. Halfway through the movie we discover she is being eaten by a man kneeling between her legs. When the play ends, the muff-diver gets his knob polished as a reward for his services. Next, the actors and actresses—those on, under and behind the stage—all move to the bar for refreshments. Since the cabaret audience has left, the actors have the place to themselves and quite naturally engage in a good ten minutes of continuous sex.

The only thing that could prevent *Theater* from being a bargain for you is the possibility that your projector may not be able to handle the larger reel.

Resi's Fick Theater is available from Zodiac Enterprizes, P. O. Box 02441, Cleveland, Ohio 44102. Send only money orders or bank cashier/certified checks. Zodiac (a Dependable Dealer) does not accept C.O.D. orders or personal checks.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

On January 24, 1977, my husband mailed a $20 check to a company called *Rhinebeck Brothers, Inc.,* P. O. Box 1925, New York, New York 10001. The money was for a special package which supposedly included sixteen 8mm hard-core color films, books, magazines, playing cards and rubber goods. When our package arrived I found one reel of black and white film of the poorest quality I've ever seen, one book, one magazine printed in 1968 and one (not one pack, but *one*) playing card from a French deck. Although we don't expect them to stick to their money-back guarantee, we have sent it back anyway. We wanted to warn other HUSTLER readers of these "flakes."

R. P.
Strongsville, Ohio

Flakes is a good term for them. Rhinebeck Brothers, Inc., *has been pulling this scam on others. Their sister company,* Hornbeck Brothers, Inc. *(P. O. Box 2031, New York, New York 10001) appeared on our September issue's Shifty Sellers list for the same reasons.*

Both of these bogus companies put out the same slick mailer stating that they have 24,000 feet of highly rentable warehouse space crammed full of hard-core porn. They say that it would cost too much to have all the smut carted away, so for just the cost of postage and handling ($20) they will send it out to customers. The wording on this mailer is friendly, comforting and appealing. It is also, as many have found out, a crock of shit.

Our advice would be for you to contact the postal authorities, and in the future refer to HUSTLER's Dependable Dealers and Shifty Sellers list for your porn needs. Copies of the list may be obtained by sending 50 cents (for postage and handling) to Mail-Order Feedback.

On February 15 of this year I sent a money order to *Wehman Brothers, Inc.,* for a book they had advertised, *One Hundred Years of Erotica.* By April 2 I had not received my order and I sent a follow-up letter that also has never been answered. If you could give me any assistance, I would appreciate it.

P. C.
Columbus, Ohio

We have contacted Wehman Brothers and they have advised us that a form letter has been sent to all customers apologizing for and explaining the delay in shipping. Since then, copies of One Hundred Years *have been sent out. Let us know if you receive yours.*

If you have any problems with the service that you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in HUSTLER, write us a letter so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out for you. If you have dealt with a good, reliable company, we would like to know that, too. Please write to: *Mail-Order Feedback,* HUSTLER Magazine, 40 W. Gay Street, Columbus, OH 43215.

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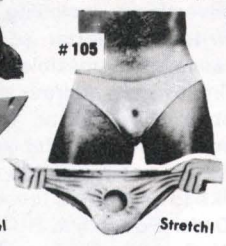




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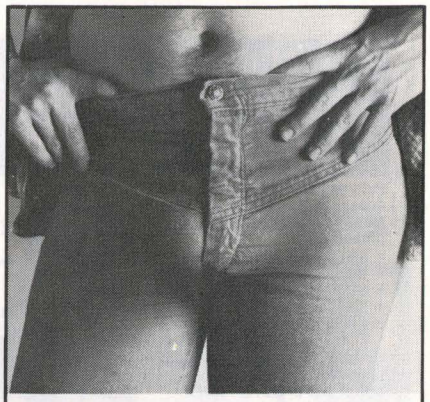
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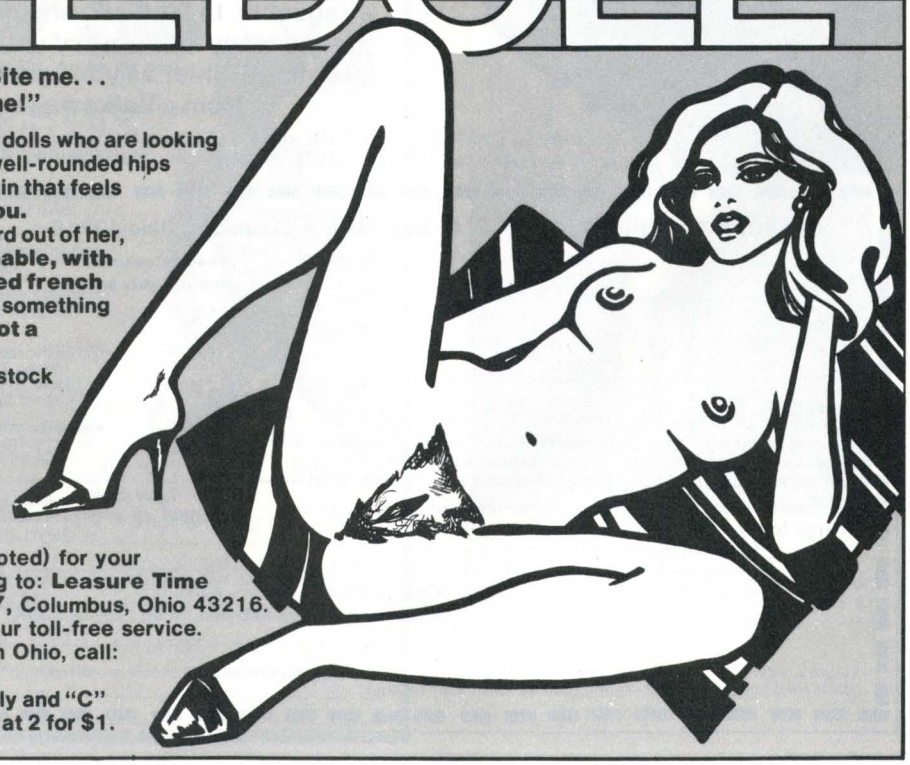
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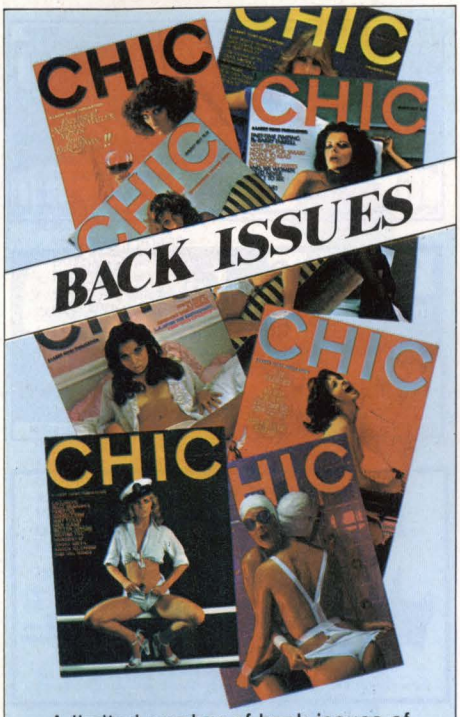
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BENNIE LOVES CLARA—An offbeat wrinkle in human understanding, November's fiction is the touching story of two lusty senior citizens. By E. L. Gerdes



BISHOP ON BONDAGE—Why is it that some women look lovelier when they're bound and gagged? Illustrations of restrained and stifled babes are rendered with captivating skill by Bob Bishop, the top bondage artist in America.

SEX PLAY: OVERCOMING PREMATURE EJACULATION—Raise your consciousness, extend your awareness and come to learn the causes and cures of this common masculine malady. By Chris Cassel

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